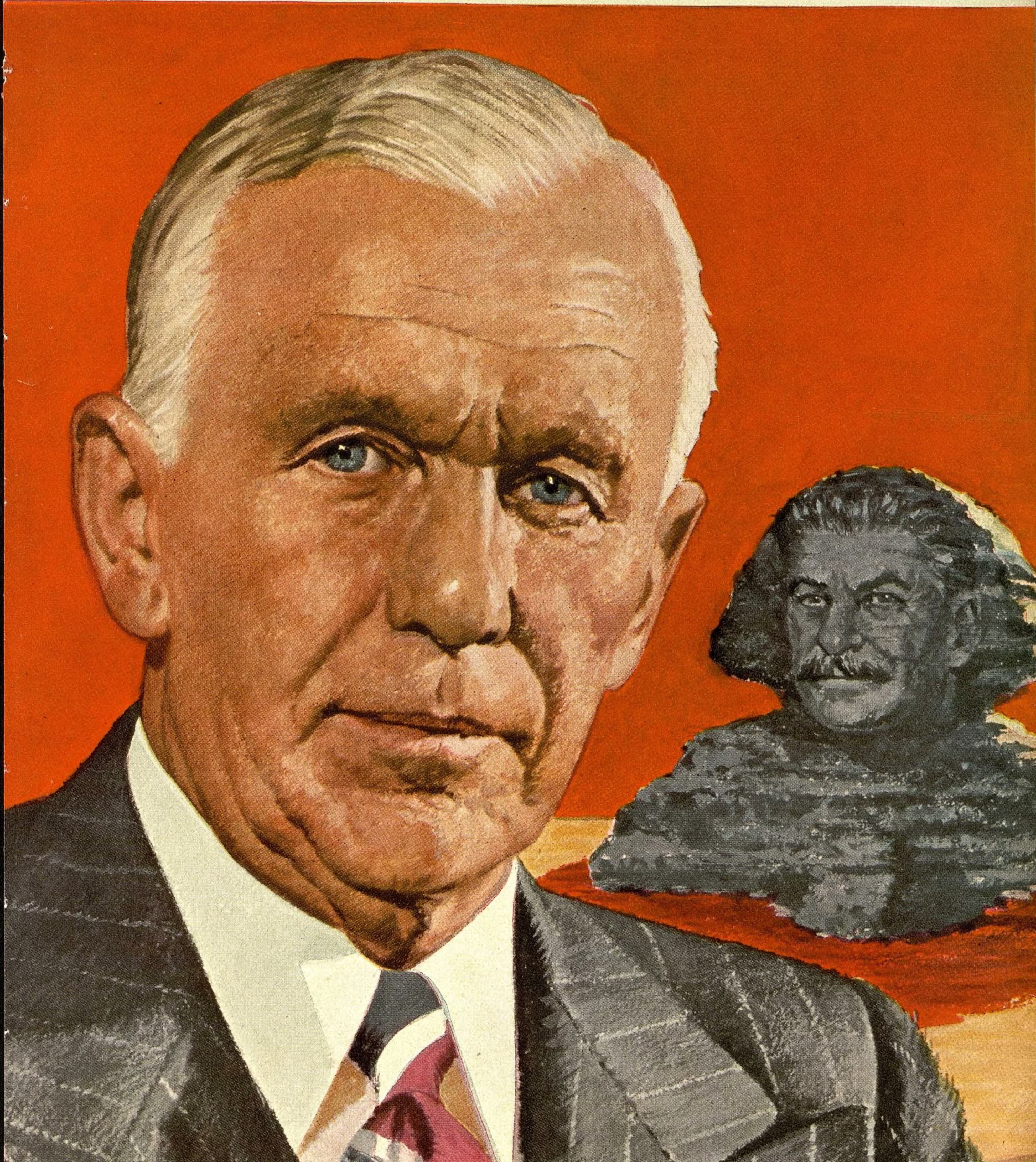
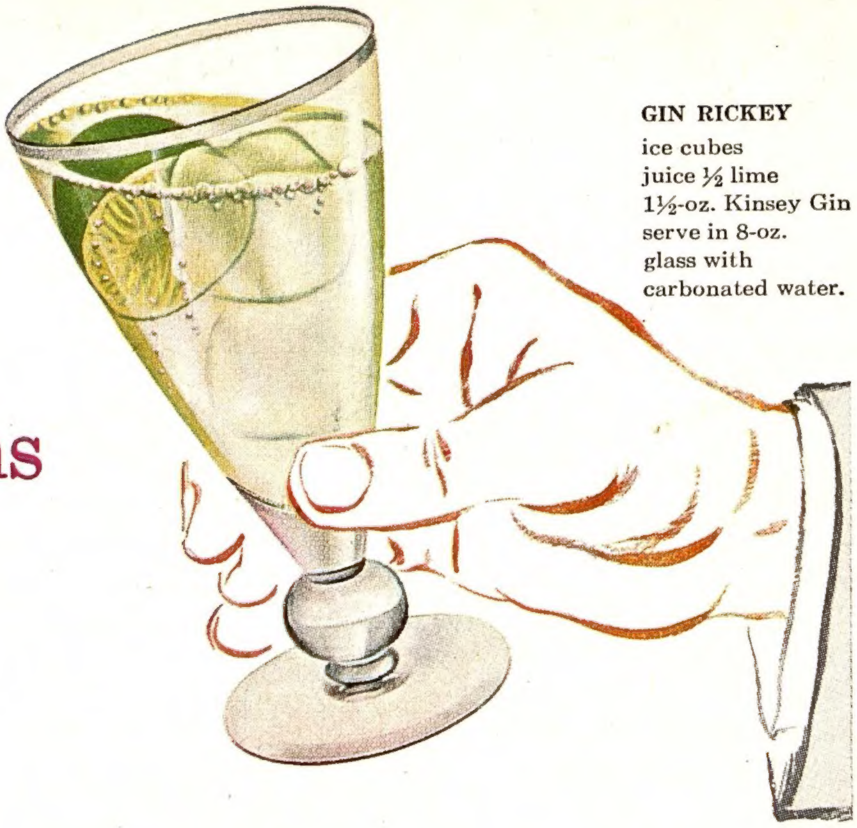
Liberty
ICC
ULY 19, 1947
10 CENTS

No War—No Depression
Says ERIC JOHNSTON

Love Among the Animals
By WAVERLEY ROOT

Book: MARSHALL: CITIZEN SOLDIER
FIRST COMPLETE LIFE STORY





GIN RICKEY
ice cubes
juice ½ lime
1½-oz. Kinsey Gin
serve in 8-oz.
glass with
carbonated water.

Rickey vs Fizz vs Collins

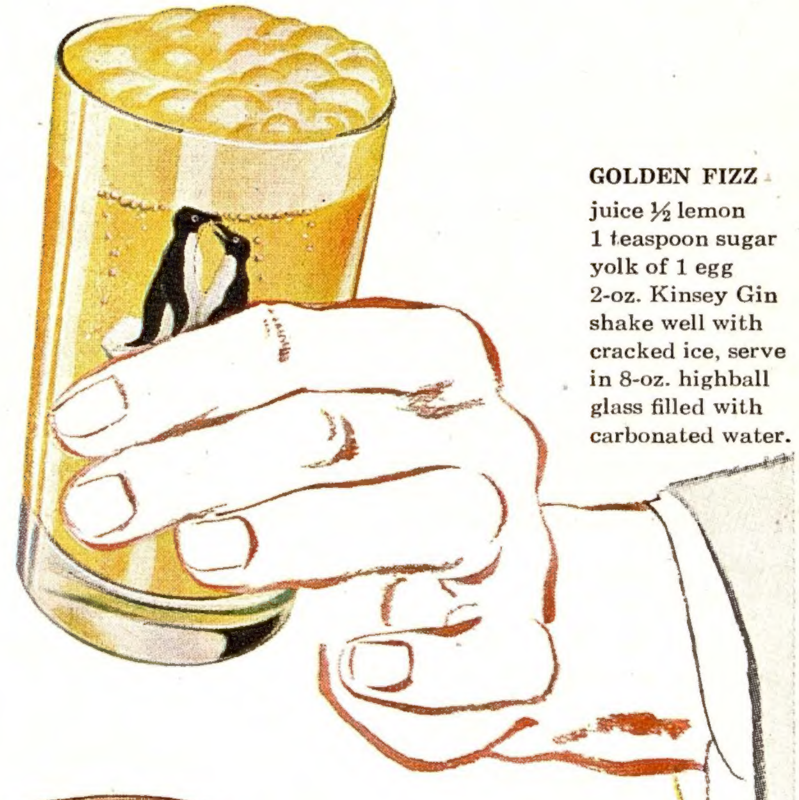
a short story about tall drinks

Reading time: 20 seconds
Pleasure time: all summer

Why wonder which is best? *It's a long summer . . . so try them all!*

But for a smoother, more delicious, more cooling rickey, fizz *or* collins, be sure to use Kinsey Gin. Because Kinsey is the *genial* gin . . . superbly smooth. The *dry* gin . . . yes, dry as fine champagne. And *94.4 proof* . . . brimming over with extra flavor.

Happy beginning . . . happy ending! That's the story of summer drinks when you make them with Kinsey Gin.

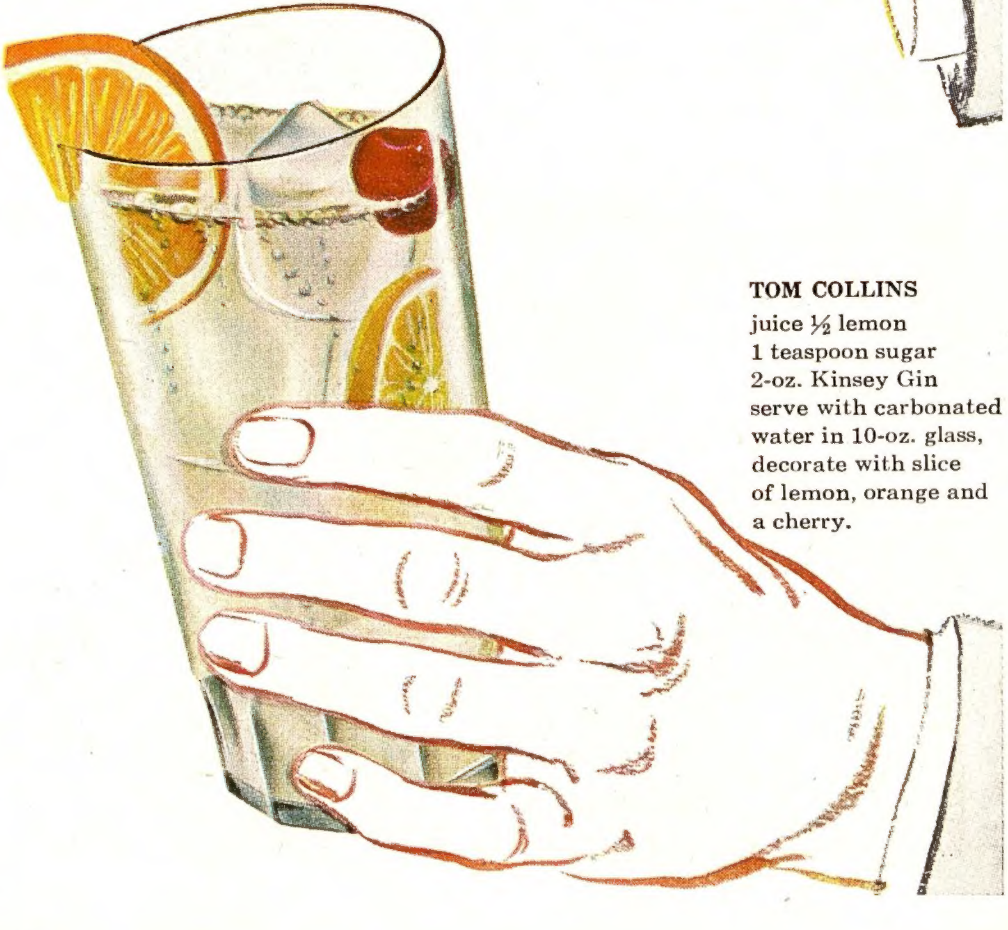


GOLDEN FIZZ
juice ½ lemon
1 teaspoon sugar
yolk of 1 egg
2-oz. Kinsey Gin
shake well with
cracked ice, serve
in 8-oz. highball
glass filled with
carbonated water.

KINSEY GIN

KINSEY
94.4
KINSEY
Distilled Dry
Gin

IT'S 94.4 PROOF
It's GENIAL
It's DRY



TOM COLLINS
juice ½ lemon
1 teaspoon sugar
2-oz. Kinsey Gin
serve with carbonated
water in 10-oz. glass,
decorate with slice
of lemon, orange and
a cherry.

Distilled Dry Gin • Distilled from 100% Grain
Neutral Spirits • Kinsey Distilling Corp., Linfield, Pa.

WHOSE DOG IS THAT ?

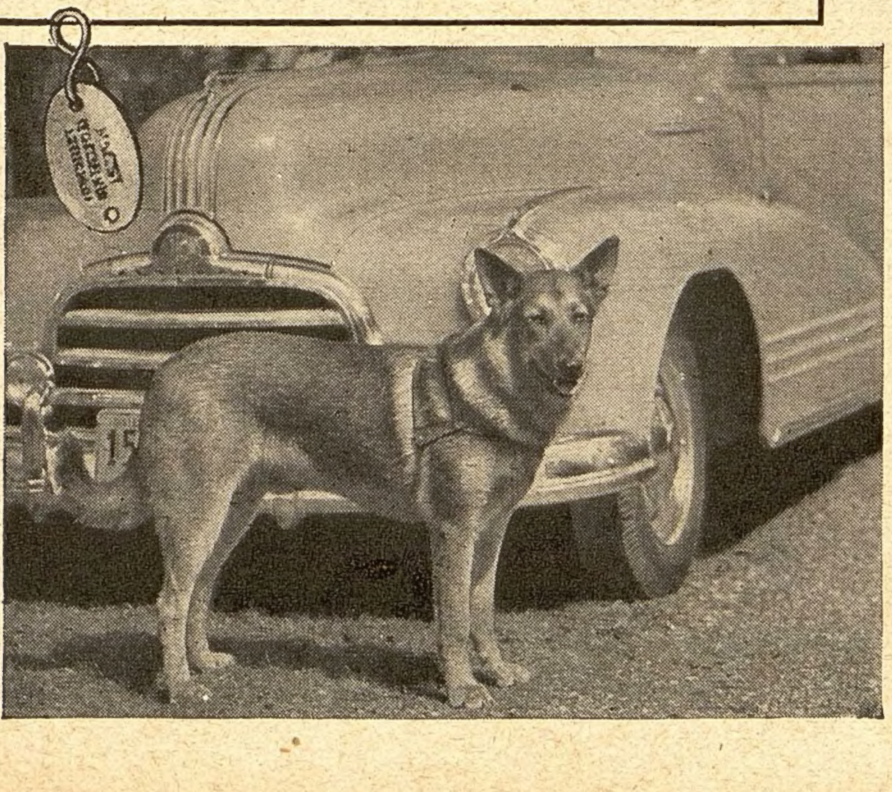
From the clues given, can you name the famous owners of these happy canines?

1. "Mereg Duda" is a puli (Hungarian sheep dog) owned by a Metropolitan Opera star who has been called "Queen of American Carmens." Miss S. was born in Deepwater, Missouri . . . started to sing at the age of five . . . has appeared in pictures, but at present is devoting her efforts entirely to opera, concert, and radio work.

She likes golf, tennis and driving her convertible. She looks for the "Ethyl" trademark when buying gasoline because: "Driving is more fun when the car runs its best—smoothly and powerfully! That's why I choose 'Ethyl' gasoline."

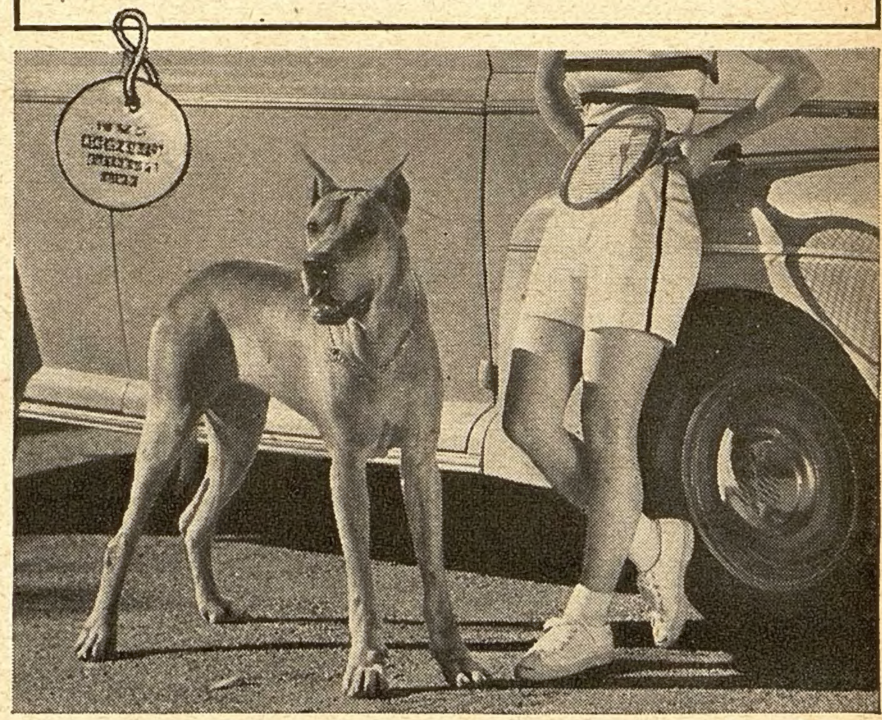
3. "Bruce" belongs to one of the busiest men in radio. Mr. G. appears on as many as eleven shows a week, and his specialty is kidding sponsors and commercials. He works without notes or script . . . just says what comes into his head . . . which is something when you consider he's on the air about fourteen hours a week. You can hear him over CBS at 11 A.M. EDST Monday through Friday and at 9:00 P.M. EDST Tuesdays.

He lives in Virginia, enjoys sailing, raising horses and driving his new car. He says he always uses "Ethyl" gasoline because: "If I didn't, they wouldn't put my name in this ad."



2. "Great Pal," a Great Dane, belongs to a famous movie comedian who is coming back to the screen after an absence of several years. This should be great news to the folks who roared at this frantic young man with horn-rimmed spectacles when he starred in "Grandma's Boy," "Safety Last" and "The Freshman." His new, sure-to-click comedy is "The Sin of Harold Diddlebock," a feature release of United Artists.

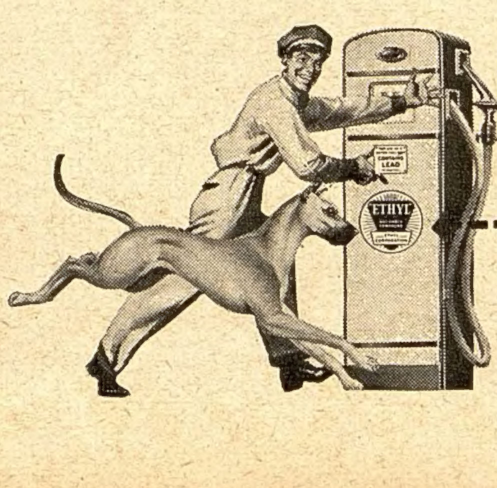
He lives with his wife and children in Beverly Hills, drives a light gray convertible and collects old cars. He uses "Ethyl" gasoline in *all* his cars because: "There's nothing like 'Ethyl' gasoline for bringing out the power of a new car and putting a bit of life back into an old one."



Read this to check your identification of the dogs' owners:

It's pretty hard to identify somebody from a picture of his or her dog. Also the fact that the person is an "Ethyl" gasoline user is not the best of clues. Millions of people like both dogs and high-quality gasoline. However, we think we've given you enough other clues to identify: 1. Gladys Swarthout. 2. Harold Lloyd. 3. Arthur Godfrey.

These famous people look for the "Ethyl" trademark for the same good reasons that millions of other car owners do. They know the familiar yellow-and-black "Ethyl" emblem on a pump means the oil company has improved its best gasoline with "Ethyl" antiknock compound. This famous ingredient steps up power and performance—helps any car, new or old, do its best. Ethyl Corporation, New York.



WITH
ETHYL
TRADE MARK
ANTIKNOCK COMPOUND
ETHYL CORPORATION

LOOK FOR THE

"ETHYL"

TRADE-MARK

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!

"**. . . GOOD-LOOKING ENOUGH** to catch a gal's eye . . . until she notices his hair. Summer sun and drying breezes sure make it dry and lifeless looking . . . loose dandruff, too! He's got Dry Scalp . . . and how! I'd better tell him now about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic."

Hair looks better... scalp feels better... when you check Dry Scalp
Vaseline
HAIR
TONIC

HIS HAIR looks better, now that he uses 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic! You, too, can have better-looking hair by using just a few drops a day. It checks loose dandruff and other signs of Dry Scalp . . . 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic supplements natural scalp oils . . . contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Try it also with massage before every shampoo. It gives double care . . . to both scalp and hair . . . and is more economical than other hair tonics, too.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Used by more men today than any other hair tonic

Liberty

PAUL HUNTER
Publisher

The World Today in Fact, Fiction, and Pictures

David Brown, Editor

William E. Rae, *Articles*
Kathryn Bourne, *Fiction*
Duncan B. MacIntosh, *Art*
Helen Greenwood, *Books*
Hendry Lars Bart, *Pictures*
Lee Pasquin, *Managing Editor*
Elizabeth Wilson, *Hollywood*
Stacy V. Jones, *Washington*
John B. Danby, *Associate*
Mary G. Clarke, *Associate*

★ Articles

No War—No Depression . . . . *Eric Johnston* 17
Love Among the Animals . . . . *Waverley Root* 22
Reds in Our Government . . . . . *Rep. J. Parnell Thomas as told to Stacy V. Jones* 26
Is Your Face Red? . . . . *John E. Gibson* 29
Barnum of Baseball . . . . *Stanley Frank* 32
Headaches Are Not Hopeless . . . . *Alfred H. Sinks* 34
Landis Without Leopard Skins . . . . . *Elizabeth Wilson* 38
And Make Gus Like It, Please . . . . *John Chapman* 40

★ Stories

Prairie Tree . . . . *Will Hagen* 20
Dangerous Legacy . . . . *Crawford Sullivan* 24
If I Ever Get to Springfield—Short Short *Harold Applebaum* 30
Washington Murder-Go-Round—Part V . . *Oscar Schisgall* 36
Infatuation . . . . *Gordon Malherbe Hillman* 4

★ Pictures

EYE-INTEREST: Sun Worshipers, 47; Zoo Mama, 48; Winning Colors, 50; Dragger-Artist, 52; Movie Reviews, 56; Show Business, 58; Kiphuth's Flip-Kick, 60; Americans Want Latin Lovers Again, 64; A Bike and a Buck, 65; Gourmet's Greenery, 68.

★ Book Condensation

Marshall: Citizen Soldier—*William Frye's life story of the man who led America in war—and now in peace—abridged to a reading time of one evening* 44

★ Features

Vox Pop 6
Crossword Puzzle 97
Washington Undercurrent . . *Robert S. Allen* 14

★ Editorial

Get Rid of the Experts . . . . *Paul Hunter* 110

Cover: Secretary Marshall
Painted by Pat Holbrooke

The next issue will appear Friday, July 18, 1947

PUBLISHED BY LIBERTY MAGAZINE, INC.

President, Paul Hunter; *Vice-Presidents*, Homer Rockwell, Lester Tunison; *Sec. and Treas.*, Thomas W. Kavanaugh; A. J. Cutler, *Circulation Director;* Harold Ganz, *Business Manager.*

The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence. Contributors are advised to retain copies of their material otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage a name and address, but we will not be responsible for any loss of such material.

Liberty, July 19, 1947. Vol. 24, No. 16. Published bi-weekly by Liberty Magazine, Inc., 3 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Re-entered as second-class matter Feb. 4, 1947, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Ten cents a copy. Subscription price $2.50 a year in the United States and possessions, $3.00 a year in Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana. All other countries $3.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription or change of address, please allow at least forty-five (45) days for Liberty to reach you. Copyright, 1947, by Liberty Magazine, Inc., in the Unite States and Canada. Registered at Stationers' Hall, Great Britain. Registro Nacional de l Propiedad Intelectual. All rights reserved.

A SENSATIONAL OFFER TO NEW MEMBERS OF THE DOLLAR BOOK CLUB

Yours for a 3¢ Stamp!

The bombshell novel of 1947! Gentleman's Agreement

A NOVEL BY
LAURA Z. HOBSON
AUTHOR OF "THE TRESPASSERS"
Gentleman's Agreement

The Story of an Amazing Masquerade —and its Blasting Consequences!

WHAT started all the whispering about Phil Green? What turned his sweetheart away? What suddenly made his family a target of hate?

It all began with a simple deception. Phil had a challenging new assignment from the editor of a big national magazine—a series of articles on anti-Semitism. Determined to tackle his subject from the inside out, Philip Schuyler Green became plain Phil Green—and let people think he was Jewish.

WHAT Phil learned about the unsuspected prejudices of "nice" people—what befell his family—how he was forced to choose between his conscience and the woman who meant so much to him—make one of the most gripping and sensational stories you have ever read. No wonder the *Chicago Tribune* said: "Shocked readers will discover a demanding plot that can't be put aside." Start reading it, and you'll know why *Gentleman's Agreement* is a top national best-seller—a book that is talked about wherever people meet! Now, for a limited time only, the Dollar Book Club offers you a copy for just a 3-cent stamp, along with FREE Club membership!

"One of the most discussed novels of the year!"
—*New York Times*

● "One of the most astonishing novels of the year. Kathy and Phil are such real, such decent people. You will not escape the impact of their problems for days after you've finished the book." —*Philadelphia Inquirer*

The ONLY Book Club That Brings You Best-Sellers for only $1

NO other book club brings you popular current books by famous authors for only $1.00 each. You save 60 to 75 per cent from the regular retail prices of books!

Yet membership in the Dollar Book Club is free and requires no dues or fees of any kind. You do not even have to take a book every month; the purchase of as few as six books a year keeps your membership in full force. In fact, for convenience, members prefer to have shipped and pay for books every other month.

More Than Half a Million Families Buy Books This Money-Saving Way!

Think of it! With book-manufacturing costs at an all-time high; with most popular current fiction selling for $2.75 and $3.00 in the publishers' editions at retail, the Dollar Book Club continues to bring its members the cream of the books for only $1.00 each! And in distinctive, full-size library editions, bound in a format exclusive for members!

Start Enjoying Membership Now

Upon receipt of the attached coupon with a 3 cent stamp, you will be sent a copy of Laura Z. Hobson's best-seller, "Gentleman's Agreement." You will also receive as your first selection for $1.00 your choice of any of the four popular current books described in the next column:

- **This Side of Innocence** by Taylor Caldwell. The story of a girl who had to choose between a loveless marriage and a lawless love!
- **In a Dark Garden** by Frank G. Slaughter. If you enjoyed *Gone With the Wind,* you'll LOVE this new romance of Civil War.
- **B. F.'s Daughter** by John P. Marquand. This newest fiction hit by the author of "The Late George Apley."
- **Foxes of Harrow** by Frank Yerby. Love and adventure in old New Orleans, "the wickedest city in the world."

EVERY other month you will receive the Club's descriptive folder called The Bulletin. The Bulletin describes the forthcoming two months' book selections. It also reviews about ten additional titles (in the original publishers' editions selling at retail for $2.50 or more) available to members at only $1.00 each. You may purchase either or both of the two new selections for $1.00 each, or neither. In any case, you may purchase any of the other titles offered for $1.00 each.

SEND NO MONEY—*Just a 3c Stamp*

When you see your copy of "Gentleman's Agreement"—which you get for 3 cents—and your first $1.00 selection; when you consider these are typical of values you receive for $1.00, you will be more than happy to have joined the Club. Mail coupon now.

DOUBLEDAY ONE DOLLAR BOOK CLUB, Garden City, New York

Mail This Coupon

"Gentleman's Agreement" yours for 3c stamp!

DOUBLEDAY ONE DOLLAR BOOK CLUB
Dept. 7L., Garden City, New York

Please enroll me free as a Dollar Book Club subscriber and send me at once "Gentleman's Agreement" for the enclosed 3c stamp. Also send me as my first selection for $1.00 the book I have checked below:

☐ **This Side of Innocence** ☐ **In a Dark Garden**
☐ **B.F.'s Daughter** ☐ **Foxes of Harrow**

With these books will come my first issue of the free descriptive folder called "The Bulletin" telling about the two new forthcoming one-dollar bargain book selections and several additional bargains which are offered at $1.00* each to members only. I am to have the privilege of notifying you in advance if I do not wish either of the following months' selections and whether or not I wish to purchase any of the other bargains at the Special Club price of $1.00 each. The purchase of books is entirely voluntary on my part. I do not have to accept a book every month—only six during the year—to fulfill my membership requirement. I pay nothing except $1.00 for each selection received plus a few cents shipping cost.

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss } .... PLEASE PRINT

Address..

City and
Zone No..

State..

Occupation.......................... If under 21, Age, please....

*Same Price in Canada: 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Canada

Meet "DEAR RUTH"

Whose love letters should have been mailed in asbestos envelopes . . .

. . . Whose sister got her engaged to five men at once.

Broadway roared at her for 680 performances, Chicago laughed for 13 months, Los Angeles hugged her for 252 Days. *Now it's a wonderful movie* and the whole wide world can love "Ruth" too.

Paramount presents
WILLIAM HOLDEN
JOAN CAULFIELD
in
"Dear Ruth"
with
BILLY DE WOLFE
EDWARD ARNOLD
MONA FREEMAN
Mary Philips • Virginia Welles • Kenny O'Morrison
Produced by PAUL JONES
Directed by WILLIAM D. RUSSELL
Screen Play by Arthur Sheekman • Based on the Play by Norman Krasna

VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

INSHANE?

Houston, Tex.—For relaxation, absorption, subtle amusement, and a challenge to the wits give me Ted Shane's Cockeyed Crossword Puzzles. May he live long and forever be happy in his work. (Mr. Shane, do you *really* think I should see a psychiatrist?)—*(Miss) M. Williams.*

FRONT-PAGE STUFF!

Pittsburgh, Pa.—Every warm-blooded American should read Raymond M. Bates' Open Letter to Philip Murray, in the May 24 issue of Liberty, and then do something about the state of affairs discussed in it. I am an innocent bystander who has no ax to grind with any group, so it comes from an unprejudiced source when I say that this letter very comprehensively and fairly sums up conditions here in the good old U. S. A.—*J. C. Caldwell.*

San Carlos, Calif.—The Open Letter by Raymond M. Bates is one of the most sensible things I have read in years. It is honest and fair. For the record, I am not an employer; but the chiseling I saw in shipyards during the war was enough to make me lose respect for the unions concerned and for most of their members. (Overtime for sitting on a box for 12 hours—and actually taking it.)

I have found most of the employees under my supervision much more interested in the salary than in a day's work well done. Tell me, what is the pleasure from doing a poor job?

What this country needs now is *men,* men honest to themselves, their country, and their employer: eight hours' honest work for eight hours' pay.—*W. G. Remington.*

Catskill, N. Y.—Paul Hunter's editorial, What Are We Afraid Of? (May 24), speaks both truth and wisdom. It fully backs up Raymond M. Bates' Open Letter. I like Mr. Bates' honest, frank opinion as to unions, and I believe more people would see strikes in their true light, could they read that letter. I, for one, would like to see it appear on the front page of every newspaper in this country.—*Dora Sterritt.*

Greeley, Colo.—As I finished reading that Open Letter to Murray, I wanted to yell, "At last someone has talked out loud!"—just as we, my husband and I, like men and women all over the country, have been doing for the last seven years, ever since, to get a job, my husband *had* to join up. I wish that letter could be on the front page of every paper in the U.S.A. for a week, or until it penetrated the "haze" which has kept many people from coming out in the open and doing something about union dictatorship.

What Bates says about management is really the tops! Please, Liberty, publish that again and again. We are from California, and do we know things about war work and unions!—*Mae Rice.*

Spokane, Wash.—May I thank you for publishing the Open Letter to Philip Murray? It so aptly expresses the honest opinion of the average citizen, especially of us who still believe in unions and the great good they can do, but also think management should have a square deal and should be allowed to hire and fire at its own discretion. I have worked with and seen many a lazy worker on the job who couldn't be fired—and this at a time when the owner of the place was working 12 to 14 or even 16 hours a day to keep the business running. Mr. Raymond M. Bates knows whereof he speaks.—*Mrs. H. E. Merrill.*

WHERE ELMER STANDS

Florence, Oreg.—Boy, do I get a kick out of reading all the cheers, moans, and growls the readers hand in to Vox Pop! Several in the May 24 Liberty sure tickled me pink. One was from my neighbor out in the suburbs of Florence, Edna Fleming Ohler of Newberg, Oregon. You know, I was never so disgusted in my life as I was with the women in Mr. Adam (book condensation, April 12). I sure agree with Edna all the way except where she says "gutter-depth to which masculine authorship

(*Continued on page 8*)

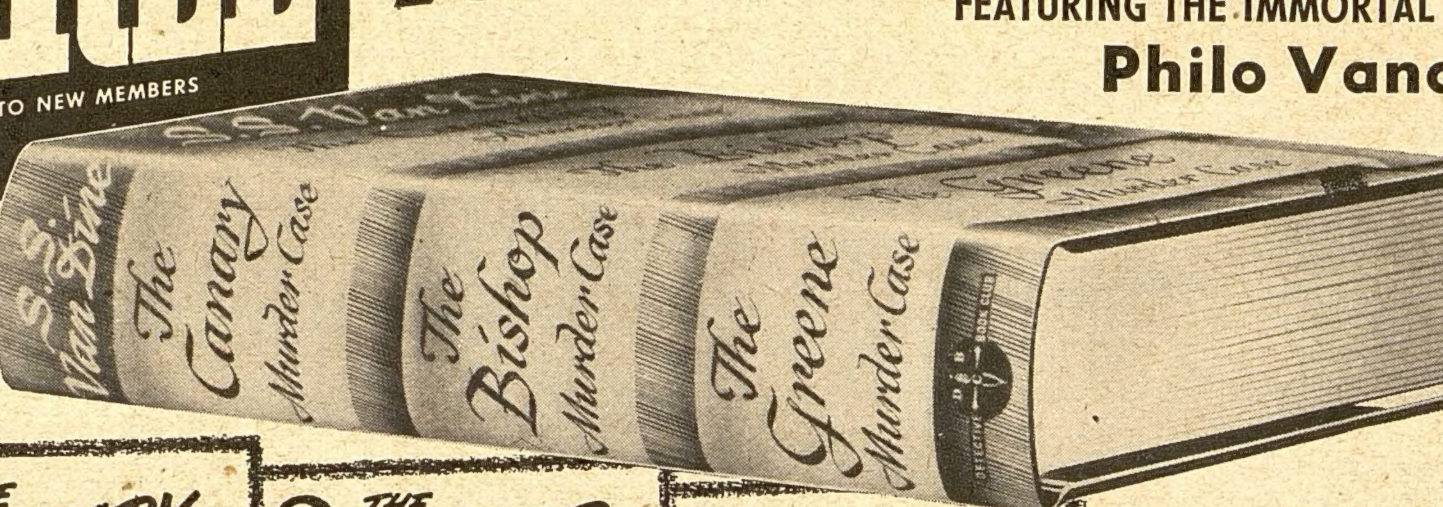
FREE

TO NEW MEMBERS

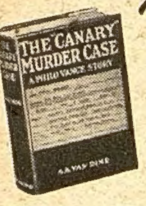
3 FAMOUS MURDER MASTERPIECES BY THE GREAT S.S. Van Dine

FEATURING THE IMMORTAL DETECTIVE

Philo Vance



① THE CANARY MURDER CASE



BEAUTIFUL Margaret O'Dell, ex-Follies girl, is strangled to death in her apartment just before midnight. No one could have been in the apartment at 7 o'clock. All the windows were barred. There were only two ways of entering the apartment. One was through a side door. But that had been bolted *from the inside* at 6 o'clock—and was still bolted the next morning. The only other way was through the front door, but any visitor would be seen by the phone operator. And NOBODY entered that way!

② THE BISHOP MURDER CASE

THE BISHOP MURDER CASE
by S. S. Van Dine

WHEN Joseph Cochrane Robin was found dead, the D. A. thought it was a routine affair. But the wily Philo Vance observed: (1) that the victim was found *with an arrow through his heart*; (2) that the last man seen with the victim was a man named Sperling; and (3) that Sperling means "sparrow" in German. The D. A. still didn't get it, until Vance recited:

Who killed Cock Robin?
"I" said the sparrow,
"With my bow and arrow."

The diabolical killer had used an old nursery rhyme *as a blueprint for murder!*

③ THE GREENE MURDER CASE

THE GREENE MURDER CASE
A PHILO VANCE STORY
S. S. VAN DINE

VAN DINE himself called this ''the most sinister, the most bizarre, and certainly the most terrifying'' of all his murder cases. It turned the gloomy Greene mansion into a house of horror—with the fiendish killer perpetrating a series of brutal murders. No. 1 on the ''obit'' parade was the eldest sister, shot by a .32. The D. A. called it robbery—until the two brothers were shot—*by the same .32!*

One after another, the Greenes were killed off—until there are only two left. Can Vance catch the killer before the whole family is wiped out?

YOURS free — THREE full-length masterpieces of mystery by the one and only S. S. VAN DINE, all complete in one handsome triple-volume!

VAN DINE is one of the few immortals of detective fiction. His murder cases created a sensation. One of them—*The Canary Murder Case* (which is included here)—broke all modern publishing records for detective fiction. His famous sleuth, *Philo Vance*, stands in the select company of Sherlock Holmes. Van Dine's mysteries will hold you in breathless suspense until the last thrilling page. Read how you can get these 3 crime-classics—FREE!

ALL 3 COMPLETE IN THIS ONE TRIPLE-VOLUME

Why the Detective Book Club Gives You This Triple-Volume Free

S. S. VAN DINE has been acclaimed as one of the greatest detective story writers of all time. Here are three of his most famous cases—yours FREE—to introduce you to the many advantages of belonging to the Detective Book Club.

Every month the Detective Book Club selects—from advance proofs and advance copies of the new detective novels — three BRAND-NEW mystery books. These three new books—complete and unabridged—are then published in one handsome volume, and offered to our members. Here is your chance to get the cream of the new detective novels at a great saving—and also to add to your library—FREE—this thrilling triple-volume of S. S. Van Dine masterpieces.

How This Club Brings You The Best NEW Mysteries

About 300 new detective books are published every year. You can't read them all. It's hard to find the best. But a mystery by Erle Stanley Gardner, Rex Stout, Agatha Christie, Mignon G. Eberhart, Ellery Queen, Carter Dickson, or Frank Gruber is sure to be good! ALL OF THESE, and many other famous writers, have had their books selected by the Detective Book Club. Many are members of the Club themselves.

The selections of the Club are ALL NEWLY-PUBLISHED books—selling everywhere at $2.00 to $2.50 each. As a member, you get three of them in one volume (a $6.00 value) for only $1.89! You do not have to take a volume every month—you may accept as few as four during the whole year and still save two-thirds of the usual price.

You Enjoy These Five Advantages

(1) Every month you are offered the cream of the finest BRAND-NEW detective books—by the best authors. (2) You save two-thirds the usual cost. (3) You do NOT have to accept every monthly triple-volume selection. (4) Your books are fresh, clean, unopened—delivered right to your door. (5) You will receive volumes so well printed, so handsomely bound, that month by month they will grow into an attractive lifetime library of modern detective masterpieces you'll be proud to own.

Mail Coupon NOW for YOUR Free Book

Accept your FREE COPY of this Van Dine triple-volume NOW! Your acceptance of this book, as a membership gift from the Club, will not obligate you to take every month's three-in-one selection. You may take as few as four each year that you are a member. You may cancel your membership whenever you wish. A description of the next month's selections will be sent to you with each month's triple volume, and you may reject in advance any volume you do not want.

SEND NO MONEY! Simply mail the coupon promptly and receive your membership gift book FREE —and receive in addition, the current triple-volume containing three complete new detective books! Address the coupon NOW to:

DETECTIVE BOOK CLUB
One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

D B C
DETECTIVE BOOK CLUB

SEND NO MONEY

13

Walter J. Black, President HHHH
DETECTIVE BOOK CLUB
One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member and send me, FREE, the three-in-one gift volume pictured on this page. In addition, send me the current triple-volume of the month, which contains three complete new detective books.

This does not obligate me to take every monthly triple-volume during the next 12 months. I may take as few as four during this period, if I so wish.

I will receive an advance description of all forthcoming selections and may reject in advance any volume I do not wish to own. I need send no money now, but for each volume I do accept I will send only $1.89, plus few cents mailing charges, as a complete payment within one week after I receive it. (*Books shipped in U.S.A. only.*)

Mr.
Mrs. } ....
Miss
Please print plainly

Address..

Zone No.
City................................(if any)......State..........

The girls look twice
at the man with P.A.*

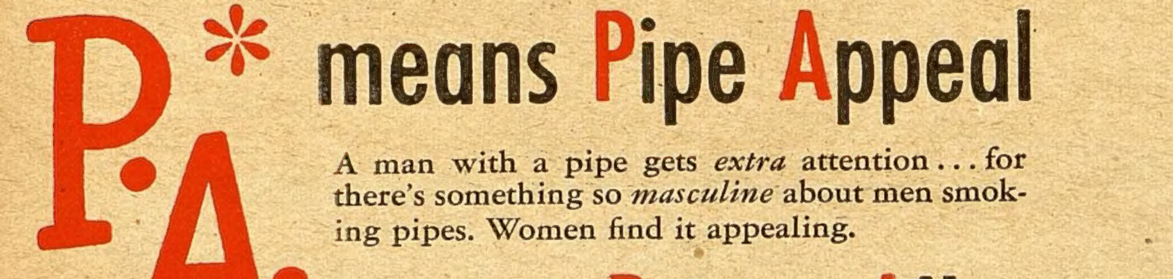
P.A.* means **P**ipe **A**ppeal

A man with a pipe gets *extra* attention . . . for there's something so *masculine* about men smoking pipes. Women find it appealing.

P.A. means **P**rince **A**lbert

A man with a pipeful of Prince Albert tobacco gets real smoking joy and comfort. P.A. is specially treated to insure against tongue bite. It's mild and easy on the tongue. Try crimp cut P.A.—and you'll see why more pipes smoke Prince Albert than any other tobacco!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, N. C.



(Continued from page 6)

has fallen." I kind o' think maybe she doesn't like us males too much—and *I* don't like the aspirin she dashed for.

Anyway, from her letter I'd say Edna was a party who says exactly what she thinks and has lots of spunk. Hurrah for her!

Now for Ralph C. March of Mendon, Michigan, and his neighbor, who object to profanity (in Our Own Kind, March 29). Three ex-marines and sailors and I agree that we'd a lot rather see the profanity printed right slam-dab in the story than see blankety-blank blanks where good healthy swear words ought to be. Also that if Mr. March and his neighbor quit your good magazine, we will send in two more subscriptions or buy two more copies a week, in their places. So let them quit. Anyway, if we had two more Libertys each week there wouldn't be such a mad scramble around this dump to see who gets to read it first.

Here's to Liberty! Long may she wave, and just as she is!—*Elmer L. Earle.*

As somebody (was it Elbert Hubbard?) said sensibly, long ago, "Profanity doesn't consist in saying 'damn.' Profanity consists in writing it 'd——n.' "—VOX POP EDITOR.

FACTS THAT HELP

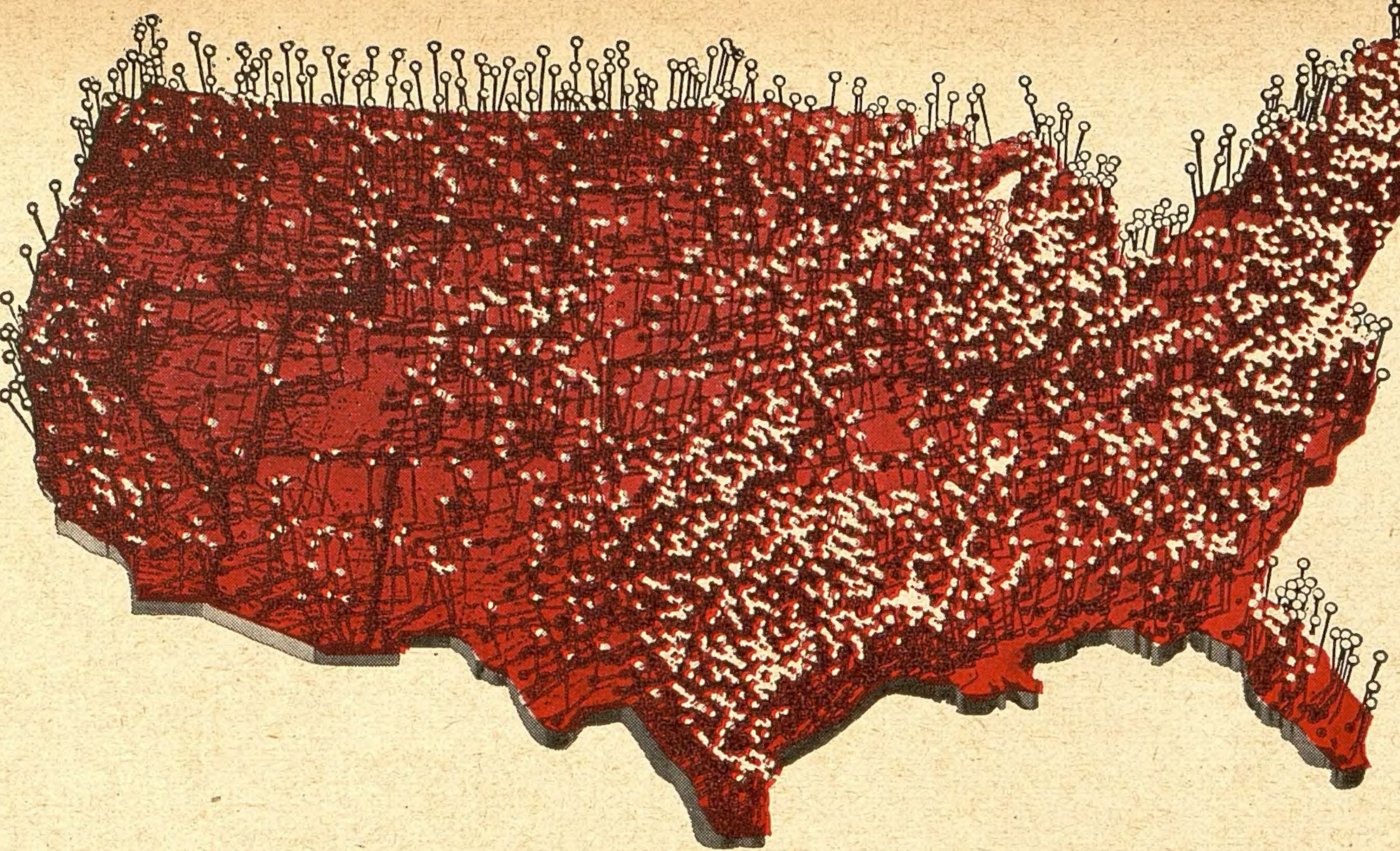
NORWALK, CONN.—Liberty is to be congratulated on making available to us I Don't Want My Children to Grow Up in Soviet Russia, by Nina I. Alexeiev (June 7). Reader's Digest's June issue had a condensation of it. We were so glad to read about real facts that we rushed out and bought a Liberty to read the entire original article. Education and understanding mean more than propaganda. So such articles help a lot.—*Jack A. Erneman.*

PENNY-WISE?

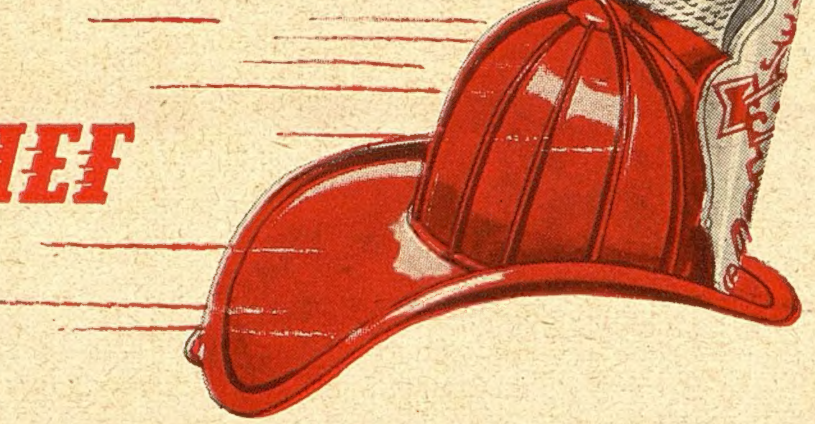
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—It seems odd that, the same day I read Why Girls Go Wrong, by Edith M. Stern (May 24), I found in the San Francisco News the enclosed item, headlined Clinic Saves Girls—But It Gets the Ax, and reading, in part:

"The psychiatric service of the City Clinic got national magazine recognition today—but that didn't save it from a budgetary death sentence. Edith M. Stern praised it as 'unique in these United States' in an article in Liberty Magazine. . . . This service, however, will be ended during the fiscal year starting July 1.

(Continued on page 10)



Here's something else important you get with



TEXACO

FIRE-CHIEF

GASOLINE

EVERY PIN on this map represents a stock point from which the thousands of Texaco Dealers are supplied.

There are more than 2500 of these Supply Points in all.

That means . . . in every single State of the Union you'll find plenty of well-stocked Texaco Dealers eager to serve you.

You can tour with confidence, knowing that good Texaco Fire-Chief gasoline awaits you from coast to coast.

It is interesting to know, too, that these 2500 Supply Points also render an important service to industry . . . by making quality fuels and lubricants available to industrial plants, *wherever located.*

TEXACO

REG. T. M.

THE TEXAS COMPANY

TEXACO DEALERS IN ALL 48 STATES

TUNE IN . . . Texaco Star Theater presents the Tony Martin show every Sunday night. See newspaper for time and station.

When Only The Finest Will Do
Since 1857
IMPORTED
Dunbar's
SINCE 1857
Blended Canadian Whisky
Distilled and Blended by John Dunbar & Co. Ltd. Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada
DISTILLERY No. 2
PORT 13-1
90.4 PROOF
DISTILLED BLENDED AND BOTTLED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT
90.4 PROOF
Dunbar's
Blended
CANADIAN WHISKEY
Traditionally
EXCELLENT
Dunbar's
DISTILLED
LONDON
DRY GIN
94.8 Proof
Distilled From 100%
Grain Neutral Spirits
Imported by H. HARVEY CO., LTD.
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

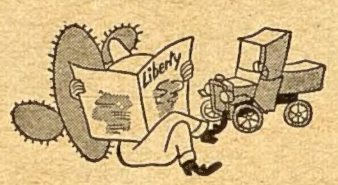
(*Continued from page 8*)

because (the) Chief Administrative Officer trimmed a $17,000 item for its continuance out of the Health Department budget."

It is amazing how people lose all sense of proportion when it comes to trying to pare down a budget. They will more than likely have to spend more in the long run trying to cure what they could have prevented.—*F. U. Weir.*

REST ON THE RANCH

SEBASTOPOL, CALIF.—As a farm owner (rancher, here in California), a driver of a tractor to cultivate and spray, and a driver of a truck for supplies, I keep busy—but I do like to take up that magazine of yours in the evening and relax, so I can sleep better. The book condensations are sent to the hospitals after I have read them, and the cartoons make good scrapbooks. So I find Liberty is a necessity in this house.—*Viola R. Barnes.*



TUT-TUT!

COLUMBUS, OHIO—I sensed something "out of place" about Liberty's colorful May 24 cover the first time I glanced at it. I studied the clown's and the sweet little girl's pictures over and over, several times during the day. Finally I discovered what was "out of place": the little girl has a green ribbon, a blue barrette, and a blue sweater! Green and blue do *not* go together!

A woman always notices clothes, even if she doesn't know it—at first. *Mrs. Richard A. Best.*

NOT FROM GARGANTUA

HQ. SERVICE COMMAND, FLEET MARINE FORCE, PACIFIC, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—I think Liberty's condensation of Bergen Evans' The Natural History of Nonsense (May 10) is excellent as far as subject matter, treatment, and grammatical capabilities go—*but* in one paragraph I think Evans has overstepped the bounds. Therein he states that "except for trapeze artists, we are in a state of torpor compared with our simian forebears. Yet they survived, or we wouldn't be here to wring our hands." In other words, he as much as states that we are directly in line of descendance from apes. If you hold with that belief, I would be deeply indebted if you would clarify the matter for me—and also for a number of others who can't quite accept the idea that they came from the ape!—*C. L. Skelley, Jr., Staff Sgt.*

At ease, sarge! Unquestionably, Bergen Evans knows his stuff and by "our simian forebears" means, not that man is descended from any simian as we know it (which used to be the favorite misinterpretation of Darwin among "blue-nose" anti-Darwinians), but that the two presumably have an infinitely remote common ancestry.—VOX POP EDITOR.

BEACHED

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—In answer to Margaret J. Flint about "there being no beaches" in Guatemala (Vox Pop, May 24), I can tell her she knows very little about Guatemala's shores, although she may know about the cotton trade.

Guatemala has beaches that can compete with any Miami or California beach, not in man-made luxury but in natural splendor. Here are the names of a few of its beaches on the Pacific Coast that are visited by thousands of vacationers every year: San Jose, El Ahumado, Iztapa, and Champerico. I have been on all those, as well as on many in the U. S. A. and South America, so I think I ought to know. (No hard feelings.)—*Hector E. Rueda.*

HUNTINGTON PARK, CALIF.—No beach in Guatemala? What about the coast line almost 200 miles long, stretching from Ocos to Bocavieja? I once walked approximately 35 miles of it, from Ocos to Champerico. A few hundred feet from the water's edge, most of the way, was almost impenetrable jungle, and so most of this walk was on beach—except when I had to wade or swim across croc-infested streams with my clothes fastened to my head with a belt.—*S. D. McDonald.*

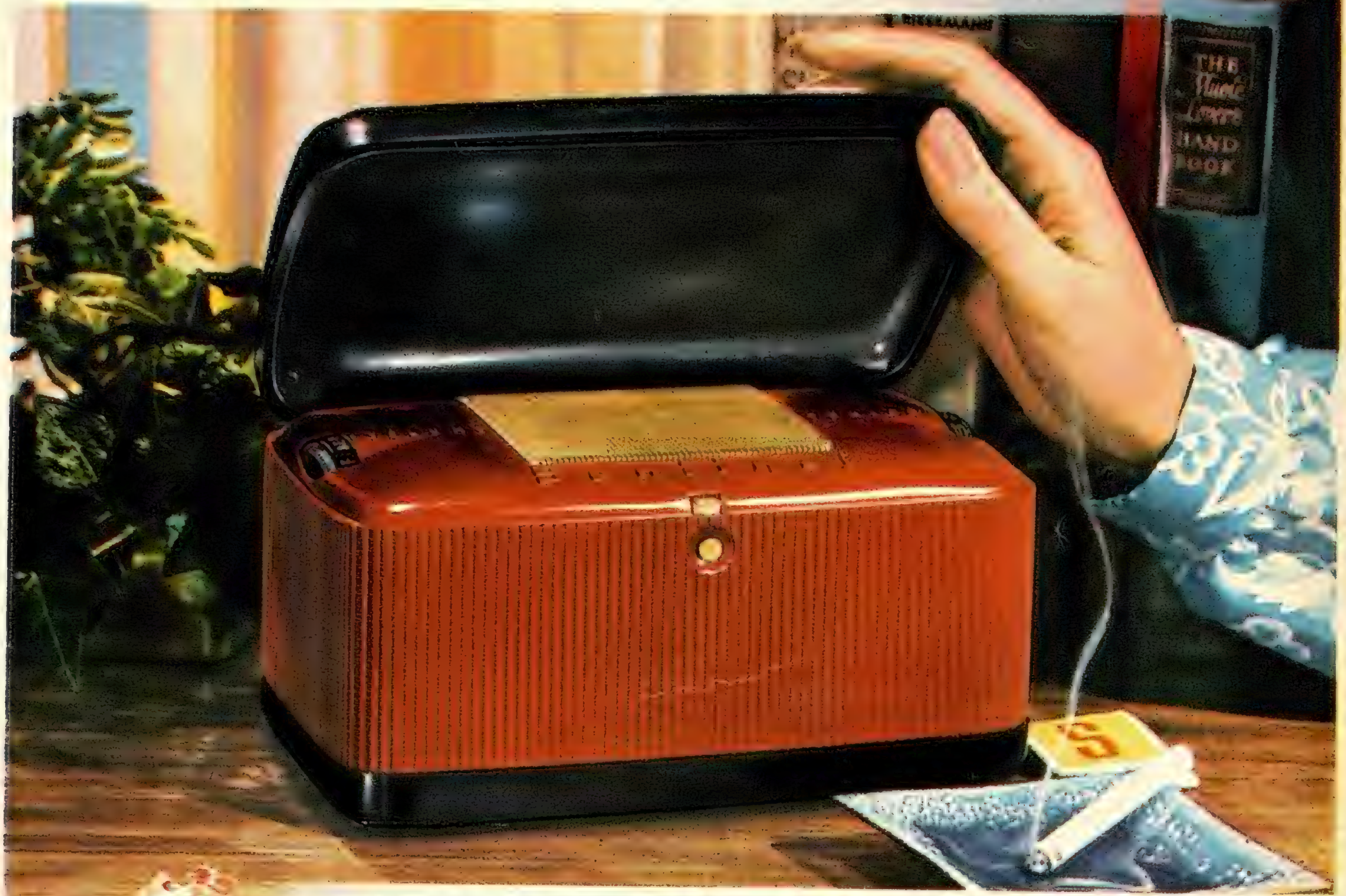
PARADISE WITH SERIAL

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—I'd like you to know I read Edward Hope's Paradise with Serpent with great enjoyment, and I loved the illustrations. In fact, I began buying Liberty regularly because the first chapter fell into my hands. It would make a grand, clean, really entertaining movie. Give us many more just as good!—*Eva M. Moore, R.N.*

AND A NEW ROY ROGERS?

CHICAGO, ILL.—Your article on Mr. Charles Luckman (A New Boss for the Hucksters, May 24) was very interesting. It said he can do almost anything a cowboy can do. Can he sing and play a guitar? My favorite radio singer is a cowboy.—*Sally.*

Radio's Newest Sensation!



ELECTRIC OR BATTERY PORTABLE RADIO

SENTINEL'S *Treasure Chest*

Weighs only 5½ lbs. with batteries.

A radio as personal as your watch, and as carefully made . . . a diminutive jewel of a set—merely a handful—but big, mighty big, in performance! Carry it wherever you go—from room to room, or from state to state! Listen to its sparkling reception anywhere, indoors or out, ashore or afloat, on train or plane, on hiking trip or motor tour! Two-tone plastic cases in various color combinations. Now at Sentinel dealers everywhere. And also, there are many other Sentinel sets for every room in every home . . . AC and DC, Battery and Electric . . . Consoles, Radio-Phonographs, Portables, and Table Models.

SENTINEL RADIO CORPORATION
EVANSTON, ILLINOIS

for Studio Tone in Your Home—or Wherever You May Roam

Sentinel
Radio

What every bride *shouldn't* know:

What it feels like to be poor . . .

What it feels like when your first-born needs an expensive doctor—and you can't afford it . . .

What it's like wanting a home of your own . . . and never quite getting it . . .

What it's like having your kids grow up not knowing whether they'll ever get to college . . .

What it's like to see the Joneses and the Does and the Smiths able to travel abroad—but never you . . .

What it's like to have to keep telling yourself, "He may not have money, but he's my Joe."

There is no cure-all for all these things.

But the closest thing to it for most of us is buying U. S. Savings Bonds—automatically. So here's a bit of friendly advice for newlyweds:

Get on the Payroll Savings Plan where you work or the Bond-a-Month Plan where you have a checking account.

Either plan helps you save money regularly, automatically, and *surely* for the things you want.

It's one of the finest things you can do to start married life right.

Save the easy, automatic way ...with U. S. Savings Bonds

Contributed by this magazine in co-operation with the Magazine Publishers of America as a public service.

Just Between Ourselves

WHEN Eric Johnston was elected president of the United States Chamber of Commerce some five years ago, few people outside his own State of Washington had ever heard of him. Today Mr. Johnston, now president of the Motion Picture Association of America, is regarded as one of our more distinguished younger statesmen. As an editorial writer recently put it: "A speech by Eric Johnston is a national event." Certainly, then, an article by Mr. Johnston entitled NO WAR—NO DEPRESSION (page 17) is a matter of considerable importance.

ERIC JOHNSTON

WE asked Mr. Johnston to write this article because we believe he represents an enlightened and respected segment of American opinion. He knows what is going on. His office in an old historic house at 1600 Eye Street in Washington is close to the White House, the old State Department, and important foreign embassies and government departments. When Mr. Johnston is not keeping his ear to the ground in this strategic location, he is on the move across the world.

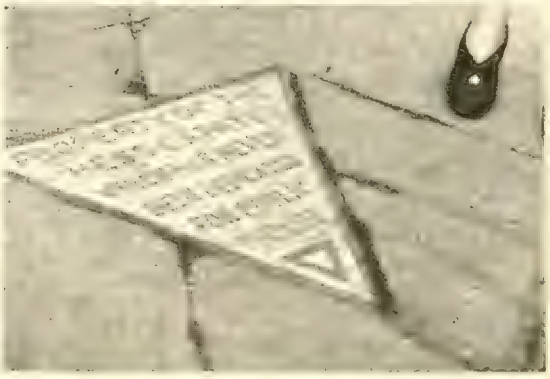
IT'S a long leap between his position today and his beginnings as a newsboy in Spokane. Mr. Johnston, as an eloquent champion of the opportunities in our private-enterprise system, has practiced what he preached. After working his way through school, he became a stevedore on the Seattle docks and later rose from private to captain in the Marine Corps during World War I. The Marine Corps had taken Johnston out of the University of Washington, where he was working his way first as a longshoreman and then as a $74-a-month librarian. After a dreary illness in a naval hospital in Peking, he was discharged.

HOME in Spokane, Johnston discovered that his mother had unexpectedly inherited $2,500 and had invested it in a vacuum-cleaner company which was going broke fast. In time, he turned the red ink on the ledgers to black and became known as a great vacuum-cleaner salesman. Borrowing $35,000 from a bank and adding $5,000 of his own and his partner's, he bought into a large electrical concern. At 33, Johnston had retired all his stock obligations and was on his way to being a successful business man. From president of the Spokane Chamber of Commerce, he became a director in the national Chamber and, in 1942, became national president—for four straight years!

JOHNSTON does not live by the copybook maxims of staid and conservative business men. His "chaotic efficiency" is well known to his associates. Whatever else it may be, it is never dull. He is completely informal. In conference, he hoists his feet to his desk top and jokes and banters with his staff. Although he smokes rarely, he likes to play with cigarettes, lighting them and smashing them out after a few puffs. His only hobby is travel, and he persists in losing overcoats on his trips.

WHEN Johnston succeeded Will Hays as motion-picture czar, he surprised the industry by moving its headquarters from New York to Washington. He looks upon the motion picture as the most international of all enterprises, with a stake in almost everything that occurs anywhere in the world. The place to be on top of world events, he feels, is Washington.

AMONG the varied intelligence which finds its way into an editorial office is this item from David Deutsch of Brooklyn, New York. Mr. Deutsch points out, and offers the accompanying photo as proof, that the smallest parcel of real estate in the world is located on Manhattan Island.



He says it is in front of a Greenwich Village cigar store and consists of a triangle of 22 inches which has never been dedicated for public purposes. Do we hear any offers?

READERS of the W. Somerset Maugham short story entitled THE MOTHER, which was published in the April 26 Liberty, will be interested in knowing it will be published in a forthcoming Doubleday anthology of great Maugham stories. This is in keeping with Liberty's tradition of presenting great fiction, not merely great-name fiction. There have been many great Liberty stories—James Cain's DOUBLE INDEMNITY, Steve Fisher's DESTINATION TOKYO, Ring Lardner's HAIRCUT, and countless stories by such distinguished authors as Booth Tarkington, Elmer Davis, Ben Hecht, and H. G. Wells. There will be many more, and Liberty will publish them first.

ON that note of immodesty, we preview the big, lively August 2 Liberty for you. There's a bonanza of fiction for your summer reading. . . . Oliver Weld Bayer begins a haunting two-part story entitled THE SKY WAS FALLING. We promise you'll never forget it! . . . You'll want to read, too, Henry Beetle Hough's delightfully wacky love story, THE MASTERFUL MALE. . . . And Marjorie Carleton's short short, THE ACID TEST, will intrigue you, as will NO NIGHT FOR SINGING by Howard Thomas. . . . And of course you'll want to find what finally happens in Oscar Schisgall's serial, WASHINGTON MURDER-GO-ROUND. The final installment is in the big August 2 issue. . . . Also provocative picture stories and articles so hot they're still on the griddle.—*D. B.*

How to get the most out of your Vacation

You're off on your vacation . . . for rest, relaxation and new and charming friends.

But surely you don't want that lovely girl you meet at the beach to turn you down on a date . . .

And you don't want that charming couple at the hotel to put a black mark against your name when they're looking for a fourth at bridge.

Don't run the risk of offending others by being careless about your breath. Halitosis (bad breath) may afflict everyone at some time or other. And you, yourself, may not know when you are the guilty one. So it pays to be extra careful.

One of your best friends in this matter is Listerine Antiseptic. Tuck a bottle in your vacation bag. Use it night and morning, and between times, before meeting others. Against bad breath of non-systemic origin it works so quickly, so delightfully . . . freshens, sweetens the breath, and quickly overcomes odors.

Moreover, you will find Listerine Antiseptic a tried-and-true first-aid against minor skin infections and insect bites and stings. All in all, it's a vacation "must" you can't afford to leave behind. Be sure to tuck a bottle in your vacation bag. It pays off in comfort and popularity.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

P. S. *Do you know that Listerine Antiseptic is a wonderful precaution against infectious dandruff with its ugly flakes and scales? Make Listerine Antiseptic and massage a part of regular hair-washing.*

TRACK 28
9-20 A.M
DAY CAPE CO
VACATION SPEC
TAUNTON
WAREHAM
ONSET
BUZZARDS
MONU

WASHINGTON

UNDERCURRENT ★ UNDERCURRENT ★ UNDERCURRENT ★

BY ROBERT S. ALLEN

GERM WARFARE • That recent voluminous report by the American Association of Scientific Workers warning that the "U. S. is particularly vulnerable to bacterial warfare attack" was no news to our military authorities.

As far as Russia is concerned, our military experts are more apprehensive about Red bacteriological weapons than atomic development. On the latter, we are still far out in front. But on germ warfare, the Russians are shoulder to shoulder with us.

For one thing, the Russians know just as much about what the Germans had as we do. Further, they have been working in this field as long as we have, and their scientists are rated among the best in the world.

Bacterial weapons can be as horribly and devastatingly destructive as atomic bombs. Particularly in the United States, with hundreds of large population concentrations.

C.I.O. Catch-All • The C.I.O. is quietly taking a leaf from John L. Lewis' book and establishing a District 50 of its own. District 50 of the United Mine Workers is Lewis' catch-all union, in which he nestles scores of little, local, dues-paying organizations.

The C.I.O.'s burgeoning "District 50" has the title—the Progressive Metalworkers Council. P.M.C. is a branch of the anti-Communist Industrial Union of Marine and Shipbuilding Workers, headed by scrappy Scot John Green.

Significantly, P.M.C.'s first accession was 50 locals that split off from the Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers because of its leftist domination. Also significant is the fact that John Driscoll, leader of the bolters, is head of P.M.C.

Many employers may soon find themselves negotiating labor contracts with a union nominally consisting of shipbuilding trades.

Hymnbook Sharer **• There is one young man who will certainly make sure with whom he is sitting the next time he is late for service in Washington's First Baptist Church. One Sunday recently he arrived late at the crowded church. Seeing an empty space in a center pew, he quietly took it. A nice-appearing young man and obviously totally unaware that he was sitting beside Margaret Truman, the Secret Service men did not molest him. Not even when, during the hymn singing, the young man, finding himself without a hymnbook, calmly leaned over and shared Margaret's.**

MARGARET TRUMAN

After the service was over, the young man rose to depart—to find everybody else still sitting. (It's the custom in the church to remain seated until the Trumans leave.) Mystified, the young man turned around and discovered the explanation.

He was still standing, mouth agape, when the Presidential family, smiling pleasantly, walked past him.

Around the Circuit • Theatrical agents are saying Margaret Truman's concert engagements will make her $100,000—which is $25,000 more than her father gets as President of the United States. . . . Farmer deposits in country banks totaled $58 billion in 1940 and $214 billion in March of this year. . . . Massachusetts and Connecticut are the only two states that still outlaw birth control. . . . Secretary of State Marshall has the swankiest office in the capital: a two-story air-conditioned suite with paneled walls, rose-colored carpet, private bathroom and elevator. . . . Of the 738 lobbyists registered on Capitol Hill, 56 are women. The highest salary reported by a male lobbyist is $40,000; by a woman lobbyist, $7,000. . . . Mrs. Augustine B. Kelley, wife of the able Pennsylvania congressman, will be designated as the Ideal Mother of 1947. She has nine children, five of them veterans.

Civilian Control **• The next big U. S. move in Germany will be to switch occupation management from military to civilian control. That is, the State Department instead of the War Department will run the United States zone.**

GENERAL CLAY

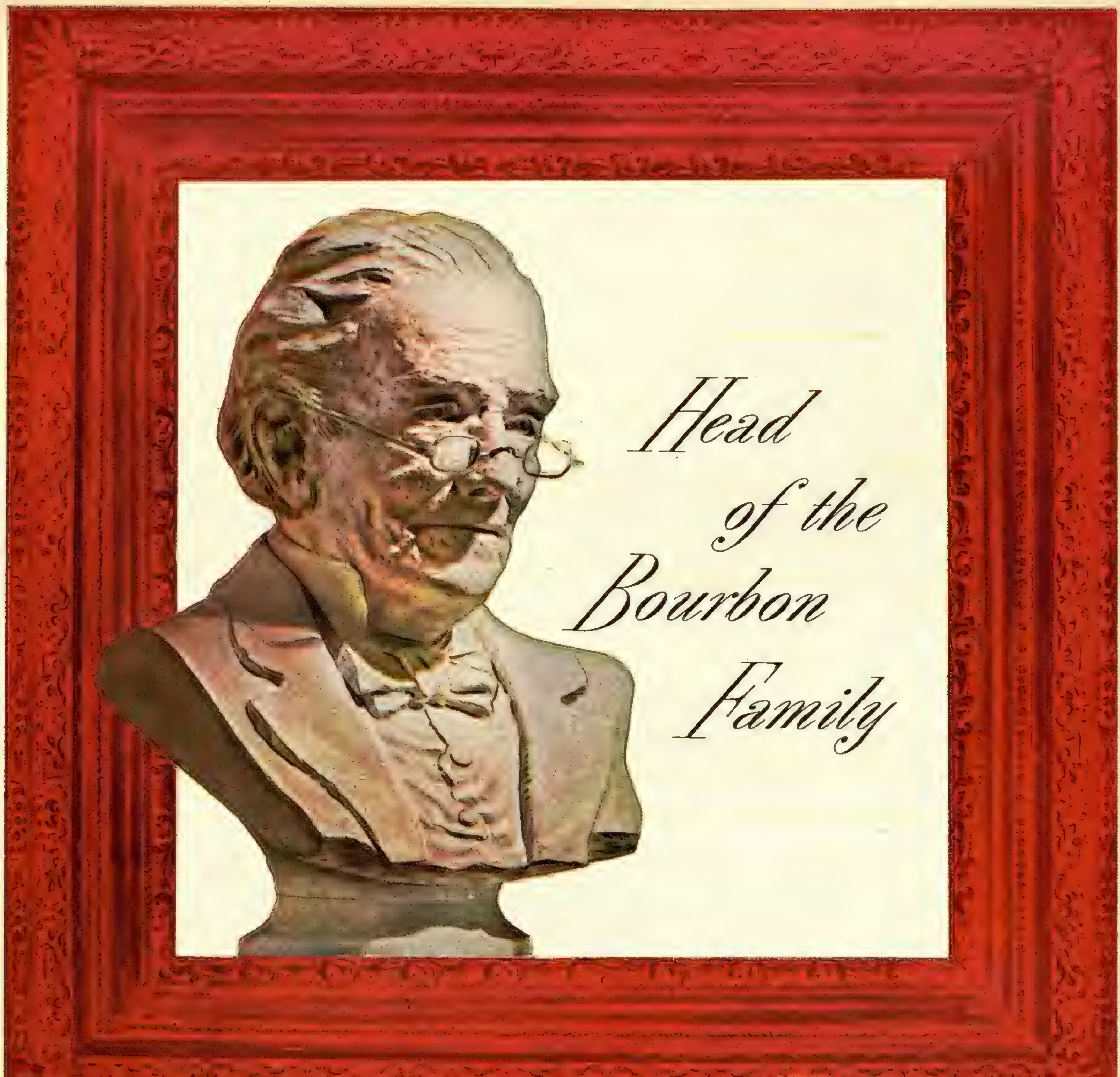
Since his return from Moscow, Marshall has vigorously pushed preparations to take over the job.

Civilian control will not mean elimination of our military. Lieutenant General Lucius Clay, one of the ablest executives in the Army and highly esteemed by Marshall, probably will continue as top man. With him will remain a number of his abler assistants, but all under State instead of the War Department. Above all, the crack U. S. Constabulary will continue in Germany.

The shift from military to civilian control in Germany will be the first move in a long-range plan that Marshall is quietly nursing. This is to set up a separate agency, comparable to the British Colonial Office, in which all U. S. occupational affairs will be centered.

Such an agency already exists to run U. S. territories. It is the Bureau of Insular Affairs and has charge of Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, and the Virgin Islands. Marshall's proposed Colonial Office (it will have a different name) would administer all our far-flung occupational areas—Germany, Japan, Korea, etc.

Out on a Limb • A MacArthur-for-President boom will soon be launched in Wisconsin and Nebraska. . . . German exports from the U. S. and British occupation zones will total more than $350,000,000 this year. . . . The new Argentine Ambassador to Washington will be General Carlos von der Becke, German-trained former Army Chief of Staff. . . . Private trade with Japan will soon be thrown open to U. S. business men. . . . General Jonathan "Skinny" Wainwright will retire from the Army in September to become an official of a Texas chain-store concern. . . . The bill on the long-pending St. Lawrence Waterway proposal will get nowhere in Congress this session.


Head
of the
Bourbon
Family

OLD
GRAND-DAD
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY
THE OLD GRAND DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY
FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY

100 Proof

UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
BOTTLED
IN
BOND

The mellow, heart-warming taste of Old Grand-Dad reflects the pride of its maker in having achieved such rare goodness. Perhaps you yourself have noticed how often Old Grand-Dad graces the head of the table—especially when the occasion calls for a whiskey of such traditional excellence that only the Head of the Bourbon Family can qualify for the honor.

OLD GRAND-DAD

National Distillers Products Corp., N. Y.

MELTING SCRAP LEAD from discarded telephone cable. It is smelted and refined at a Western Electric plant for reuse as cable sheathing.

He's cooking up telephone service

The salvaging of worn-out equipment has always been important in the telephone business. It's more important than ever right now.

For it isn't just so many pounds or tons of lead and copper and zinc and steel that come out of it. It's telephone service.

Every bit of recovered material helps to relieve shortages and enables us to build more of the telephone equipment that is so urgently needed.

That means better, quicker service for everyone. It also brings telephone service nearer to those who may have been waiting for a long time.

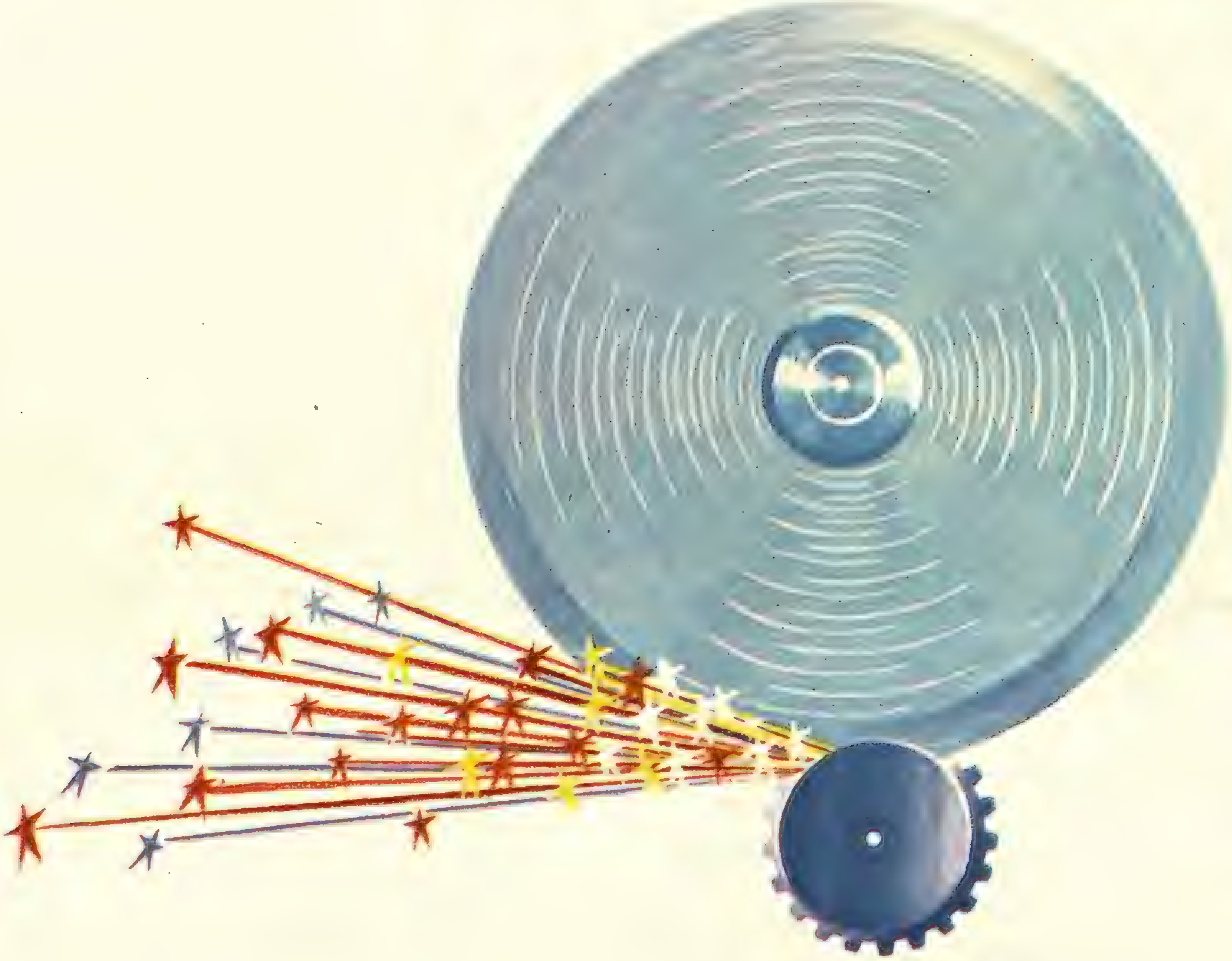
So salvaging is more than salvaging these days.

It's the voice of a friend. A hurry-call to the doctor. A visit with someone in a distant city. Somebody's link with everything and everybody, everywhere.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF
A FREE PEOPLE

NO WAR — NO DEPRESSION



An inspiring message of hope for every American—plus concrete, practical advice to help make that hope come true

By ERIC JOHNSTON

READING TIME • 13 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

WHENEVER I get a letter from my friend Paul Banford, I take it very seriously. It usually turns out that whatever Paul is thinking about at any given moment is what most people are thinking about. To my mind, Paul is a truly representative American.

A while ago he wrote me a letter which boils down about like this:

"Do you think we're going to have another war?

"Do you think we're going to have another depression?"

"I know you're not in the business of being a prophet," he wrote, "but you do get about more than I do, and I expect you are one of the few Americans not in uniform or in government service who had a chance to travel around the world these last few years."

He is right on both those counts: I have had the good luck to travel extensively when most civilians had to stay home, and I'm definitely not a prophet.

However, I definitely don't think we're headed for another war, and I know we don't need to have another depression.

I think our present foreign policy of halting Russian expansion and of helping nations threatened by it to help themselves become strong and self-reliant is the surest way to build world peace and the surest way to build a strong United Nations of strong member nations.

OUR own strength today cannot be measured by the size of our army or our navy, or by the number of dollars we have, but only by the productive capacity of our factories, our farms, and our mines—and I mean full-tilt productivity, without let-downs or wobblings.

And I know that if each of us practices what all of us preach, we won't have another depression. No democratic political system can operate effectively unless each citizen has the will and the wish to make it work. That is also true of a democratic economy.

If any one of our three major groups—producer, consumer, investor—takes too much out of the kitty, so to speak, the whole economic machine is thrown into imbalance, and then we get into trouble. Economists have a high-sounding phrase for this balance. They refer to it as the wage-price-profit relationship. It is the flywheel of our economy. There must be a delicate balance between wages, profits, and prices or we stall, jam, or dislocate our economic machine. In a democratic capitalistic economy, everybody has a part to play in helping to keep on balance.

I repeat, I don't think we're headed for another war, and I know we don't need to have another depression. A strong America can keep both those wild wolves from our door. A strong America and a productive America are synonymous. Production and more production is what we must have now, next year, and the years after that.

There are certain things we need to keep production racing along:

1. We need industrial peace.
2. We need a tax system which will encourage instead of discourage people to work harder to start their own businesses.
3. We need an expanding reciprocal foreign trade.

Let's look at industrial peace first. Bad labor relations breed strikes, and strikes cut down on production; they cut wages, and they cut salaries, and they cut profits. Nobody, really, ever wins a strike.

Labor relations are human relations. Good labor relations consist of nothing more than people getting along together on the job—the worker and the manager getting along—the worker and the owner.

But there's no use in our even talking about good labor relations if the old hangovers which make trouble between labor and management are permitted to prevail. And these are the hangovers from the past which ought to be dead and buried: that the boss is the enemy of the worker, and that the labor union is the enemy of management. Both ideas are ancient nonsense.

Of course there will always be a certain amount of friction in all human associations. But the owner and the worker live under the same system, and both of them like it. The success of the company is important to the men who work for it, and the welfare of the workers is important to the owners.

STEELWAYS MAGAZINE

I KNOW a young labor leader who, one day, tossed out the kind of pitch I like to see in this all-important game. As candidate for union office he told his membership this: "The company is not our enemy and I'm not going to make violent speeches about the kind of devil it is. Now, if you want a labor leader who is a soapboxer, a caller of names, and one who is constantly reminding you that the boss is your enemy so that you will believe that the labor leader is your only friend, don't vote for me, because I won't operate that way. I think I can do a better job of representing you by extending the hand of co-operation to the company. If that's the kind of leadership you want, then I welcome your vote."

The union did vote for him. He did exactly what he said he would do; but more than that, he got things done for the union that others couldn't get done, and while he led the union there was peace between labor and management.

That young man had grasped the elementary fact that most people respond to the assumption that they want to be fair and reasonable. By the same token, most of us bristle at the sight of a chip on the shoulder.

The Studebaker Corporation at South Bend, Indiana, for instance, has never had a strike. Its employees are highly paid. One thousand father-and-son teams work in its plants. The average worker has been there twelve years. Not long ago a member of the C.I.O. union in the plant said something like this:

"Most other unions think bosses are a bunch of heels. They enter into negotiations with a chip on their shoulders. But we don't have to get nasty. We've always had fair treatment."

Fair treatment, of course, must work both ways. But no law can enforce the philosophy. It is just one of the jobs in thinking and planning which is ahead of us Americans—a consistent challenge.

There are any number of devices by which good labor relations can be created. My own four West Coast companies, for instance, have a program of labor dividends and multiple management. It wasn't an original idea with us. I don't say it will work everywhere. But it has worked with us.

Once a year, in lump sums, we pay our employees 25 per cent of the net operating profit, before taxes and dividends. Each individual's share of this 25 per cent is, of course, over and above his wages or salary. We have a "junior board of directors" in each company, composed of employees elected by the employees. We benefit, and so do the employees. We get the benefit of a vast amount of alert, imaginative thinking—new ideas; they benefit not only through the dividends but through the feeling that they really share in the management of the enterprises.

STEELWAYS MAGAZINE

WE think we have given some measure of real dignity to the worker over and above the dignity he enjoys by right and by law as an American citizen. To me, that seems very important. We founded this country on the idea that man, the citizen, is supreme, and the state is his servant; but that political concept, magnificent as it is, isn't enough. To go with it we need an industrial concept of dignity—which might be put this way:

What is the measure of a man's success? Isn't he just as much of a success if he's an expert at running a lathe or disking a field as the man who's an expert at finance or figuring out ways to increase output per man-hour?

I think he is. So I think we ought to say so, and to recognize him as such. Seeing that the worker has a real status in the workshop and a real stake in the pay-off of our economic system will give us the greatest measure of industrial peace and of productivity.

Now let's look at this matter of stimulating the birth of more and more businesses. That means a serious look at this tax program of ours. Unless I know better, I'd almost think it had been written with the purpose of destroying our economic and social system.

It couldn't be any more anti-capitalist if it had been. It is thwarting private planning and private enterprise at a time when we need them both and need them badly. It thwarts the creation of new jobs; it thwarts investments; it stifles the very lifeblood of a system which must constantly expand.

It's a tax program which has grown in hodgepodge fashion through the years like a crazy old house to which some eccentric character has been adding rooms and cupolas and hidden staircases until it's like something out of a nightmare. It needs overhauling and rebuilding from the ground up.

My dislike of the existing tax program isn't because it takes too big a cut of my personal income. My living standard hasn't been hurt very much. What I don't like about it is that it chokes off job-making and crushes a heavy hand on the younger man coming along. Mr. Young American Business Man operates under a tax handicap. That handicap must be removed. For every time a new business is born in this country, our whole system is just that much stronger.

If today's program had prevailed when I first went into business, I doubt if I could have gone into it at all, let alone succeeded. My partner and I had $2,500 apiece. We took small salaries and put back most of our net earnings. In five years we were able to jump the number of jobs from one to 80, and at good wages. In 15 years more we were providing 1,000 jobs.

But when we started in business, the federal government was taking not quite 15 cents out of every dollar of profit in taxes. Today it's taking nearly two and one half times that much. Local and state taxes have also gone up sharply. Just how much could my partner and I have "plowed back" to make all those new jobs if we had had to carry today's tax burden? And where would those 1,000 jobs have been?

We need a tax program which will encourage initiative instead of strangling it.

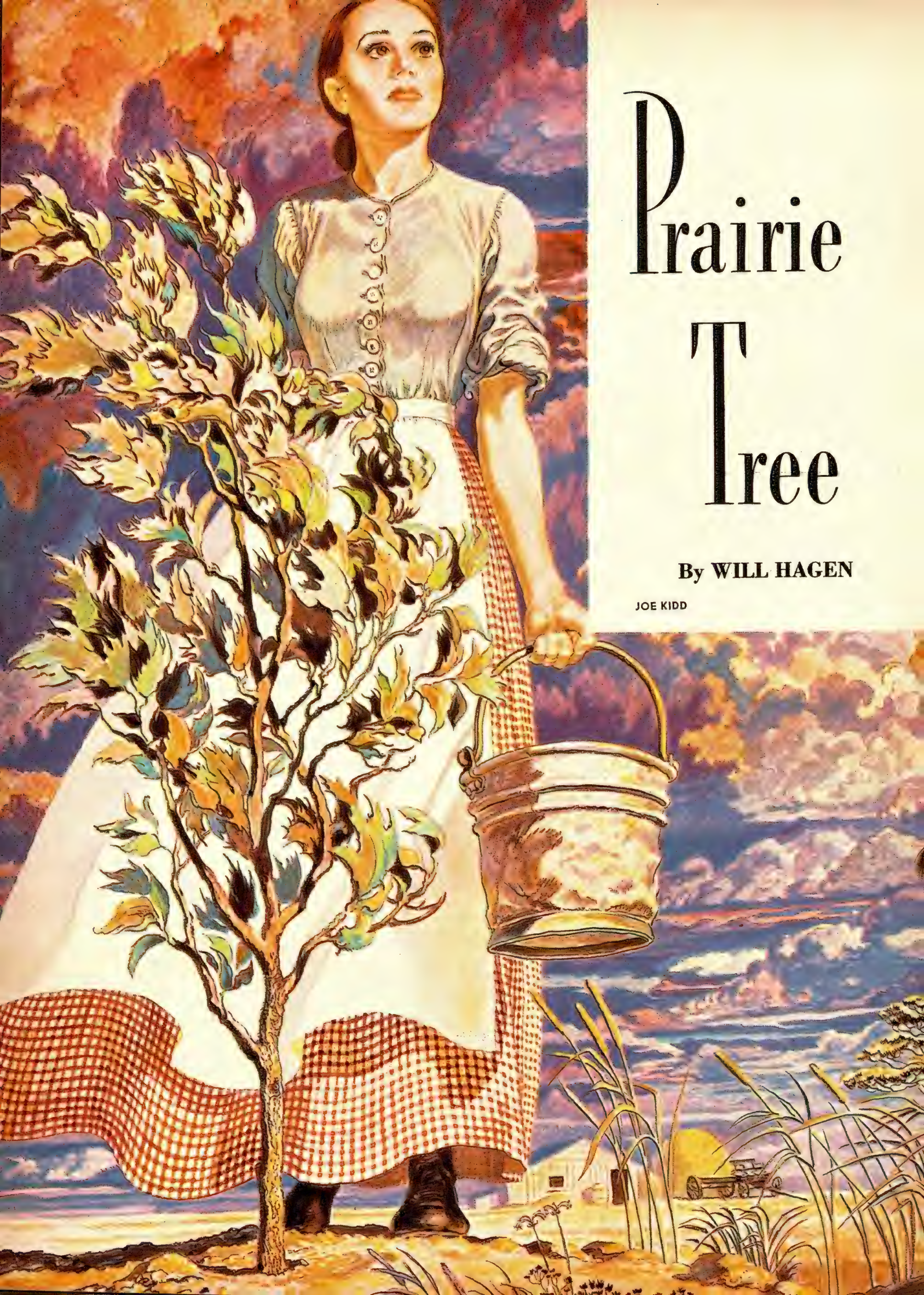
An expanded foreign trade is the third leg of this economic tripod for America tomorrow. We need more and more customers all the time. Mass production—which is our kind of production—must have mass markets, and that goes for agriculture as well as for industry.

It's an old axiom, of course, that foreign trade includes imports as well as exports, and you can't have one without the other.

(Continued on page 80)

Prairie Tree

By WILL HAGEN



JOE KIDD

Her husband thought Katrin crazy to plant a tree where trees never grew. That it grew, was only part of the miracle

READING TIME • 20 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

"ALBERT!" Katrin Malver called to her husband who was leading the horse on the well-digging machine.

"Albert!" she called louder, walking toward the derrick that rose above the men, the slow circle of the horse, and the growing mound of clay.

"Yah? What you want now?" Albert's lumbering gait halted, the horse stopped. The three men turned to stare at her.

"It's—Johnny!" Her hands came together. "I think—he's sick, Albert." Something in her face seemed to startle the frowning man. He started for the house.

"He—has a fever!"

The man grunted, stalked through the storm shanty ahead of her, and into the house. Opposite the kitchen range and the table, an iron bedstead stood against the wall. On the gray cotton blanket lay a four-year-old boy. His face was flushed and he stirred restlessly.

"Where does it hurt, Johnny?" The woman leaned over him, her hand on his forehead.

The boy pulled away from her, mumbling peevishly.

"We better call Mrs. Winstad." Albert Malver jerked around. "You stay with him," he added.

Katrin Malver sat down on a stool beside the bed, her hands, stiff with calluses and lined with creases, awkwardly in her lap. Her eyes were on the boy, dark eyes with fear in them, framed by a face full of work and worry, a patient face and a strong one. She didn't stir when she heard pounding steps in the shanty.

Mrs. Ole Winstad bustled into the room, clucking softly. She shook her head when she felt the boy's burning forehead.

"It's the summer sickness," she said.

"But what can we do?" cried Katrin.

"There ain't anything much you *can* do. He'll git over it—or he won't." She didn't need to add that pitifully few ever recovered from the plain's fever.

KATRIN MALVER stood up and looked out of the tiny window to the tree, and for the first time the tree failed to brighten her eyes.

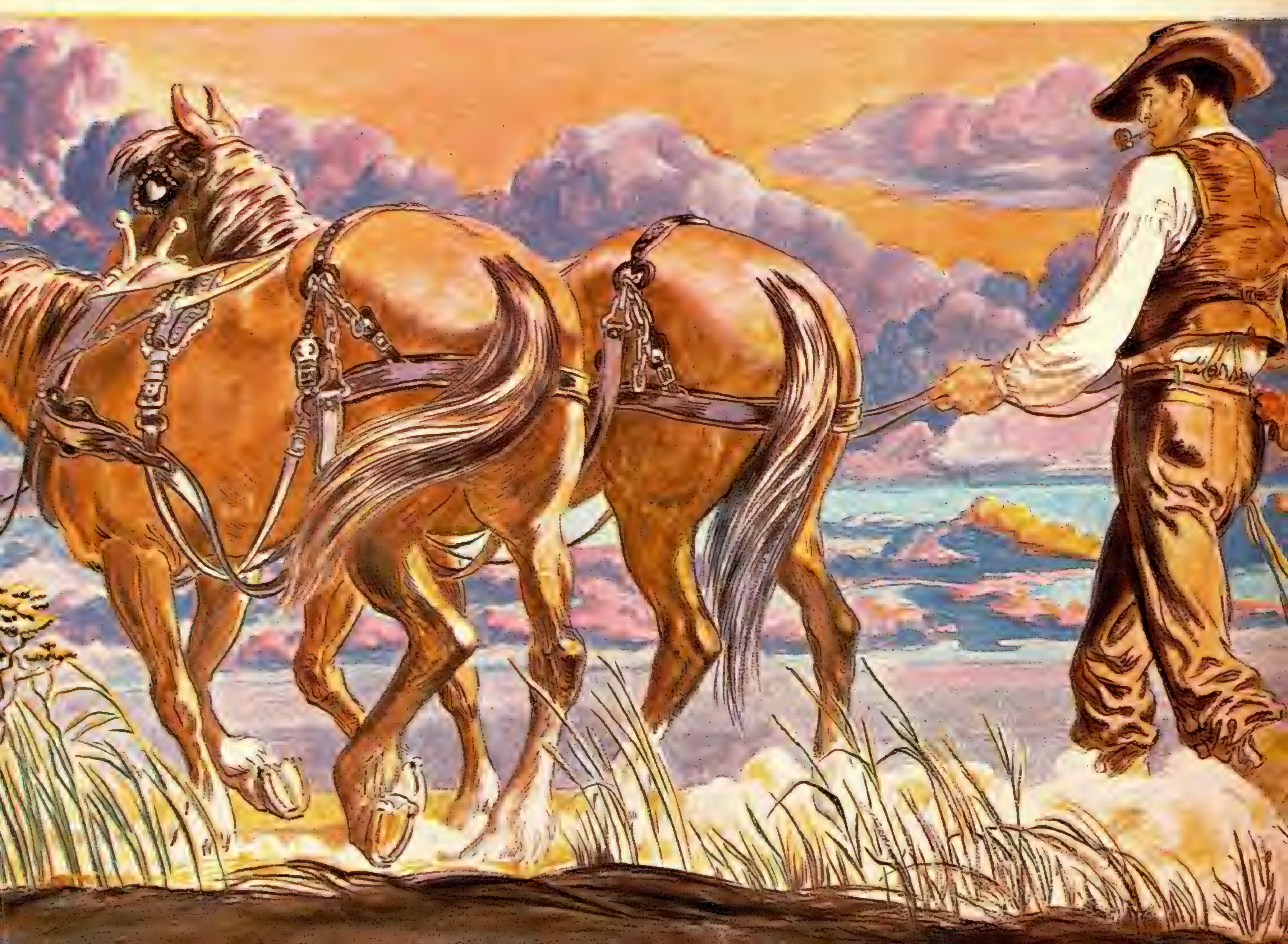
"I'll stay right here," soothed Mrs. Winstad. "If we could keep him cool—that's the only thing." She turned to Albert. "Could you get me cold water now? Lots of it?"

"Cold water!" The man's head jerked. "We ain't got no well!"

"Then soak some blankets an' hang 'em over the windows. We got to keep it as cool as we can."

Katrin Malver watched her husband grab the pails and stalk from the house. He was furious, she knew.

(*Continued on page 70*)



When it comes to romance, animals are not so dum

Love AMONG

By WAVERLEY ROOT

READING TIME•7 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

SOME years ago in London, Cochran's Revue launched a song which ran lightly through the animal kingdom to the refrain of "They *all* do it," and followed that with, "Let's do it, let's fall in love."

If the song's zoological examples were not all completely accurate, its main thesis was practically unassailable. With negligible exceptions, they all do it, and they have thought of every form of amorous behavior that has since occurred to man, as well as of a number of wrinkles that have not occurred to him, or have been dismissed as impractical. They have even thought of bundling.

To those who have always regarded the early New England practice of wrapping a young couple tightly in blankets to permit limited propinquity as a peculiar product of the Puritan mind, it may come as a surprise to learn that the technique goes very far back in the animal kingdom—as far back as the earthworm. When a pair of amorous earthworms get together, they place themselves side by side, head to tail, and each exudes from mucous glands a viscous substance which binds the two together. Thus held tightly by a double bandage, they are, presumably, happier than either would have been alone, even though the earthworm happens to be a hermaphrodite.

The caresses in the animal kingdom are infinite in their variety. Pigeons touch beaks in what looks very much like the kiss of humans. They have been observed for hours on end scratching the heads of their mates with their bills. During the process they often hold hands—grasp each other's claws in an interlacing pattern.

Passing the point of the beak through the plumage of the mate is one of the most common caresses among birds. It merges frequently into the love-peck, a swift jab delivered often on the neck. The prize for brass, however, goes to the speckled accentor, whose idea of the

They pitch woo with fascinating finesse and fire!

way to make himself agreeable to his lady is to pinch her rear.

Domestic animals also have their moments of tenderness. Almost everyone has seen horses nuzzle each other. The bull, like man, is most persistently attentive to those who disdain him, though a cow's indifference is usually attributable not to distaste but to youth, which time will cure. While he waits, the bull spends most of his time at her side, butts her gently with his horns, licks her whole body. Even when he leaves her momentarily at the call of a less coy bovine siren, he returns quickly and pursues his courtship. When, at last, it becomes successful, his interest dwindles.

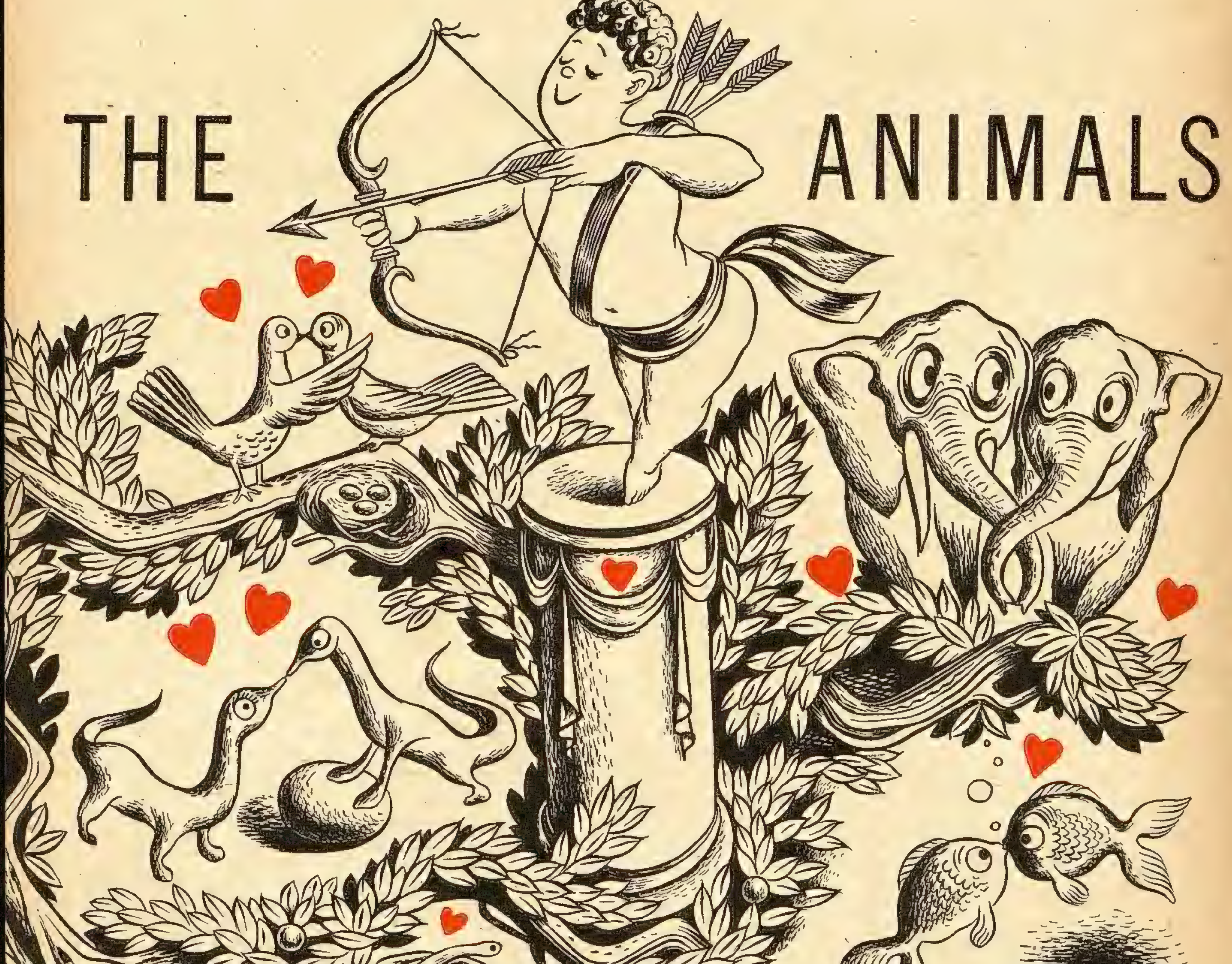
If we wanted to bring more accuracy into popular speech, we might begin by dropping the phrase, "a bear hug," in favor of "a frog hug," since it is this animal which holds the record for unbreakable embraces. The male encircles the female with his front legs and hangs on like grim death until she has laid her eggs, which, if the water turns cold, may mean weeks. The French scientist Jean Rostand once kept a pair of toads in an icebox for nearly two months before the male got tired. A biologist named Spallanzani tried to make the male let go by scratching, cutting, burning, and finally decapitating him. It didn't work. The frog continued to cling to the female with a force which has been measured at 500 grams for each foot, which means a little over a pound of tension. This is a force sufficient to cause, at times, considerable damage to the female frog.

In toad populations, males customarily outnumber females. As a result, it often happens that a number of males succeed in attaching themselves to one female. In such cases, the female toad is sometimes smothered to death.

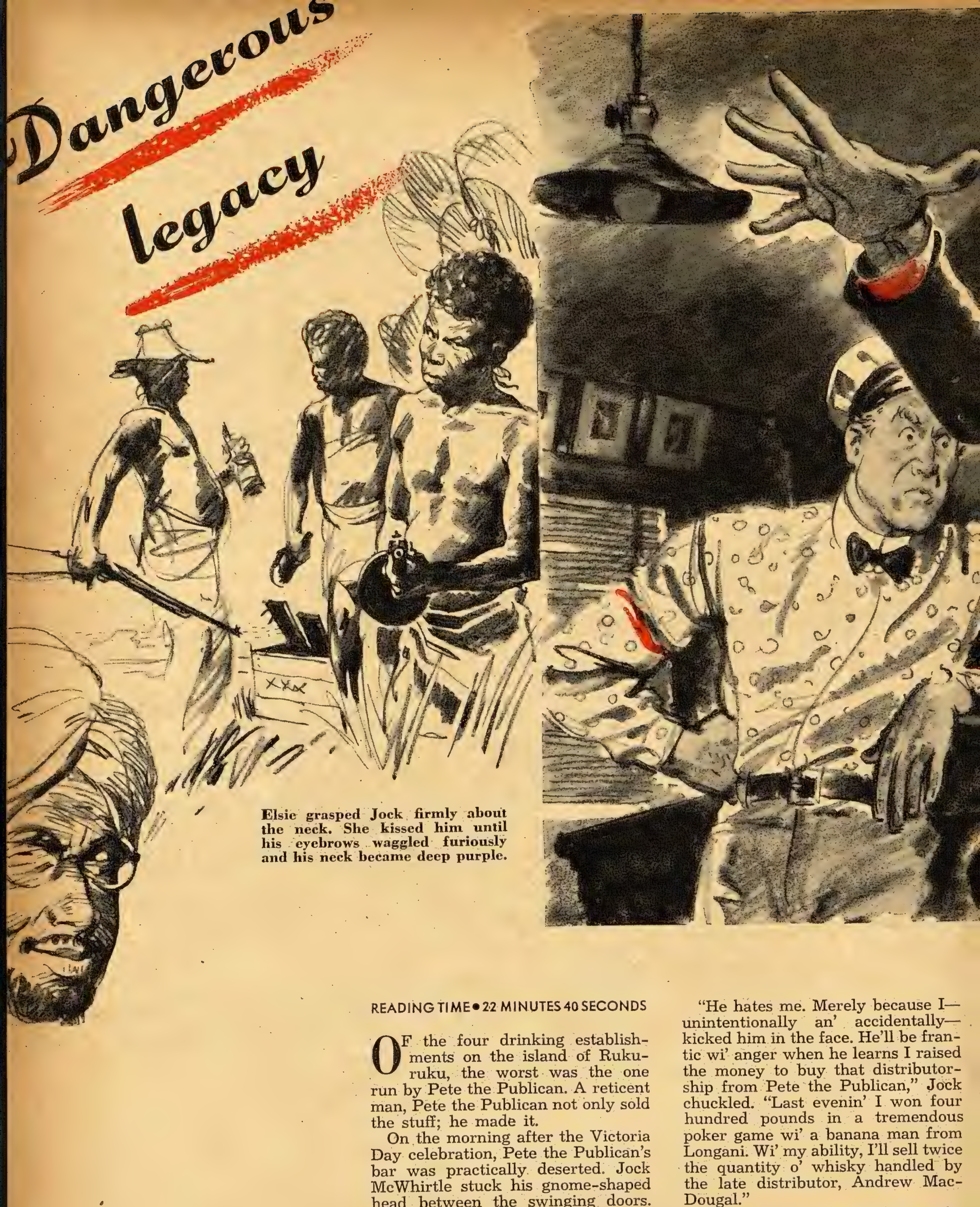
Lizards are not much given to caresses, but the male gecko, who goes through a sort of nuptial dance, reproduces the kiss by touching his mate frequently with his head and tongue. Boas and pythons, which have two spurs near the tail, utilize them for caresses. The male

(*Continued on page 79*)

THE ANIMALS



Dangerous legacy



Elsie grasped Jock firmly about the neck. She kissed him until his eyebrows waggled furiously and his neck became deep purple.

By CRAWFORD SULLIVAN

READING TIME • 22 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

OF the four drinking establishments on the island of Rukuruku, the worst was the one run by Pete the Publican. A reticent man, Pete the Publican not only sold the stuff; he made it.

On the morning after the Victoria Day celebration, Pete the Publican's bar was practically deserted. Jock McWhirtle stuck his gnome-shaped head between the swinging doors. "Ha'e ye seen him?" he asked.

"Seen who?" Elsie, the new barmaid, was a rather neat trick.

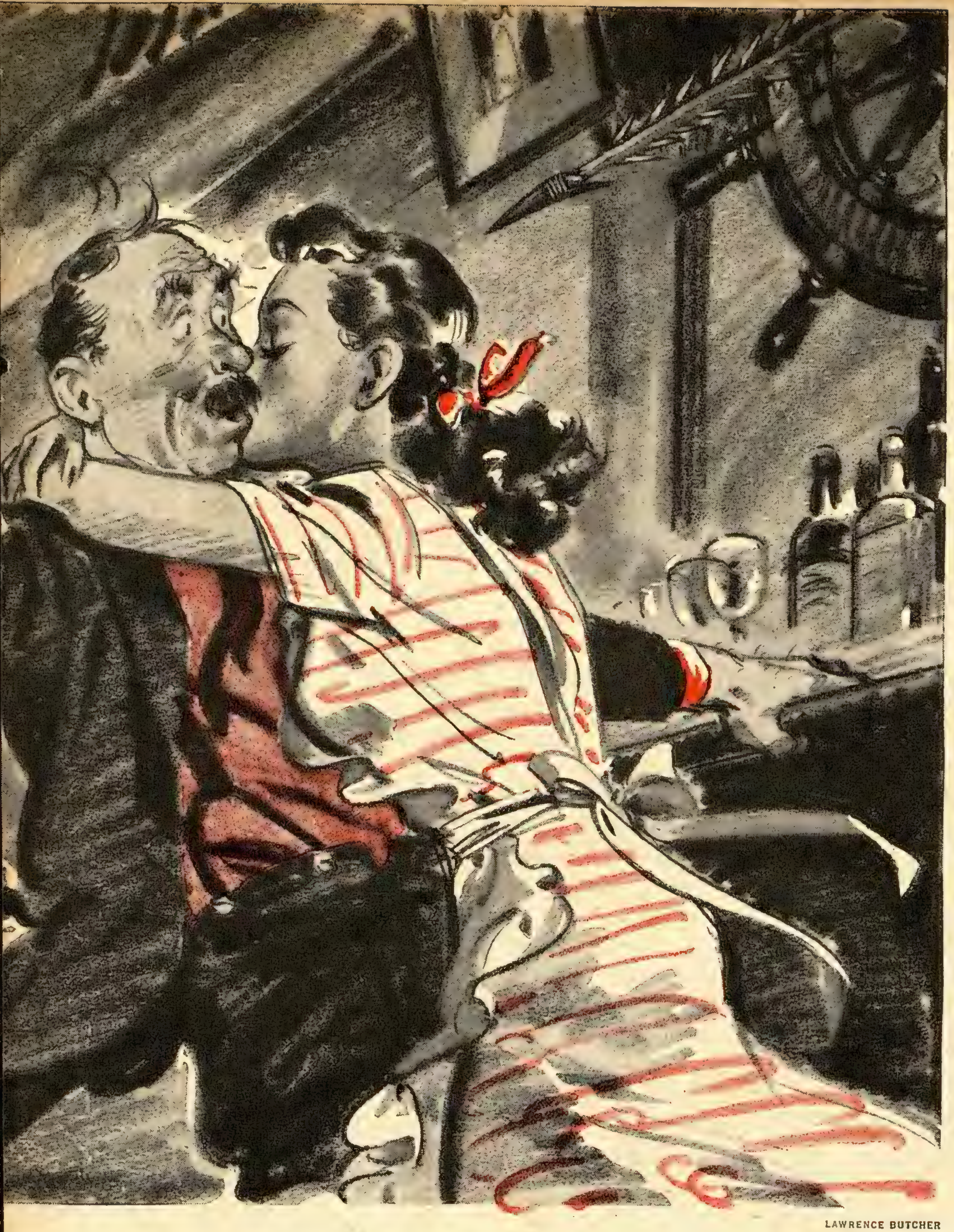
"That towheaded gowk, Trader Tim Mulrooney. He has threatened to slice my heart oot an' eat it."

"How horrible!"

"He hates me. Merely because I—unintentionally an' accidentally—kicked him in the face. He'll be frantic wi' anger when he learns I raised the money to buy that distributorship from Pete the Publican," Jock chuckled. "Last evenin' I won four hundred pounds in a tremendous poker game wi' a banana man from Longani. Wi' my ability, I'll sell twice the quantity o' whisky handled by the late distributor, Andrew MacDougal."

"When you are traveling about the islands, will you inquire about my father, Angus Jones?" she asked. "I know he was a trading man, but no one in Rukuruku seems to have heard of him."

"There was an Angus Jones in the



LAWRENCE BUTCHER

Being cursed with money

is a new experience

for these stalwart

Pacific traders,

Jock and Tim—

and their most harrowin

copra business at Lami," Jock mused. "He made a considerable fortune."

"Do you suppose it might be him?" She clutched Jock's arm. "Oh, I hope so. I'd ask him to send me back to Australia and let me continue with my schooling. I was studying to be a teacher, you know—until my money gave out."

"I dinna recall what became of this Angus Jones," said Jock. "But there is a Hindu solicitor in town who kens everythin' aboot everybody. His name is Ambulal. Ye might ask him. Will ye noo inform Pete that I am waitin' for him in his office?"

He walked through a beaded curtain into a musty cubicle containing a roll-top desk. Seated at the desk was a large barrel-chested man whose hair resembled the mane of a bleached lion.

"Tim!" Jock's shaggy eyebrows waggled furiously. His first impulse was to run, but he changed his mind.

"You look worried, Jocko. You think I am planning to twist your neck like a partridge. Relax, friend. I am in a happy mood this morning—having just signed an agreement with Pete the Publican. I have agreed to purchase the entire output of his distillery at three quid per case."

"Ye blasted robber! That contract was promised to me!"

"Your option expired last night. Ah, the thought of all those thirsty natives waiting to buy Pete's bilge-juice makes me happy indeed."

"Selling illegal whisky to the natives is against the law. What if I should report ye?"

"You never reported MacDougal," said Tim, "and I dare say you hated him as much as you do me."

"There was a man worth hating," said Jock solemnly. "He was truly a relation o' Auld Nick."

"Which reminds me," said Tim, glancing at the wall clock, "I was asked to attend the reading of MacDougal's will this very morning."

"An' so was I," frowned Jock. "What d'ye suppose the auld corbie bequeathed us?"

"Nothing. As a student of psychology, I presume that it's merely his diabolical way of getting the last word."

(*Continued on page 92*)

REDS IN OUR GOVERNMENT

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

COMMUNISTS and their adherents hold strategic positions in our government departments. They have proved that they can influence our foreign and domestic policies in what they conceive to be the interests of the Soviet Union. And in the event of war they could seriously harm the American effort. Regardless of their citizenship, the Communist Party's members and followers have no loyalty to the United States.

Our obvious duty is to clear the Communists and pro-Communists out of government and keep them out. But the job is not so easy as it sounds; they have become thoroughly ensconced. Furthermore, there are 2,000,000 federal employees, and even if loyalty investigations were simple, the volume of work would still be great.

President Truman has now announced a loyalty program which is admirable in purpose but ten years late. Instead of calling in the exterminator now, we should have kept the termites out as the structure was built. The cost of the extermination program has been estimated as high as $50,000,000.

It leaves various loopholes. On new applicants, the executive order explicitly requires a loyalty investigation which should be effective, but on present employees too much discretion is left to department heads. In the past, many of them and their personnel officers have shown not only indifference but even hostility toward loyalty investigations. A further flaw is that in surveying the present rolls the F.B.I. is merely required to make a "name check." The alias is a favorite Communist disguise.

Actually, the $50,000,000 and large staffs of investigators wouldn't be needed to clear out the Communists if we had one thing that has been so sadly missing: the *will* to get them out. Every department has the necessary machinery now.

An additional weapon is provided by the Supreme Court's recent refusal to review the important case of one Morton Friedman. Friedman was fired by the Civil Service Commission for his activities in Communist fronts and for opposing U. S. participation in the war during the "Communazi" period before Germany invaded Russia. The court's action establishes the right of the government to fix the qualifications of its employees and to get rid of them when they cease to meet these qualifications.

Fronts have been described by former Attorney General Francis Biddle as organizations "represented to the public for some legitimate reform objective, but actually used by the Communist Party to carry on its activities pending the time when the Communists believe they can seize power through revolution." Friedman was prominent in the American Peace Mobilization and its subsidiary, Washington Peace Mobilization, both Communist fronts.

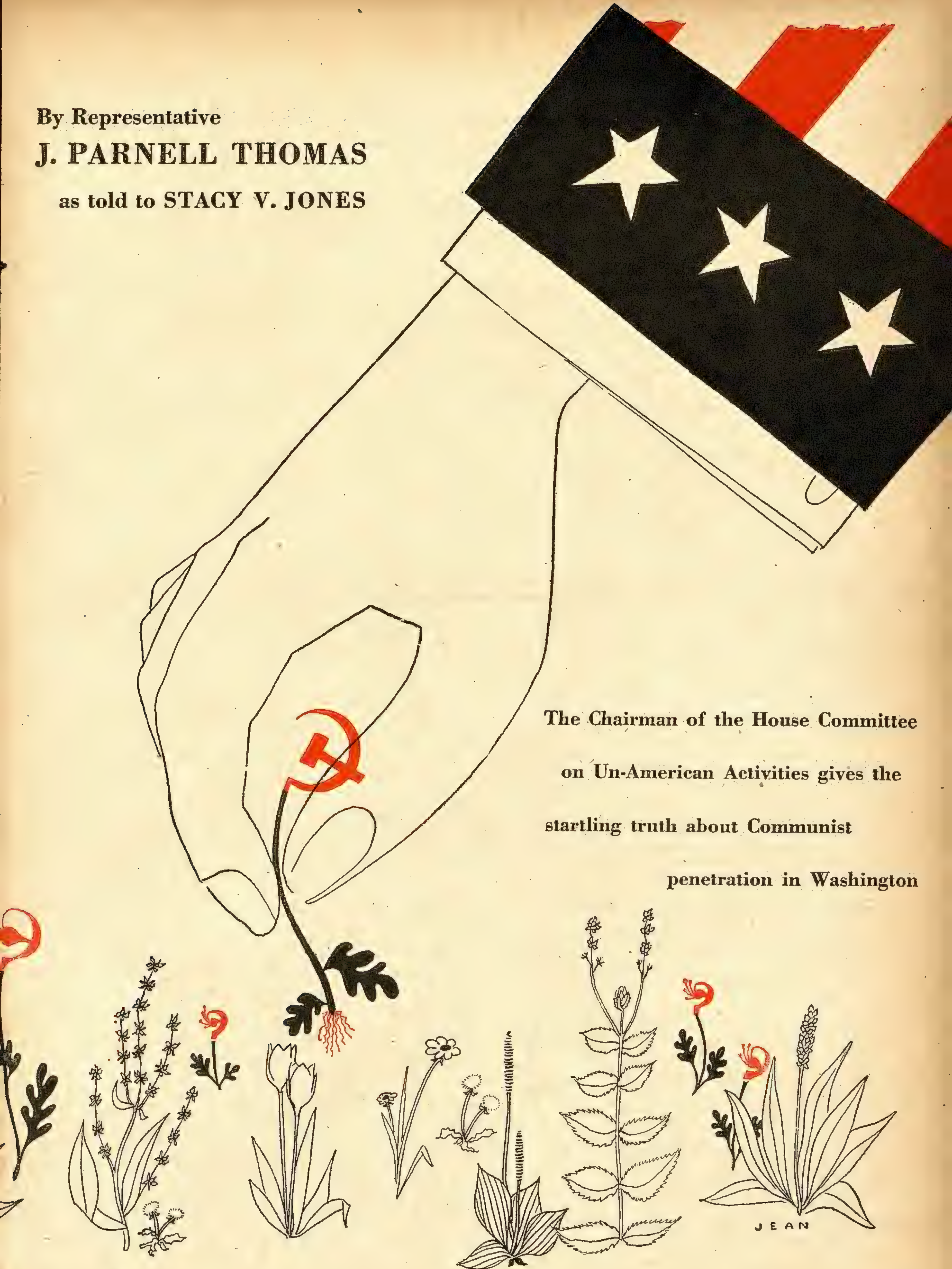
After Hitler attacked Stalin, American Peace Mobilization became American People's Mobilization, and whooped for all-out aid to Russia, Britain, and China. Friedman also changed his mind about the war. But the Civil Service Commission decided that there was reasonable doubt as to his loyalty, and ordered him ousted. Two agencies for which he worked appealed the case and he was allowed to keep on at his desk for nearly two years during the proceedings.

Friedman and the United Public Workers of America (C.I.O.) protested the Supreme Court's action. Thurman Arnold and Abe Fortas, now counsel for the union, denounced the order in a statement to the court as "an illegal and unconstitutional assault upon the liberty of opinion of public officials."

The section of the order which caused the greatest dismay in pink circles is that which permits consideration of "membership in, affiliation with or sympathetic association with any foreign or domestic organization . . . designated by the Attorney General as totalitarian, fascist, communist or subversive." In other words, activities in recognized Communist fronts may now be grounds for dismissal. Favorable outcome of this case should encourage the Department of Justice to prosecute others which it has been doubtful of winning.

Since last October I have been urging Attorney General Tom C. Clark to require the Communist Party of the United States and its officers and members to register as agents of a foreign government under the Voorhis and McCormack acts; to deny Communist publications second-class mailing privileges; to require Communist candidates to account for their campaign expenditures; and to end the tax exemptions

By Representative
J. PARNELL THOMAS
as told to STACY V. JONES



The Chairman of the House Committee on Un-American Activities gives the startling truth about Communist penetration in Washington

of front organizations. Plenty of authority is provided by existing laws.

When nothing happened, I appealed by letter to the President to force the Department to move. "I think you will find," he wrote me, "that the Attorney General will do his duty as it should be done, and in the interest of the welfare of the United States." In view of the record, I am still skeptical. I fear that we shall have only more investigations, which become the burial ground for action.

Within government, there is plenty for Justice to watch. Party members or sympathizers have penetrated the State, Interior, Treasury, Labor and Commerce departments, as well as the wartime agencies. During the war Communists got commissions in the Army and Navy and in the hybrid Office of Strategic Services. On reconversion, the once conservative State Department inherited party liners from the OSS, Office of War Information, Foreign Economic Administration, and Office of Inter-American Affairs.

COMMUNISM in government is a matter of degree. There may be a few registered members, but not many, and these under aliases. The others range all the way from secret members through fellow travelers, sympathizers and the confused, to the innocent dupes.

More than in any other field, Communists in government have gone underground. It has long been party policy to require important people in government to hide their Communist connections. Orders were even given last fall to destroy the membership cards of government employees and to discontinue all organization meetings among federal personnel. Social meetings, which could be disguised as non-Communist, were allowed to continue.

The case of Carl Aldo Marzani, an OSS official in Washington, is an example of the way Communists cling to the federal payroll.

In 1942 Marzani got a job with the Coordinator of Information and stayed when that bureau became the OSS. Late in 1943 he was put into the army and remained at the same confidential work. Mustered out late in 1945, he was kept on as a civilian with the title of Deputy Chief of the Presentation Branch of OSS. Thence he was transferred to the State Department when OSS was broken up.

Last December, Marzani was finally fired, and in January he was indicted on eleven counts. It was charged that from 1942 on he had falsely denied to government investigators being a Communist, attending meetings, participating in party activities, using the name of Tony Whales, and making speeches against the Conscription Bill. It was proved that he had been a branch organizer and lecturer for the party. In May, a federal court jury found him guilty on all eleven counts.

After he was fired from government, Marzani became director of Union Films, which produced for the pro-Communist United Electrical, Radio & Machine Workers (C.I.O.) a film called Deadline for Action, which depicts a few rapacious families as gobbling up America's wealth.

Foreign policy is also influenced on the ground by Soviet sympathizers assigned to the military forces in Germany and Japan. An American who was head of an important branch of the War Manpower Division of the U. S. Group Control Council in Germany was reported by Intelligence agents to be acting as courier for the German Communist Party. Whenever he visited a village on his duties, the local party began agitating along the current Communist line. He was sent home, and the Civil Service Commission, after hearings, ordered him discharged. But, as so often happens, important officials intervened, and he was restored to duty.

The armed forces have had their particular problems with Communists. A House Military Affairs Subcommittee reported in July, 1945, the names of thirteen army officers and three noncoms with Communist backgrounds. The War Department said it was aware of their civilian records but did not regard any of them as disaffected or disloyal.

That was the period of wartime nonsense when "Communism" was not mentioned in Army Intelligence courses, but vague terms like "subversive movements" were used instead. Pro-Communists wormed themselves into orientation work and puffed our Russian allies. The International Labor Defense, a Communist front, even reprinted, with War Department approval, "orientation fact sheets." Fellow travelers also got jobs on army newspapers and helped undermine morale with "get the boys home" propaganda when Russia wanted us speedily out of Europe and the Pacific.

THE 16 army officers and noncoms are now out of the service, and there are signs that the military are alert to the problem. Both Army and Navy can screen active and reserve officer candidates in peacetime, and can keep any enlisted men suspected of disaffection out of positions where security might be endangered. They are also watching their Civil Service personnel, and have authority to dismiss civilians immediately when it's "warranted by the demands of national security."

It is significant that the pro-Communist United Public Workers of America (C.I.O.) has claimed the organization of 17,000 workers at the strategic Panama Canal. The active leaders in the campaign have Communist background.

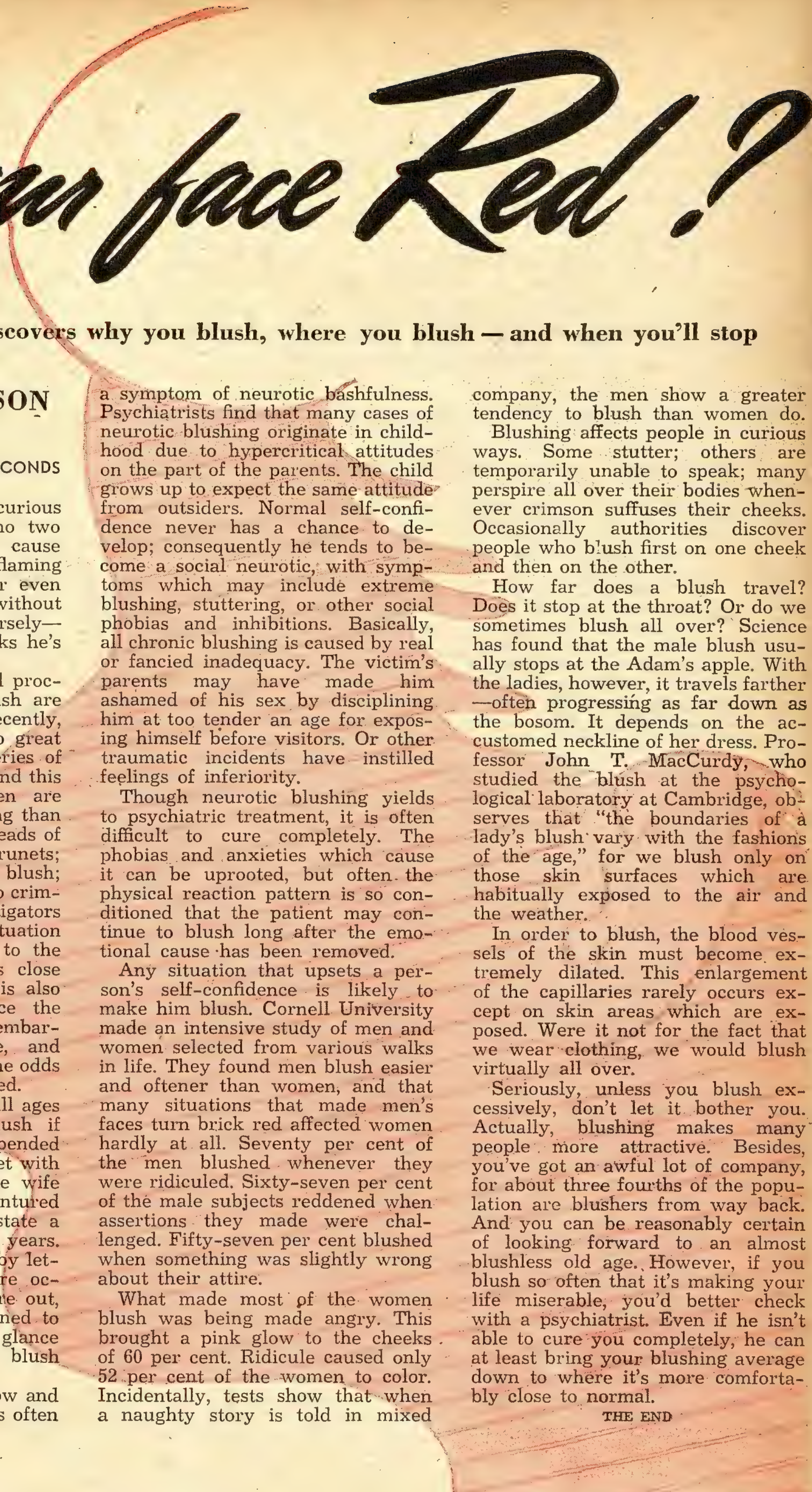
In domestic policies, pro-Communist influence is also felt. No branch of the government is completely immune. As a former senator recently disclosed, even the staffs of investigating committees on the Hill have been penetrated.

Many American fellow travelers opposed the American war effort during the Communazi period from the outside looking in, but are now inside looking out. In case of future conflict of national interests, they will be vastly more dangerous than they were in 1940.

Department heads generally have been lax in clearing out subversives. Information on such men as Carl Marzani has been available in the files of the Committee on Un-American Activities for years, but hasn't

(*Continued on page 89*)

Is your face Red?



Science finally discovers why you blush, where you blush — and when you'll stop

By JOHN E. GIBSON

READING TIME•4 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

THE blush is indeed a curious phenomenon. It affects no two people alike. What may cause one person's face to turn a flaming crimson, won't affect another even slightly. Many people blush without realizing it at all and—conversely—one person out of three thinks he's blushing when he isn't.

The emotional and physical processes which cause us to blush are intricate and involved. Recently, however, science has gone to great lengths to explore the mysteries of the blush. They've learned—and this may surprise you—that men are much more subject to blushing than women; that blonds and redheads of both sexes blush easier than brunets; people of short stature seldom blush; and stout people's faces tend to crimson the most readily. Investigators have yet to devise any situation capable of bringing a flush to the cheeks of a child until he's close to four years old. And this is also true with the oldster. Place the man over fifty in the most embarrassing situation imaginable, and though he may be mortified, the odds are that his face won't get red.

There are many people of all ages who couldn't summon a blush if everything in the world depended on it. Others turn red as a beet with the slightest provocation. The wife of a noted financier hasn't ventured beyond the walls of their estate a dozen times in the last ten years. She attends to all her affairs by letter or telephone. On the rare occasions when she does venture out, she wears a tinted veil designed to conceal the fact that the mere glance of a stranger causes her to blush furiously.

It's only normal to blush now and then, but excessive blushing is often a symptom of neurotic bashfulness. Psychiatrists find that many cases of neurotic blushing originate in childhood due to hypercritical attitudes on the part of the parents. The child grows up to expect the same attitude from outsiders. Normal self-confidence never has a chance to develop; consequently he tends to become a social neurotic, with symptoms which may include extreme blushing, stuttering, or other social phobias and inhibitions. Basically, all chronic blushing is caused by real or fancied inadequacy. The victim's parents may have made him ashamed of his sex by disciplining him at too tender an age for exposing himself before visitors. Or other traumatic incidents have instilled feelings of inferiority.

Though neurotic blushing yields to psychiatric treatment, it is often difficult to cure completely. The phobias and anxieties which cause it can be uprooted, but often the physical reaction pattern is so conditioned that the patient may continue to blush long after the emotional cause has been removed.

Any situation that upsets a person's self-confidence is likely to make him blush. Cornell University made an intensive study of men and women selected from various walks in life. They found men blush easier and oftener than women, and that many situations that made men's faces turn brick red affected women hardly at all. Seventy per cent of the men blushed whenever they were ridiculed. Sixty-seven per cent of the male subjects reddened when assertions they made were challenged. Fifty-seven per cent blushed when something was slightly wrong about their attire.

What made most of the women blush was being made angry. This brought a pink glow to the cheeks of 60 per cent. Ridicule caused only 52 per cent of the women to color. Incidentally, tests show that when a naughty story is told in mixed company, the men show a greater tendency to blush than women do.

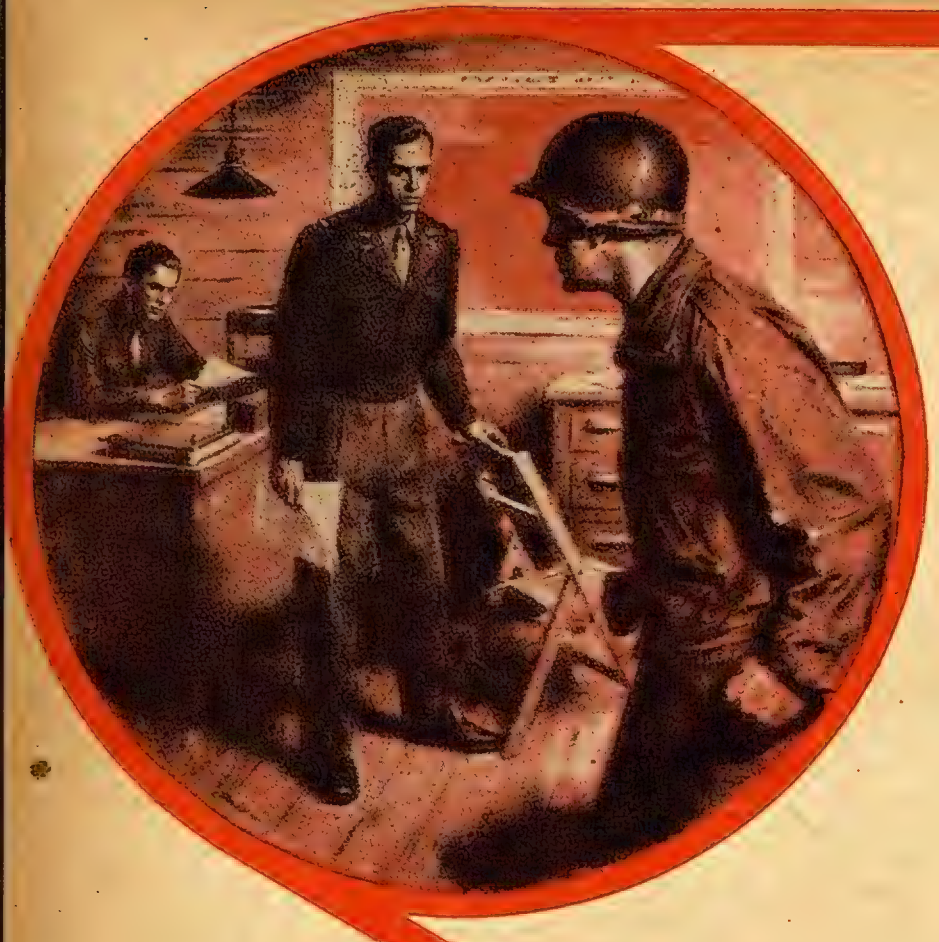
Blushing affects people in curious ways. Some stutter; others are temporarily unable to speak; many perspire all over their bodies whenever crimson suffuses their cheeks. Occasionally authorities discover people who blush first on one cheek and then on the other.

How far does a blush travel? Does it stop at the throat? Or do we sometimes blush all over? Science has found that the male blush usually stops at the Adam's apple. With the ladies, however, it travels farther—often progressing as far down as the bosom. It depends on the accustomed neckline of her dress. Professor John T. MacCurdy, who studied the blush at the psychological laboratory at Cambridge, observes that "the boundaries of a lady's blush vary with the fashions of the age," for we blush only on those skin surfaces which are habitually exposed to the air and the weather.

In order to blush, the blood vessels of the skin must become extremely dilated. This enlargement of the capillaries rarely occurs except on skin areas which are exposed. Were it not for the fact that we wear clothing, we would blush virtually all over.

Seriously, unless you blush excessively, don't let it bother you. Actually, blushing makes many people more attractive. Besides, you've got an awful lot of company, for about three fourths of the population are blushers from way back. And you can be reasonably certain of looking forward to an almost blushless old age. However, if you blush so often that it's making your life miserable, you'd better check with a psychiatrist. Even if he isn't able to cure you completely, he can at least bring your blushing average down to where it's more comfortably close to normal.

THE END



IF I EVER

Breathes there a vet with soul so

★ **Liberty's short short story** By **HAROLD APPLEBAUM**

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

WHEN the streamliner moved out of the station, George was a little surprised to find himself on the platform, watching it go.

He hadn't even intended to get off here; he had business in Chicago. But when the conductor had come through the car announcing Springfield as the next stop, he had suddenly thought of that promise he had made. Three years, he now reflected, wasn't such a long time to remember such a promise. Even though he had been a civilian for two years and was doing well, he remembered it and thought about it often. That was why he had acted on impulse—picked up his bag and left the train.

The last car disappeared around a curve. He shook his gaze away from the empty track and headed for the waiting room. There would be a telephone there, and a directory where he could look up the name of Frank Nissen.

His thoughts shuttered back to the little matchbox of an office beside the Quartermaster warehouse in Le Havre. It was in '44, and our tank and armored divisions were sweeping the Germans out of France. He and Lieutenant Nissen had fought the war from the tiny office, and life had been a mad thing of requisitions and paper work, with hundreds of trucks backing up to the warehouse and wheezing away loaded with supplies. It hadn't been so bad—George was a sergeant, and Lieutenant Nissen did his share and seemed to know his business pretty well.

But one day a whole truckload of important repair parts for a tank battalion went astray, and a few days later a colonel came to find out why and who. Especially who.

George was sent for. Lieutenant Nissen looked worried and didn't meet George's inquiring glance. Then the questions came, and George answered them, quickly and accurately. Yes, he had been on duty that day. Yes, he often took verbal orders over the phone. Yes, there had been verbal orders on that particular day.

And then the colonel held out the requisition for the truckload. "Did you take down the destination on this order, sergeant?"

George looked at it, at the typewritten address. "No, sir," he said firmly. "I did not, sir."

The colonel glanced at Lieutenant Nissen. "It must have been Sergeant Cole, sir," Nissen said shakily. "There are just the two of us here, and it wasn't I."

The dog—the lying, sniveling dog, George thought. Laying the blame on me to save his own skin, his gold bars. Hotly George's eyes reached for Nissen, but Nissen would not look at him.

The colonel cleared his throat. George relaxed, knowing what was coming: busted to a pee-vee-tee, transferred to another outfit, and disgraced—the kind of disgrace that really hurt—

George remembered stopping in at the office just before he left for his new unit. There was a corporal at his old desk. Lieutenant Nissen came to his feet, his sallow face full of quick alarm. George stared at him, fixing the weak, insolent features forever in his memory. He hated this man more than anyone else in the world.

"Now look here, Cole," Nissen blustered, obviously taking courage from the corporal's presence. "You got yourself in enough trouble already—don't try anything else or I'll have you tossed in the stockade, just like that."

George's speech was short and to the point. "If I ever get to Springfield after this is over," he promised, "I'm going to look you up, lieutenant." He said it evenly and low, but there was murder in it, and Nissen knew there was. Then he turned and walked out, trembling with the urgency of what he meant to do.

It was no wonder, he thought now, walking down the platform, no wonder that it had stayed with him through the years. Every time anyone mentioned the war or the army it would twist the knife in him. And always his mind returned to that promise he had made to Nissen.

And this was Springfield.

THERE was a telephone in the waiting room, and a directory, but he couldn't find Frank Nissen in it. He got nickels and began to call all the Nissens in the book. Just by luck, the third one he called was the man's sister-in-law, and she told him where Frank lived. He came out of the booth smiling grimly.

It was a long cab ride out to the address, and he had plenty of time to savor his long-awaited moment. He felt strangely unexcited; he had so often intended to do this, had gone over it in his mind, step by step, so many times that the deed itself seemed almost to be anticlimactic. But all he had to do was remember, and the hate was reborn.

When the cab stopped he got out, told the driver to wait, and took a look around. A few drab houses were clustered beside a rutty dirt road. Everything looked old and shabby and tired. Apparently Nissen wasn't doing so well in civilian life. He should have stayed in the army, George thought bitterly.

"You sure this is the place?" he asked the driver.

"It's the address you gave me."

He shrugged. Why was he hesitating? Three years he'd been looking

GET TO SPRINGFIELD

dead who never to himself hath said, "Wait till I get my hands on that second louie?"

forward to this. He deliberately conjured up the picture of Nissen's face, his shifting eyes and superior manner. That did the trick. He squared his shoulders and strode up the path to the door.

His knock was answered by a thin-faced, weary-looking girl with a baby under one arm. He cleared his throat.

"I'm looking for Frank Nissen."

"What for?" she asked.

"Well, I knew him in the army," he said, trying to see past her. "I told him if I ever got to Springfield"—how familiar it sounded!—"I'd look him up."

Her eyes brightened a little. "Frank's not home yet," she said. "I'm his wife. Won't you come in?"

He had a strange feeling, almost of relief, but he stifled it savagely. "When do you expect him?"

"Oh, not for a few hours yet—he's working overtime again."

"Oh, I see," he said. I'll never get to Springfield again, he was thinking. It's now or never. "Maybe I can see where he works."

"Sure—at the factory," she said, and told him where to look.

He thanked her and went back to the cab, carrying with him the image of her weary smile. Behind her in the room he had seen a rickety crib, where an even smaller baby lay.

IT was dark when he reached the factory. As he got out of the cab, the driver asked, "Wait again?" and he nodded. He had come this far, and he must see Nissen's face and look into his eye. He would know what to do then, he told himself.

An attendant told him where he would find his man. And then he was walking down a long corridor. It opened out into a narrow catwalk overlooking a brilliantly illuminated assembly line. He advanced along the catwalk, feeling as if he were stalking his prey. He eyed the foreman—too big through the shoulders to be Nissen. There was another man who seemed to be supervising, but he was bald and stocky.

George realized he had expected Nissen to be at least a supervisor or assistant foreman—after all, he'd been a lieutenant. But Nissen didn't seem to be here.

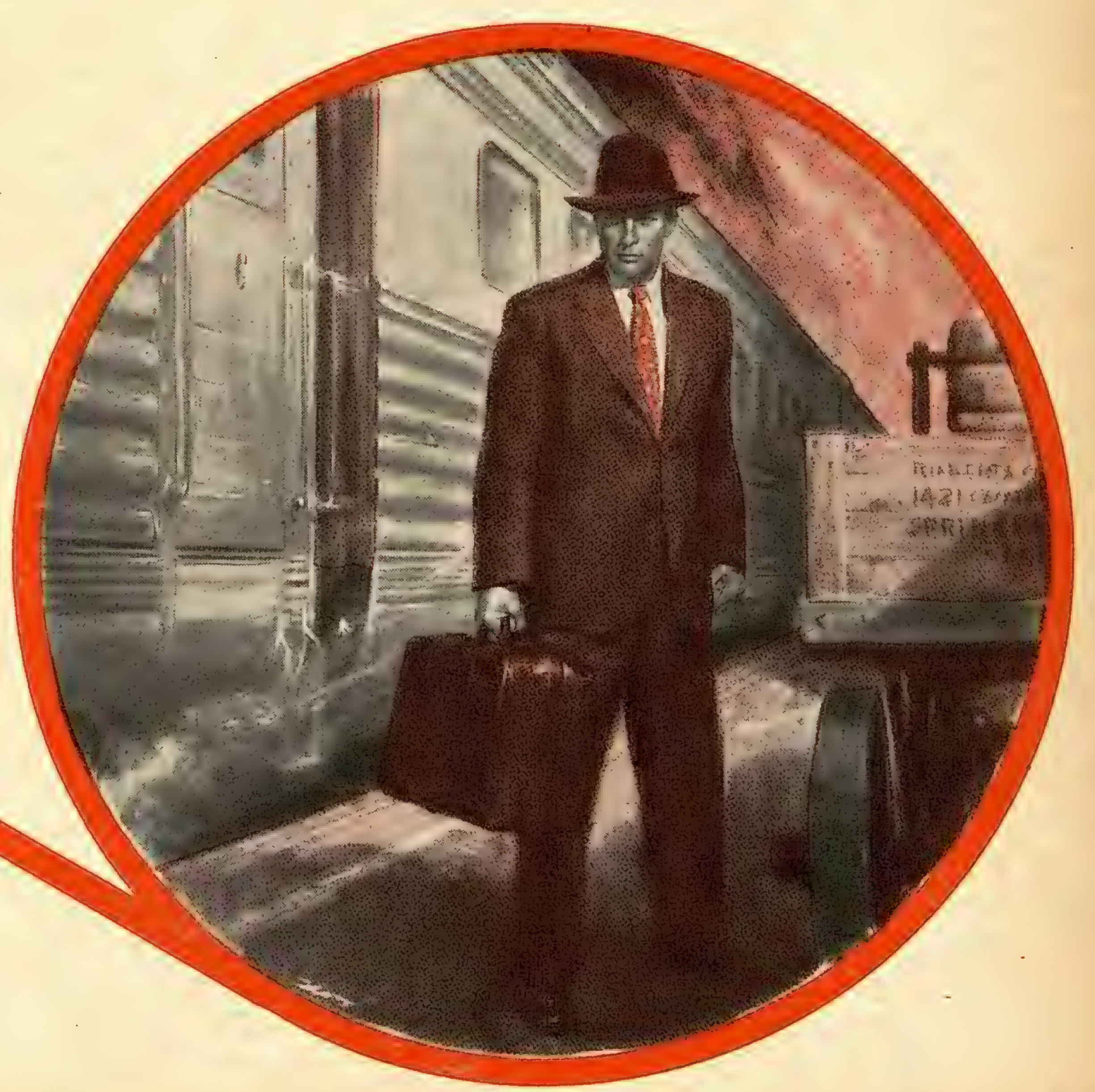
And then suddenly he saw him. A thin, bedraggled figure, clad in filthy coveralls, crawled from under one of the half-assembled chassis almost directly beneath George. The dirty blond hair, the weak, unhealthy-looking features, the colorless eyes—he saw them all in an instant, and he waited for the hot rage to swell his veins. When it was slow in coming, he looked again, and saw everything that he had never seen before—saw the stooped and hopeless shoulders, the worker's hands that would never be entirely clean. He saw a man of twenty-eight, half-broken slave to an unending line of unfinished machines, working his life away so that he might continue to live. He saw a kid who had never been young, suddenly given a chance to wear a clean uniform and be king, to rise above the tawdry shame of everything he had been, playing God in a warehouse overseas, clinging to his power till the dream dissolved and he was only human again.

All these things he saw, looking at Frank Nissen from his vantage point above.

And suddenly he felt nothing—no anger, no pity—only a sort of shame that he was there at all. And when, a moment later, Nissen happened to raise his head, George shrank back against a girder, in terror lest he be seen.

He found his way back to the entrance and let the cab carry him to the station. Not until he was on the train for Chicago did the nothingness leave him. When I get to Chicago, he thought, lighting a cigarette with shaking fingers—when I get to Chicago I'm going to call my wife, long distance.

THE END



By STANLEY FRANK

READING TIME • 13 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

ONE of the most awesome sights in baseball is Clark Griffith beetling his eyebrows at a wretch whose conduct has been offensive to him. Innocent bystanders accordingly fled when Griffith transfixed Bill Veeck, the new president of the Cleveland Indians, at the major-league meeting in New York last February. Mr. Griffith, owner of the Washington Senators, has been in baseball more than fifty years and sometimes sounds as though he invented the game. He proceeded to give Veeck a classic chewing-out for the heinous crime of luring fans to the ball park with crazy gags and circus stunts. It was, the elder statesman thundered, detrimental to the dignity of the gr-r-reat Amurrican pastime, a travesty on the gr-r-rand old game.

Veeck, at thirty-three the youngest big-league magnate, took a firm grip on his self-control and cane (he lost his right foot in the South Pacific).

"What would you rather have when you leave Cleveland after a three-game series," he demanded—"a check for ten thousand or for forty thousand paid admissions? I'll run my business the way I please, and you'll get your cut on forty thousand tickets."

Young Veeck always has had the disconcerting habit of confounding critics with results. When the syndicate he heads acquired control of the Cleveland franchise on June 23, 1946, the team had played 40 per cent of its home games and had drawn 270,000 people. The team was in sixth place and, despite the noble efforts of Bob Feller, finished the season in the same spot. In short, Veeck had a pretty shabby product to sell.

Yet the ball club proceeded to establish an all-time attendance record for Cleveland with an over-all count of 1,060,000 cash customers. On a straight mathematical basis, the Indians increased their attendance by more than 50 per cent during that portion of the season Veeck was in charge.

Veeck's job at Cleveland could have been luck. But Veeck's spectacular regime at Milwaukee, in the American Association, would indicate that luck had very little to do with the Cleveland set-up.

One Saturday afternoon in 1941, Veeck bought the Milwaukee team for $100,000 and bounced out to the field to count the house. There were, by actual count, twenty-two spectators in Borchert Field watching the last-place Brewers. Milwaukee that season drew less than 75,000 fans. In 1942, Milwaukee led the minor leagues in attendance with 273,589 and reduced a debt of $85,000 to $17. When Veeck enlisted in the Marines in 1943, he had a team in the works that was to win the pennant and repeat the next two years. When Veeck sold his $100,000 baby to Oscar Salenger late in 1945, it was recognized as the most valuable property in the minor leagues.

Never a gent given to ivory-tower experting of the fans' attitude, Veeck continuously circulates among the cash customers, sounding them out on their reaction to the team. His opening gambit is to get into a group and second-guess Lou Boudreau all over the place to arouse controversy.

"I learn more that way about the team than by any other method I know," he confesses. "When you're close to anything, you can't look at it objectively. The fans' observations frequently will open your eyes to faults you completely overlooked. They don't need encouragement to second-guess the strategy the manager uses. It always surprises me, though, to find out how little criticism there is of managers. I wish ballplayers could hear the comments people make. What the fans resent most is the player who doesn't hustle."

In conducting his one-man poll of public opinion, Veeck hereafter will have to do a good deal of leg work, for the Indians have abandoned old League Park to play all their home games in Municipal Stadium. The shift provoked screams of anguish from the Cleveland players, whose batting averages were preshrunk by the vast Stadium. Built for spectacles rather than baseball, the Stadium's remote fences dwarfed long-distance belting—and save for pay checks and the dinner bell, ballplayers like nothing better than home runs ringing clear.

To placate the heroes, on April 28 Veeck installed a five-foot wire fence across the outfield which transformed the tough Stadium into a slugger's paradise. The fence reduced the home-run range in left and right centers from 435 feet to 365 feet; dead center field, previously 470 feet from the plate, now is only 410 feet, the shortest straightaway shot in the majors with the exception of Crosley Field in Cincinnati. Veeck made the concessions grudgingly; he still insists the wide-open spaces of the Stadium were picayune compared to the objections to League Park.

"That ramshackle joint was a disgrace to baseball and an insult to every patron who was charged admission," he snaps. "Baseball owners with their 1901 ball parks have been getting away with murder too long."

As a personality, Veeck is interesting, but he is more significant as the fellow who has invigorated a dead spot fouling up the American League for years. Cleveland, the nation's sixth city, has not won a pennant since 1920. It has gone longer without a winner than any of the ten other towns in both major leagues. If not for Feller, Cleveland's illustrious baseball tradition—nurtured by Jess Burkett, Nap Lajoie, Addie Joss, Tris Speaker, Joe Jackson, Stanley Coveleskie, and Wes Ferrell—would have been deader than nickel beer long ago.

It's a certainty Cleveland will not go another quarter century without a pennant. Side-line experts have such respect for Veeck's ability that they are willing to crawl out on a limb with a bold long-range prediction. They prophesy that Cleveland will be to the American League during the 1950s what Brooklyn is, and has been, in the 1940s to the National League.

The process has already begun. While Veeck has a superficial repu-

(*Continued on page 88*)

BARNUM OF BASEBALL

Bill Veeck, whose razzle-dazzle is backed with solid baseball savvy, is the white hope of the Cleveland Indians

HEADACHES ARE NOT

By ALFRED H. SINKS

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

HEADACHE, one of the commonest of all ailments, can also be one of the most painful. At its worst, its helpless victims drag out their weary lives in a dreary half-world of misery. The number of Americans who live under the curse of such severe chronic headaches—so physicians believe—runs into the millions.

Discouraged when doctors seem unable to help, these sufferers often try to "cure" their own headaches with drugstore pills and powders. As a result, many of them succeed only in making their headaches more agonizing or in developing an even more serious organic illness.

Stubborn, elusive, these crippling sick headaches are a baffling problem to the physician. Headache is a symptom, not a disease; hence there are as many kinds of headache as there are *causes* of headache. These run the whole gamut of disorders of the body and disorders of the mind. Until recently so little was known about headache that only a few out of millions of sufferers could be helped.

Three years ago a little group of medical explorers at Montefiore Hospital, New York, set up the first clinic completely equipped for the study and experimental treatment of chronic headache.

They asked for patients whose headaches had been given up as hopeless by hospitals, clinics, and private physicians. Within a few months the clinic had a long waiting list.

Among the patients a large proportion were so incapacitated by their headaches that they had been unable to hold regular jobs. Already many of them have been helped

Always a symptom, never a disease, headaches torture millions.
Thanks to a New York clinic,
doctors are beginning to discover their cause and cure

HOPELESS

back into the sunlight of normal living.

But with the Montefiore group the emphasis is not on miraculous "cures." The accent is on learning all that it is possible to learn about headache. Under direction of Drs. Arnold P. Friedman and H. Houston Merritt, two crack neurologists—this group of specialists is mapping out new roads to the diagnosis and treatment of headache.

ONE fact stands out: *There are no quick, easy, sure-fire cures.* The chronic headache sufferer who expects his doctor to hand him a magic cure in a bottle is going to be disappointed. Tracking down the causes of a patient's headache often means a long and careful investigation. Even after the cause has been located the doctor may have to experiment with several methods of treatment before a successful one is found.

Drugs are seldom the whole answer to successful treatment of headache. Of every 100 patients whose headaches are diagnosed in the clinic, 95 or more owe their discomfort, *at least in part,* to mental or emotional disturbances. In fact, chronic headache sufferers fall into distinct emotional types. They are apt to be touchy, quarrelsome, finicky, or frustrated. Sometimes the sufferer's emotional turmoil may be due to causes so slight that the mere relief of telling the doctor all about his problems is enough to cause his headache to disappear. In other cases these emotional factors take weeks and months of unraveling.

Before science can push forward into new territory, old beliefs and theories must be tested. At the clinic many such beliefs about headache have been found of little value. Often blamed for severe chronic headache are chronic constipation, mild sinus trouble, or allergies. Actually, these are rarely, if ever, the real causes of headache. Nor is it true that pains may be due to some head injury that happened years ago. Headaches that last more than two months after a head injury are usually due to some other cause.

Until recently many doctors believed that some headaches were due to an increase in the amount of the cerebrospinal fluid, the thin watery substance that acts as cushion between the skull and the brain, causing increased pressure on the brain. This theory was proved baseless by experiments at the clinic. In these tests the pressure of the cerebrospinal fluid was stepped up to five times the normal pressure without producing headache.

A more recent theory is that headache results from the action of histamine, a substance discharged into the blood stream by body cells damaged through accident or disease. An elaborate histamine-desensitization treatment has been used on the theory that this was the cause of headache. But the Montefiore group is convinced that so-called "histamine headache" can generally be traced to some other cause.

Many physicians are inclined to describe any severe sick headache that fails to respond to treatment as "migraine." But migraine headache has characteristics which make it distinct from all other types of headache. The distinction is important because the drugs which relieve other headaches will seldom help migraine, and the drugs which do help migraine may have no effect whatever on other headaches!

Perhaps one out of every ten chronic headache sufferers has a true case of migraine. Migraine's victims fall into clear-cut emotional types. They are apt to be hard-driving, tense, worried, and ambitious. They tend to be sensitive, quick to take offense, and aggressive.

Migraine headaches are usually hemicranial. That is, the ache is on one side of the head at a time. It is throbbing rather than steady. That it is agonizing, any migraine sufferer can testify. The pain comes in "bouts" at fairly regular intervals and each attack lasts for about the same length of time. Along with his excruciating head pains the victim suffers from dizziness, faintness, and nausea. He cannot bear a strong light. His eyesight is affected; he may even go completely blind while the attack lasts.

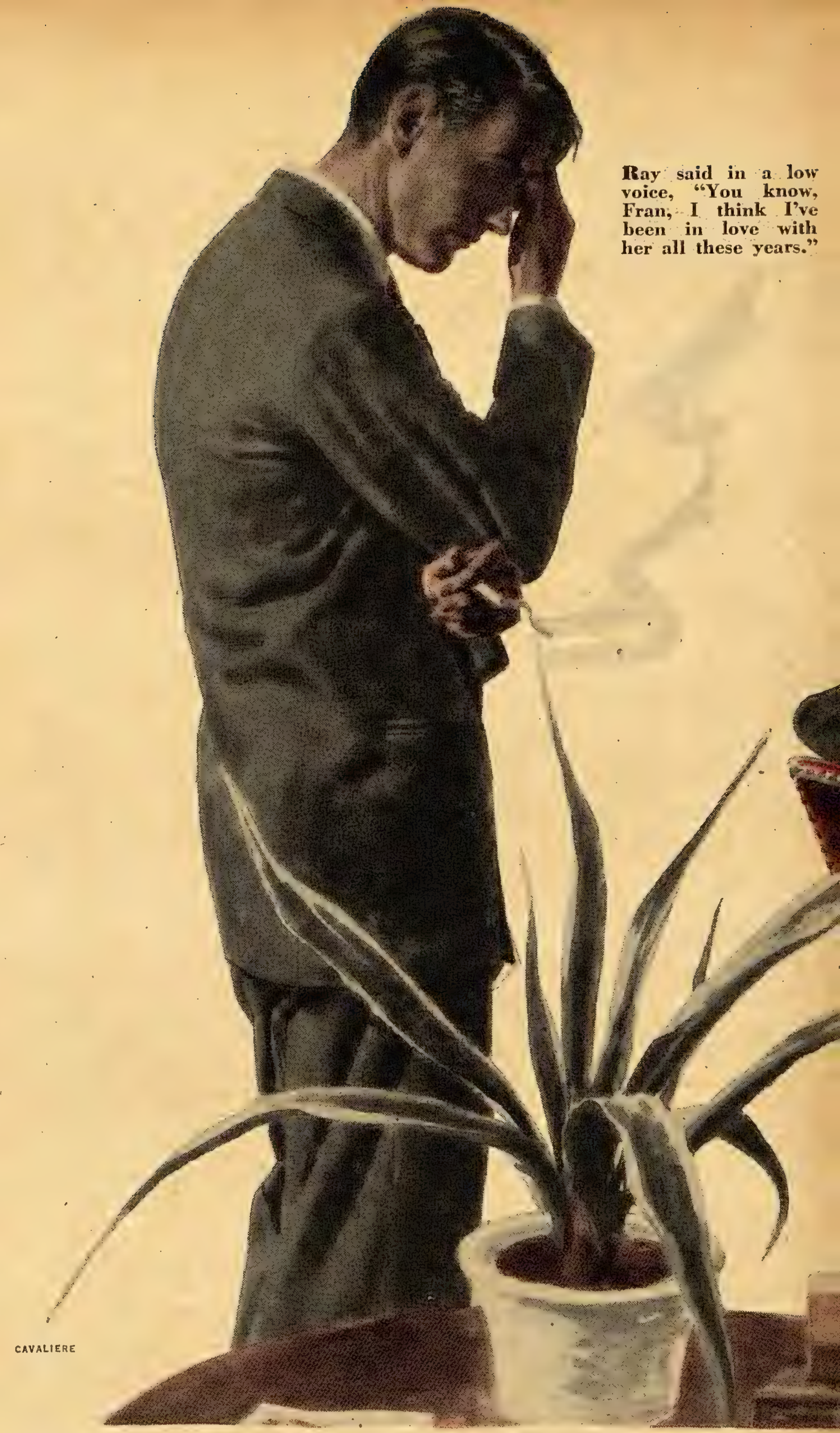
Other headaches may come on suddenly. Not migraine. A definite warning called the "aura" comes perhaps half an hour before the attack itself, waves of nausea and dizziness, with zigzag flashes of bright light before the victim's eyes.

UNTIL half a dozen years ago there was little hope of relief from true migraine. It seemed to respond to no drug. Some physicians attempted to treat it as an allergy disease. Others prescribed a diet from which all salt had been eliminated. Neither treatment had much effect.

Then came the discovery of *ergotamine tartrate.* This drug—when it can be used—gives considerable relief in about four out of five cases of migraine. Taken at the very beginning of the "aura" it will often ward off the attack or lessen its severity. But to be effective it must be taken in fairly large doses. In such amounts it is harmful to some patients.

As this is written, a new drug for relief of migraine has just been re-

(*Continued on page 90*)



Ray said in a low voice, "You know, Fran, I think I've been in love with her all these years."

SYNOPSIS

FRAN HULL, who tells the story, is secretary to Ray Garret, Washington columnist. Ray has authorized his leg man, Eddie Lark, to buy from Warren Bly, file clerk, correspondence showing shady dealings between Walter Evans Legrue, wealthy lawyer, and Luis Carazel, head of a Mexican meat syndicate. Fifty thousand dollars has been mentioned in connection with pushing a certain bill through Congress, also the name of Congressman Rashton. Carrying the letters to Ray, Eddie is slugged and the letters vanish.

Next morning, Legrue is found murdered in his home. He has been shot and $10,000 taken from the safe. His widow, Irene, tells Detective Lieutenant Greeve that Ray had been outside the house after midnight. Admitting this, Ray says he meant to talk to Legrue, but realized it was too late to disturb him and left.

A phone call to Ray's house for Nick Dudley, Ray's playboy cousin, arouses Fran's suspicions when she identifies the caller as Carazel. Ray, feeling under suspicion, goes to see Irene with Fran. Irene cannot believe her husband was dishonest, Ray learns nothing new.

Fran goes out to dinner with Jerry Cannerton, who wants to marry her, but all her thoughts are on the conference Ray is holding with Rashton, Bly, and Lark, and she joins them. Later, Irene arrives, badly frightened. She tells Ray, "Some man phoned me that he has copies of Walter's letters to Carazel. Unless I pay him $20,000, he threatens to mail them to police."

PART FIVE

READING TIME • 23 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

UP to this point the murderer of Walter Evans Legrue had seemed nebulous and illusory, someone without shape or voice or recognizable identity. But now he had telephoned Irene Legrue. Now he was real—somebody ready to act again. I sat on the edge of a chair and stared at Irene.

"When was this?" Ray asked.

"He called just before nine," she said. "I—I asked who he was. He gave me a harsh 'Never mind that.' "

"Anything familiar in the voice? Intonation? Accent?

"Nothing, absolutely nothing. I'm sure I never heard it before."

"What did you tell him?"

Irene said, "Not a thing. He didn't want an answer. He wasn't asking questions—he was just giving directions."

I noticed that though she kept her voice under control, her gloved fingers were twiching nervously at the strap of her bag.

She went on, "He said, 'if you want these letters, Mrs. Legrue, get twenty thousand in cash from the bank tomorrow morning. Small bills. Nothing bigger than hundreds. Have them ready by noon.' "

"How are you supposed to deliver them?"

"He said he'd call with further instructions at twelve thirty tomorrow. Meanwhile, if I told the police anything, the whole deal would be off; he'd mail the letters to the District police at once."

I asked, "But how could he *know* if you told the police?"

"I haven't the faintest idea."

"Go on," Ray said. "What else?"

"I remember every word, Ray: 'They're hot, Mrs. Legrue. They're very hot. They show your husband was crooked—as crooked as a certain member of Congress.' I asked him why he didn't try to sell the letters to the congressman. I was trying

Washington Murder-Go-Round

Fran was prepared for almost anything—but this was as if Ray had sunk a knife into her heart

By OSCAR SCHISGALL

desperately to catch something familiar in his voice. He laughed and told me he didn't think the congressmen had that kind of money. Then he hung up."

Ray began to pace the room.

Irene watched him in anxious concentration. "I don't believe for a minute that Walter was crooked," she said. "But I'd do anything—anything at all—to keep his memory clean—even of *suspicion*."

"Meaning you're ready to buy the letters?"

"Yes!"

Ray stopped walking. "Can you raise that much cash on such short notice?"

"Oh, yes."

He was silent for a time. Then he asked, "If your mind's made up, Irene, what kind of advice did you want from me?"

"Well, I—I didn't want to go into this *alone*. I can't turn to the police. And yet I wanted somebody to know—to tell me I'm doing the right thing."

Ray shook his head. "I don't think that you ought to surrender so quickly."

"What else can I do? Risk his sending the things to the police?"

Ray said with contempt, "That's just a bluff. What good would it do him to mail the letters to the police? What would he gain? Not a thing. He simply said that to scare you."

"But——"

"At least two other people want those letters, and he must know it," Ray said. "Congressman Rashton and Luis Carazel. My guess is that he tried you first because he thought he could get the most money out of you. He'd probably try Carazel or Rashton next. The last place he'd go

(*Continued on page 74*)

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

LANDIS without leopard skins

Made, but also marred, by publicity, curvaceous Carole is ready to do or dye for dear old Oscar

By ELIZABETH WILSON

IN her new picture, Out of the Blue, Carole Landis plays a possessive, domineering wife with more built-in barbs than a wire fence. It isn't exactly what Carole had in mind for her new personality, but she feels that it is a step in the right direction.

Last January, curvaceous, vivacious Carole, who has always been sold to the public strictly on her sex appeal, decided to change her personality. She had been off the screen for over a year: ever since Twentieth Century-Fox had handed her a little stinker called It Shouldn't Happen to a Dog. It shouldn't. But she made it. Then she picked up her salary check, told Twentieth Century-Fox what they could do with her contract, and took herself to New York.

Now, gentlemen may prefer blondes, but the members of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences apparently prefer brunettes. And what Carole wants most right now is an Academy Award. So as her first "new personality" step, she had her blonde hair turned a lovely brownette overnight.

Carole is a determined young lady. She'll get that Oscar—if she can just keep press agents and typesetters from lousing things up!

As "the new Carole" was sitting sedately in New York's smart Colony Club, someone showed her her latest publicity. She'd just been named one of the six best undressed women in America by a fashion expert who contended that it was more important for a woman to look beautiful in undress than dressed. "Lana Turner—prettiest in a slip," the item read. "Rita Hayworth—most languorous in a negligee. Carole Landis—liveliest in a nightgown."

"Liveliest!" shrieked Carole in horror. "I'll sue!" But of course the United Press hastily corrected it. The "i," they said, should have been an "o." So sorry. But by then it had run in newspapers all over the country, and everyone, except Carole, had had a good chuckle.

This is not the first time the typesetters have played tricks on Miss Landis. There was the item in Nancy Randolph's New York Newsreel column which read, "Only December 8 last, Fran's stepbrother, Horace Schmidlapp, marred a film star, Carole Landis. He's her fourth." Marred, yet.

What the typography boys haven't done to Carole the press agents have. Back in 1941 one of the bright young men in Mr. Zanuck's publicity department dubbed Carole the Ping Girl ("She makes you purr"). Next she was called the Zipper Girl, The Sweater Girl, and the Girl You'd Like to Be Marooned With on a Desert Island. In 1943 when a lonely G.I. on a desolate Pacific atoll wrote in to Command Performance that the thing he'd like to hear most was Carole Landis sigh, Carole obligingly sighed—and was promptly called the Sigh Girl. In the fall of 1945, when she was loaned out to Pressburger for A Scandal in Paris, she became the Garter Girl.

In New York, Carole, besides changing her personality and marrying a socialite, appeared in a flop play and signed a long-term contract with Eagle-Lion for two pictures a year at a figure almost as good as her own. Sidney Skolsky reported her return to Hollywood in his column: "Over on the set of Out of the Blue . . . you may watch Turhan Bey if you are inclined, but I am looking at Carole Landis, for I am so inclined. . . . Carole has taken off weight, looks fine, and it might be difficult for you to recognize her if it weren't for a couple of things that haven't changed."

Tireless and intelligent Carole was a much-needed shot in the arm to the anemic cinema colony. Dripping sables, and always dressed to the teeth in designer Don Loper's most extravagant gowns, Carole was here, there, and everywhere, full of her usual verve and vigor. When her New York millionaire-producer-bridegroom did not join her immediately, the columnists and commentators busied themselves with divorce rumors. "What's keeping you apart?" asked a snoopy reporter at Ciro's one night. "Distance," replied Carole sweetly, and couldn't have spoken a truer word.

Carole can't stand phonies. She and her husband were having dinner at Romanoff's one night when she noticed a notorious Hollywood climber, evidently impressed by the Schmidlapp social rating, giving her the eye. She deliberately ignored him.

Finally he made an excited dash for her table, exclaiming, "Darling, the new hair is simply divine. But it makes you look *so* different. Do forgive me for not coming over sooner, but frankly, darling, I didn't recognize you."

"Frankly, darling," said Carole in a deep-freeze voice, "I did recognize you."

She and her husband, Horace Schmidlapp, have recently bought a thirteen-room ("I'm not at all superstitious") house in Pacific Palisades. Now that her picture is finished, Carole is decorating the house herself. "I learned so much from Loper I can go on my own now," she says. Thirty-two-year-old Horace, whom she calls "Poppie," is busy forming his own company, Colonial Films. When asked if she will star in his films, Carole says, "Poppie says he can't afford me." Rumor hath it that she will.

Carole thinks that her most annoying idiosyncrasies are her singing and her sleeping. When she went overseas in 1942 with Kay Francis, Martha Raye, and Mitzi Mayfair—a

(*Continued on page 90*)

The ballyhoo-proof man who picks the pictures for

New York's fabulous Radio City Music Hall is mentioned

By JOHN CHAPMAN

READING TIME • 12 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

WHEN the Radio City Music Hall opened, two days after the depression Christmas of 1932, it had the biggest in the world of almost everything—the biggest chandelier, the biggest auditorium, the biggest triple-elevator stage, the biggest fire curtain. And, as a wit remarked, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., was holding the world's biggest bag. Concerning the Music Hall's opening show, drama critic Percy Hammond wrote: "The mountain labored and gave forth a mouse. However, it was a very large and magnificent mouse."

Today the Music Hall is the best-known theater in America, and one of the most successful. Its boss, a bland, round-faced bachelor of 44 named G. S. (for Gustave Sauer) Eyssell, is the world's most potent individual movie exhibitor. Hollywood defers to him with all the nervous charm of a foreign diplomat seeking a loan. Recently he told that giant among studios, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, to fix a picture—and they fixed it quick.

The film was The Yearling. It was offered, as are most top-of-the-bottle cinemas, to Gus Eyssell, and after looking at it he said he would buy—if. He did not like a scene with blood in it because the picture was in Technicolor, and Technicolor blood—in this case, a fawn's—is very vivid stuff. Metro promptly removed the scene and Gus took in the picture. The Yearling ran at the Music Hall for five weeks and took in $650,000. Eyssell won't tell in detail about the individual rental deals he makes, but says a movie company is known to have received $350,000 for its share of a Music Hall showing.

The Music Hall was built as a true music hall—a theater for variety shows. With the late S. L. Rothafel (Roxy) as managing director, it was intended to make the remembered glories of Hammerstein's Victoria seem tawdry. But it didn't click. The mouse was large and magnificent, but still a mouse. A decision was made immediately to junk the variety programs and install movies, with stage spectacles. Its first year was murder; movie after movie staggered through a solitary week, with not all of the 5,945 seats occupied. But it was coming up, and coming up with it was Gus Eyssell.

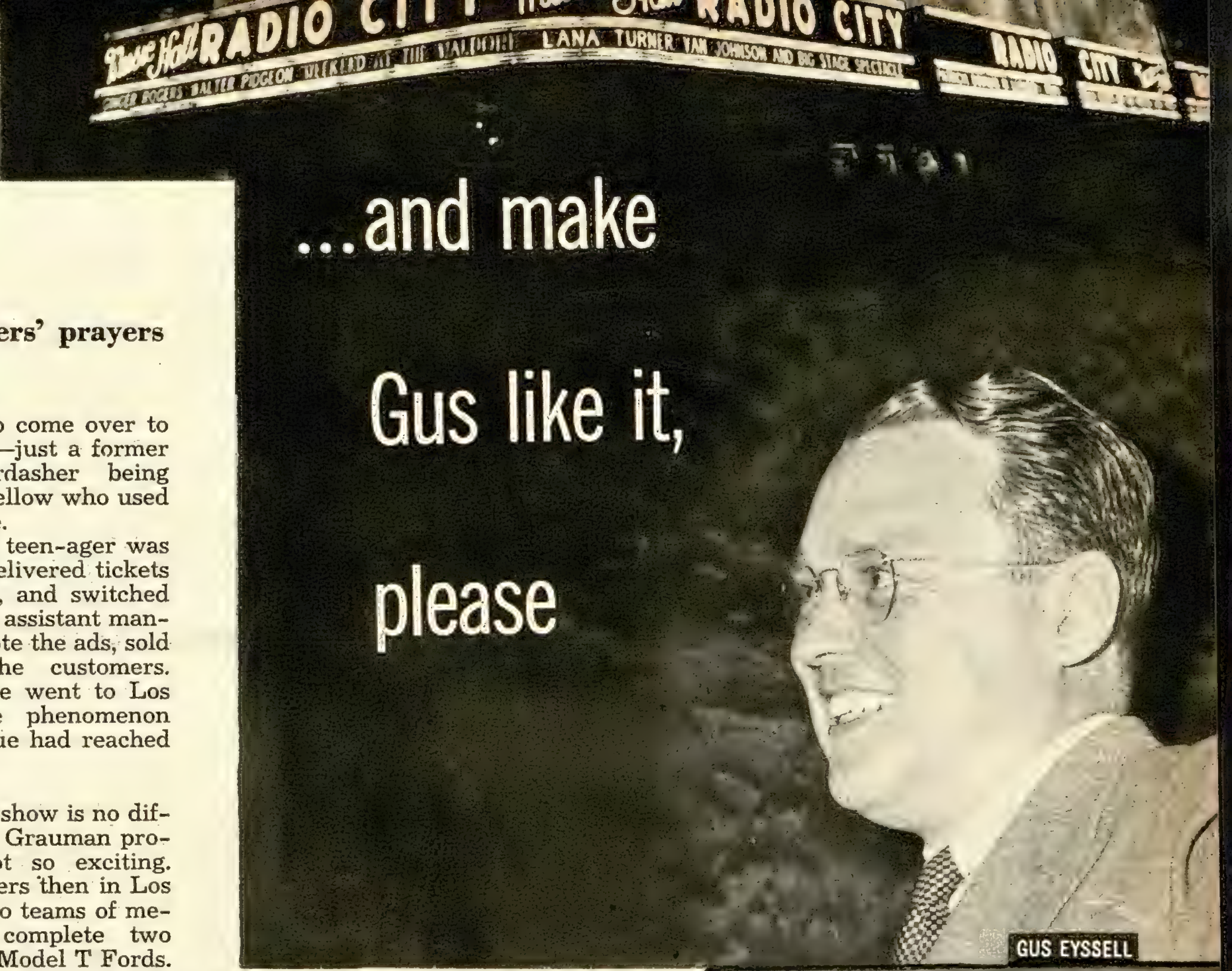
Today the Music Hall, combining its pick of the movie crop with flabbergasting stage spectacles, plays to 7,000,000 patrons a year and garners from $110,000 to $125,000 a week. There are 573 men and women on its staff. Eyssell sees most of them all the time, and also sits with his audiences and gets chummy with *them.* He believes in the direct method of finding out what people like.

He has been in the nickelodeon business for thirty-one years, during which the medium of barter has gone from 5 cents to $2.40, and in all that time he says he has discovered no trends. "All people want," he says, "is good entertainment. It may be comedy, musical, spectacle, cartoon, love-stuff or think-stuff—just as long as it is good."

However, the Music Hall is a trend in itself. Every studio, domestic or foreign, wants a showing there—and it isn't altogether the money. Film rentals just as great may be taken from other big New York houses or, with longer runs, from smaller theaters. These places are studio-owned or -controlled. But picture makers often hold up releasing schedules for weeks or months in order to gain a showing at the Music Hall.

This is because playing the Music Hall puts the seal of approval on a picture. Exhibitors in other cities accept it as the gospel of good business.

Eyssell is a Kansas City boy. When a group of movie big shots went to Washington not long ago, they were astonished to hear President Truman single out Eyssell with a "Hello,


Music Hall RADIO CITY
RADIO CITY
GINGER ROGERS WALTER PIDGEON WEEKEND AT THE WALDORF LANA TURNER VAN JOHNSON AND BIG STAGE SPECTACLE
RADIO CITY

GUS EYSSELL

Hollywood producers' prayers

...and make Gus like it, please

Gus," and ask him to come over to the house for dinner—just a former Kansas City haberdasher being neighborly with the fellow who used to run a theater there.

Gus's first job as a teen-ager was in a print shop. He delivered tickets to the movie theater, and switched over to the theater as assistant manager: kept books, wrote the ads, sold tickets—and met the customers. From Kansas City he went to Los Angeles, where the phenomenon known as the prologue had reached its uncanny zenith.

THE modern stage show is no different from a Sid Grauman prologue—sometimes not so exciting. One of the big numbers then in Los Angeles presented two teams of mechanics racing to complete two utterly disassembled Model T Fords.

Eyssell absorbed the prologue technique, kept on meeting the customers, and was sent to Texas to operate a chain of theaters for Paramount. Paramount next sent him to New York, where his stage shows often included a modestly paid singer named Bing Crosby. When the Music Hall opened, Gus joined the staff. Roxy died a few weeks after the opening, and in March, 1933, a benign old gentleman named W. G. Van Schmus assumed management—with Gus Eyssell as his assistant. Van Schmus was an able business executive with no experience as a showman. Gus had the experience. By the time Van Schmus died in 1942, to be succeeded by Eyssell, the theater was in the groove. Gus had learned all Van Schmus knew.

Eyssell's working day is from 10 A. M. to 11 P. M. or later. He has no set routine, for theater business is unpredictable. He may preview a few pictures in his own projection room, or go see a picture a competitor is showing. He may take in a legitimate theater. He likes to eat, drinks moderately but with relish, and has been off smoking for seven years because of sinus trouble.

He has frequent dinner parties at his sizable Riverside Drive apartment, and does considerable entertaining at the Music Hall. Adjoining his office is a huge high-ceilinged room built for Roxy. Sometimes Gus gives dinners there; more often cocktail parties for movie stars or visiting dignitaries. In the room is a guest book with a fabulous collection of autographs. Random samples: H. R. H. Alice, Countess of Athlone, the King of Siam, Mme. Chiang Kai-shek, Babe Ruth, Mackenzie King, Wendell Willkie, Mrs. Harry S. Truman and daughter, the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, Lord and Lady Halifax, Hugh Gibson, Eleanor Roosevelt, and Molotov.

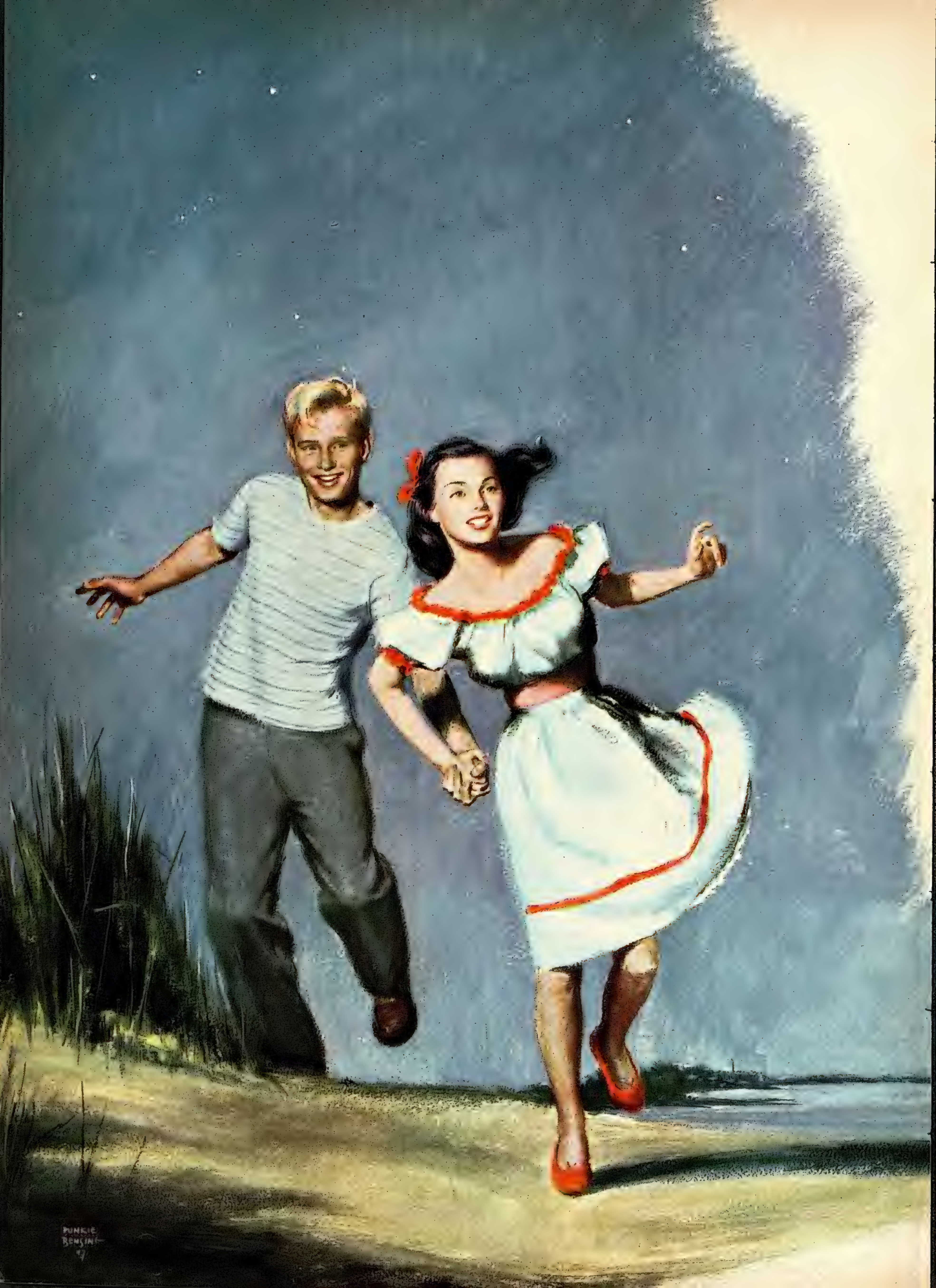
Eyssell's staff, from his department heads to the newest usher or Rockette, are called his associates, and they regard themselves as such. Among the higher associates are Leon Leonidoff and Russell Markert, directors in charge of the stage spectacles; Florence Rogge, mistress of

(*Continued on page 86*)

GREER GARSON

CLAUDETTE COLBER

IRENE DUNNE


PUNKIE
BENSING
47

Infatuation

By GORDON MALHERBE HILLMAN

READING TIME • 23 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

IT was a terrible state of affairs and it was all Mr. Marshall's fault, though Bonnie might be a little bit to blame, too. Mr. Marshall was undoubtedly up to no good, as well as being an artist, and that made everything much worse.

Johnny went balefully up the road to the moors with the unpleasant certainty that Bonnie would be in Mr. Marshall's studio, and that there was nothing on earth he could do about it.

That was the trouble with being sixteen: if you tried to be serious about anything, people were likely to laugh at you.

The wind was blowing in the smell of salt and bayberry under the bright blue sky, the sun was warm upon his back, and to the west the gray roofs and wharves of Good Harbor were all aglitter in the soft midsummer light.

Ordinarily he would have noticed these things. Now he didn't, for he was going to take a look at Mr. Marshall's studio on the moors and he was pretty sure who he'd find there.

He turned off Grapevine Road to the rutted track where the wild roses grew, and there was nothing much before him now but an immensity of moorland and sky.

He was a small figure in all this space, lean and a little tall for his age, his arms and shoulders a light brown from the sun, his hair bright yellow and inclined to fall over his forehead, his blue eyes distinctly troubled, and the end of his nose quivering a trifle, as it always did when he got excited. He had a rather soft, downy look about him, as if he weren't quite finished yet but might be handsome when he was.

And here was Mr. Marshall's studio; an old shack, really, until Mr. Marshall had fixed it up and trained honeysuckle to run along the big window.

Mr. Marshall was not much on privacy; one look through the window and there, as he had suspected, was Bonnie, curled up like a kitten on Mr. Marshall's couch with the bright Navaho blanket over it.

There was Bonnie in her faded blue shorts and halter, her dark hair soft about her small glowing face, her hands locked about her knees, staring at someone with a look of utter adoration.

The someone was Mr. Marshall in terrible old trousers and a paint-stained Basque shirt, intent on a canvas on his easel. What was on the canvas was undoubtedly Bonnie's picture and Mr. Marshall was going to call it "Youth."

Mr. Marshall looked tall and fiery and handsome. He was a big man, with an effect of Irish or Spanish blackness about him: black hair that curled up into a rebellious forelock, snapping black eyes, and a forehead furrowed with wrinkles. And he had a dashing air, even in his awful clothes.

Bonnie said something, and Mr. Marshall said something back. His fine features contorted into a scowl, and as it isn't awfully good manners to stand staring in windows, Johnny turned and went away.

THIS morning there was something a little queer about Mr. Marshall, as if he were impatient or irritated.

Johnny would have said there was something queer about Bonnie, but he'd gotten used to her new ways by now. She was just his age and he'd known her forever, since they'd both spent summers at Good Harbor for years. And to him she'd grown to be as much a part of it as the moors or the long sandy beach or the fishing boats scudding in from the Banks.

They'd had braces on their teeth

(Continued on page 82)

Sixteen-year-old Johnny was about to fall in love with Bonnie

—when that Mr. Marshall decided to paint her

PUNKIE BENSING

MARSHALL, *Citizen Soldier*

The first complete life story of the man who led America to victory and now is leading her to peace

By WILLIAM FRYE

WHEN George was sixteen, and ready for college, where to send him was no problem. The Marshalls had been going to the Virginia Military Institute since Uncle Tom, who had moved from Kentucky down to Vicksburg before the War, had sent his son there in time for the youngster to fight alongside the other cadets at the Battle of New Market and help to establish the V.M.I.'s most cherished tradition.

George came home to Uniontown, Pennsylvania, in the holidays, walking stiffly down Main Street in his gray uniform and forward-tilting little garrison cap, eyes straight ahead of him, a ramrod in his back. He was there, in fact, when they painted Main Street's pavement red, white, and blue, and the 10th Pennsylvania Regiment came back from the war with Spain and paraded through the town.

He stood on the sidewalk in a cheering throng, his heart pounding and his blood tingling, and knew beyond question that he would be a soldier.

He throve, did Marshall, throughout his four years at the V.M.I.; and he accomplished the miracle of completing a four-year course without a single demerit. The most prolific single source of demerits for any cadet, of course, was the condition of his room when he happened to be room orderly. How Marshall managed to clear Rat year without any marks against him is hidden, but probably had to do with fanatically thorough and careful work. How he survived the rest of the course without room demerits is no mystery at all—he made a deal.

Beginning with their Third Class year, Marshall and Leonard Nicholson and Philip B. Peyton were roommates. Marshall and Peyton wanted cadet rank. Nicholson wanted as little work as possible. So, for the Third, Second and First Class years, the name of L. Nicholson was posted every single week as the orderly of their room. Marshall and Peyton swept the room every morning, rolled and stacked the mattresses, folded the cots, saw that everything was clean and in its proper place. Nicholson did not turn his hand. But if the room received demerits for any failure, Nicholson took them and walked them off on penalty tour.

All of this was behind Marshall the morning of June 26, 1901, as the rolling, ponderous phrases of Judge Saunders rumbled through Jackson Memorial Hall, beating on the eardrums of the rigid cadets and their proud families.

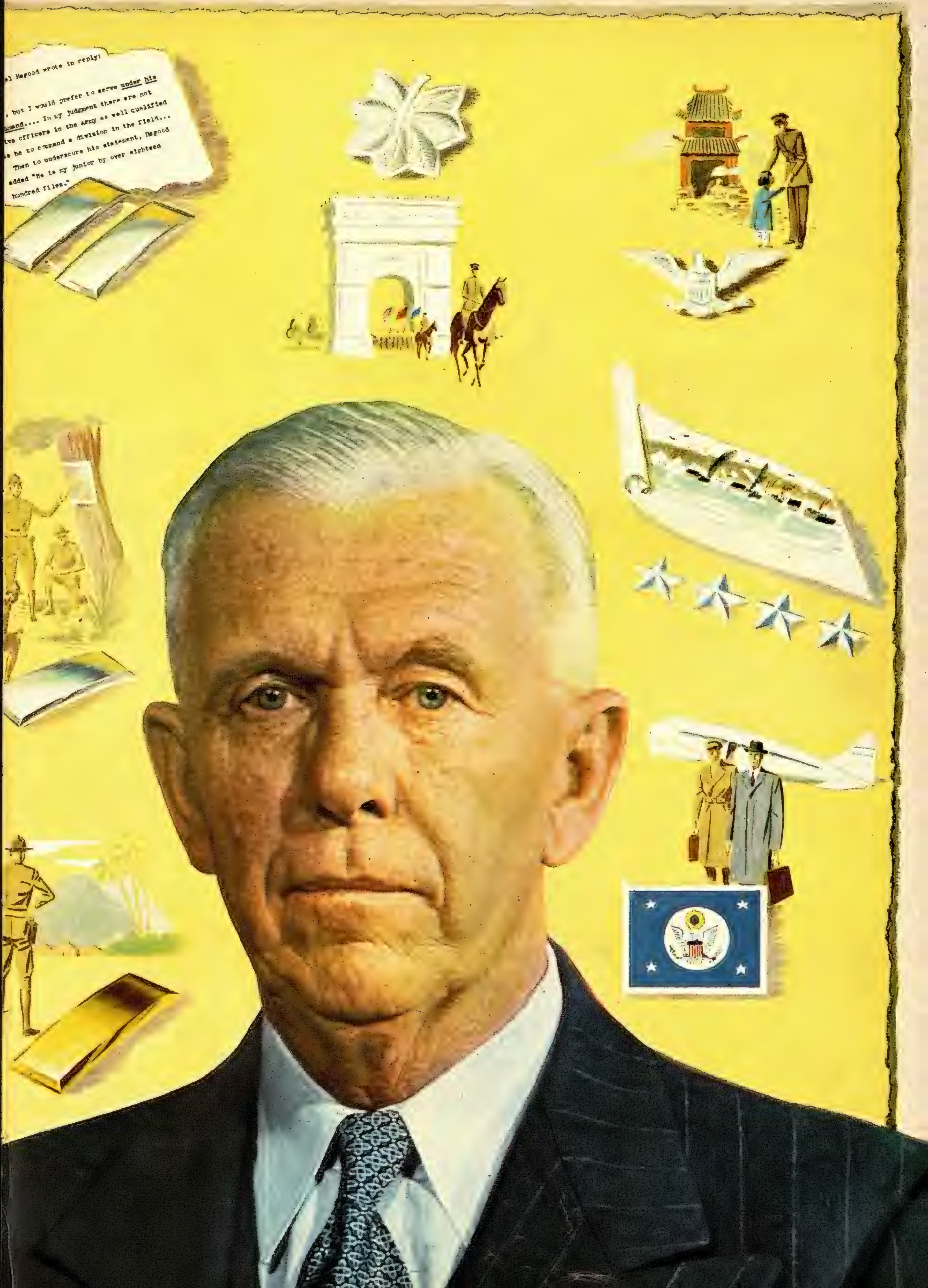
There was neither envy nor regret in George Marshall as two others received the medals for excellence in scholarship. He was graduating fifteenth in a class of thirty-four; but the distinction he had coveted he had won. He was Cadet First Captain. In a military college, he was first in military proficiency, and the President had sent him formal notice that appointment as a Second Lieutenant in the U. S. Army was waiting for him. And he was engaged to Lily.

Elizabeth Carter Coles was one of the most beautiful women in the Valley of Virginia, and she had been for ten years the reigning belle of Lexington. She was eight years older than George Marshall, but her discernment was as great as her beauty. George found in Lily not only beauty, but a gay and keen intelligence that was a perfect leaven for his intense and driving mind, as her wit was a foil for his quieter humor. And he found and loved a courage that touched and strengthened his devotion.

FOR Lily Coles was already nearly an invalid, and never would be strong. A thyroid condition had affected her heart, and sudden death was a realized possibility every day of her life. When she came into George's life, that fear came with her and made itself a part of their life together.

In February, George took up his commission, and because there were no vacancies in the Artillery, he was commissioned in the Infantry. On

Copyright, 1947, By The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Published by The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis and New York. Price: $3.75.



el Hagood wrote in reply:

, but I would prefer to serve under his
mand.... In my judgment there are not
ive officers in the Army as well qualified
s he to command a division in the field...
Then to underscore his statement, Hagood
added "He is my junior by over eighteen
hundred files."

February 11, 1902, Second Lieutenant George Catlett Marshall, Jr., U. S. A., and Miss Elizabeth Carter Coles were married.

His orders came soon after, to the 30th Infantry in the Philippines. That meant separation, for the Army was not sending officers' wives to a newly acquired outpost still flaming with insurrection. They had two months together before Lily stood on the dock and watched George heading for the other side of the world.

Lieutenant Marshall arrived at Manila on May 12. Two days later orders were issued assigning him to Company G, at Calapan, on the Island of Mindoro. There he reported to Captain Charles I. Bent, a busy and harassed young man in command of all U. S. forces on Mindoro, forces that were threatened by an epidemic of Asiatic cholera. There was a detachment of fifty men of Company G stationed at Calapan, and the burden of its command was promptly transferred by Bent to the fresh and willing shoulders of Lieutenant Marshall.

Marshall (left) re-enacts ceremony in which he became Secretary of State. Chief Justice Fred M. Vinson administers oath as President Truman watches.

Bent also gave him the job of planning a Fourth of July program for the men stationed at Calapan. The events he planned included a carabao—a water buffalo—race, won by a lad who had been observant enough to discover that the only way to make a carabao show even a faint desire for speed is to reach back, grab his tail, and pull it forward.

A week after the Fourth of July celebration, Marshall left to join the company headquarters at Mangarin. This desolate spot at the head of Mangarin Bay was inhabited by a handful of malarial natives, and what seemed to be half of all the world's mosquitoes. The only communication with home and the rest of the Army was by interisland transport which was supposed to drop anchor there every month but did not always arrive on schedule.

The command looked him over. What they saw was a rangy young man with an easy stride, a clear, light complexion, penetrating blue eyes, and sandy hair, immaculately uniformed and exuding authority. His words were quick, and very much to the point. He did not find it necessary to do any strident shouting, but there was never any doubt about who was in command. Marshall was a strict disciplinarian, but the men sensed that the hardness had a purpose, and that beneath it there was a very human young man who placed the welfare of every one of them ahead of his own.

In December the company was ordered to Manila, and Captain Eames left with fifty-nine of the men, leaving Lieutenant Marshall in command of a detachment of twenty-six to remain at Mangarin until a relief detachment arrived. So Marshall spent Christmas in an outpost that was lonelier than ever. But he and his men reached Manila on December 30—at least the Lieutenant had companionship for his twenty-second birthday.

They joined two other companies of the 30th Infantry at Santa Mesa, three miles east of the city, and there sweated out the routine of garrison life for several months, until they boarded the U. S. A. T. *Sherman*, homeward bound.

The intensely serious young Lieutenant Marshall had handled his first assignment well, and it had included the most important command he would hold for thirty years—commander of a company and an outpost district. Now he might have been expected to sink into a deck chair, relax completely, dream of Lily, and forget labor entirely; but Lieutenant Hossfeld found him one day arranging his orders and other official papers neatly in a book. Hossfeld teased him good-naturedly about such meticulous care of such routine affairs.

"Look, Heinie," Marshall retorted levelly, "if you expect to get anywhere in the Army, you had better keep track of your orders and all your business!"

RETURN from the Philippines was followed by assignment with his company to Fort Reno, Oklahoma Territory. He and Lily settled down to two and a half years of not very exciting garrison life. Then his commanding officer at Fort Reno sent him off to the School of the Line at Fort Leavenworth, and entered on his efficiency report the comment that "this is a first-class all around officer."

Marshall was first in his class at the School of the Line when the grades were examined in June of 1907. With that record, assignment to the Staff College for the next year was all but automatic. When the Academic Board met June 29, 1908, to survey the results of the year, they found George Marshall first in that class, also. The report on him was more than twice as long as that on any of his classmates. It concluded:

"Appears well fitted for the following professional employments: Post Engineer Officer. Acting Judge Advocate of Department."

In 1908 he began a three-year assignment as an instructor in the Engineering Department of the service schools at Leavenworth. The classes there were composed almost entirely of officers senior to him. The Army was beginning to wake up to the importance of these schools. Marshall's great tact made him a success, and an impressive one. His professional competence was matched by considerable thoughtfulness. Most of the schoolwork was done in classrooms, but there were field exercises also, and one of Marshall's classes was sent out on a map-sketching expedition. It involved a grueling ride and difficult work on a very hot summer day. Arriving, sweating and fatigued, at the appointed terminal rendezvous, the class found their instructor waiting for them, and prepared to examine and criticize their work. Beside him was a supply of cold beer for all hands.

After spending the month of August, 1910, at Camp Perry, Marshall took four months' leave, came back to a series of brief assignments, then settled down for a year as instructor

(*Continued on page 96*)

EYE-INTEREST

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's eye

Sun Worshipers

By **Bucky McDonnell**, The Photo Poet

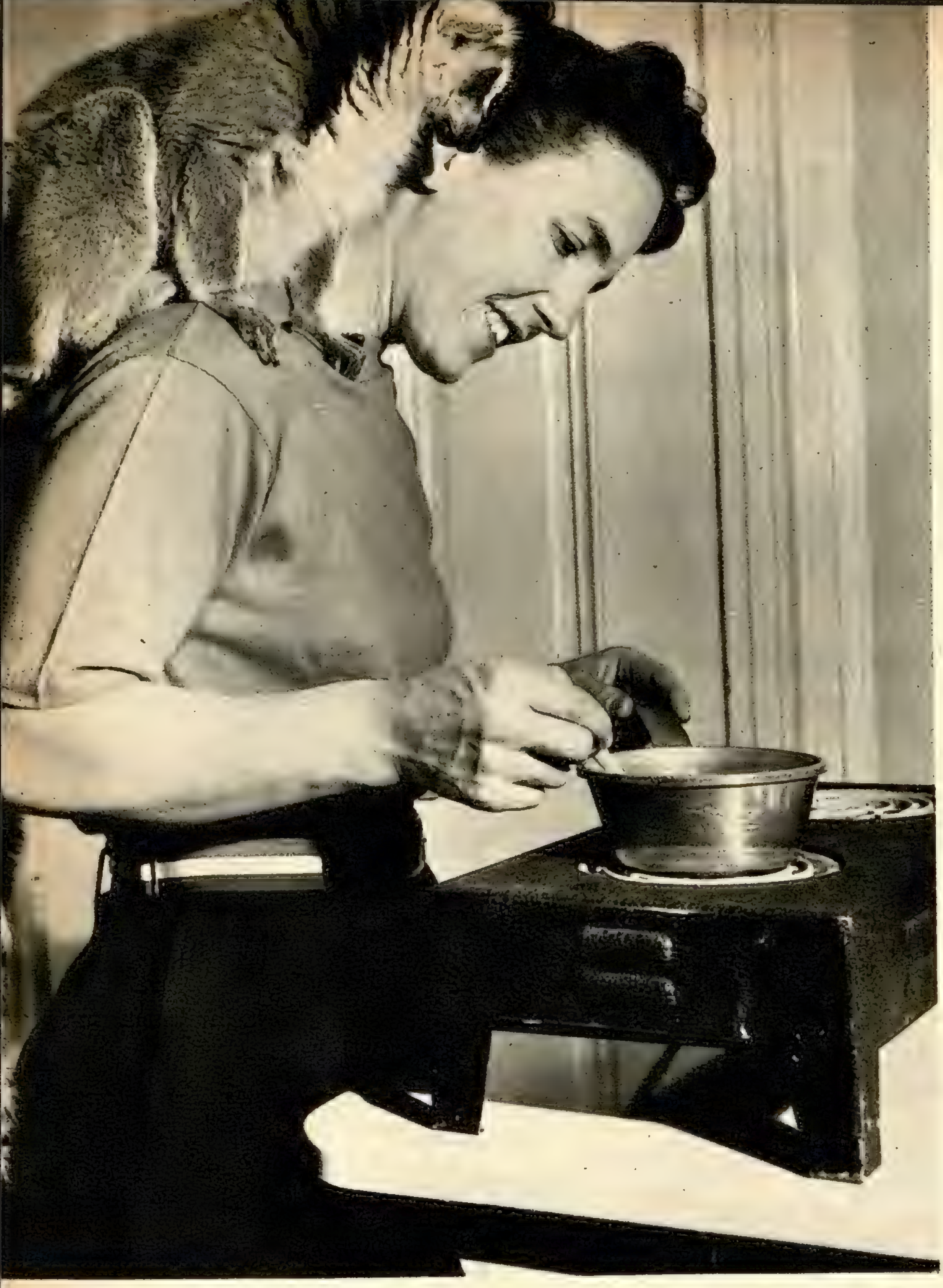
The sun looked down
And smiled at his guest.
A coat of tan
Was her request.

* * *

A sunbeam stole through
The trees to behold
A nymph he had kissed
And turned into gold.

* * *

Old Sol turned his spotlight
And found a fair lass
As free as the breeze
In the broom-sage grass.



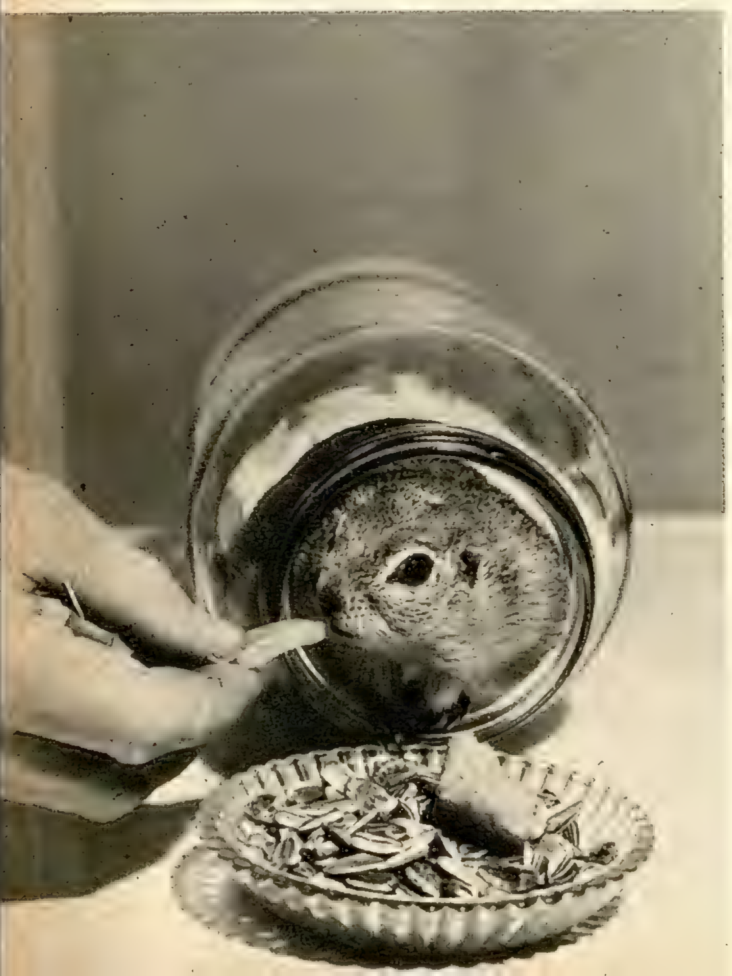
"What's cooking?" asks the lemur from his favorite perch on Mrs. Martini's shoulder. He often rides around for hours in this position.

PHOTOS BY FRANK MASTRO

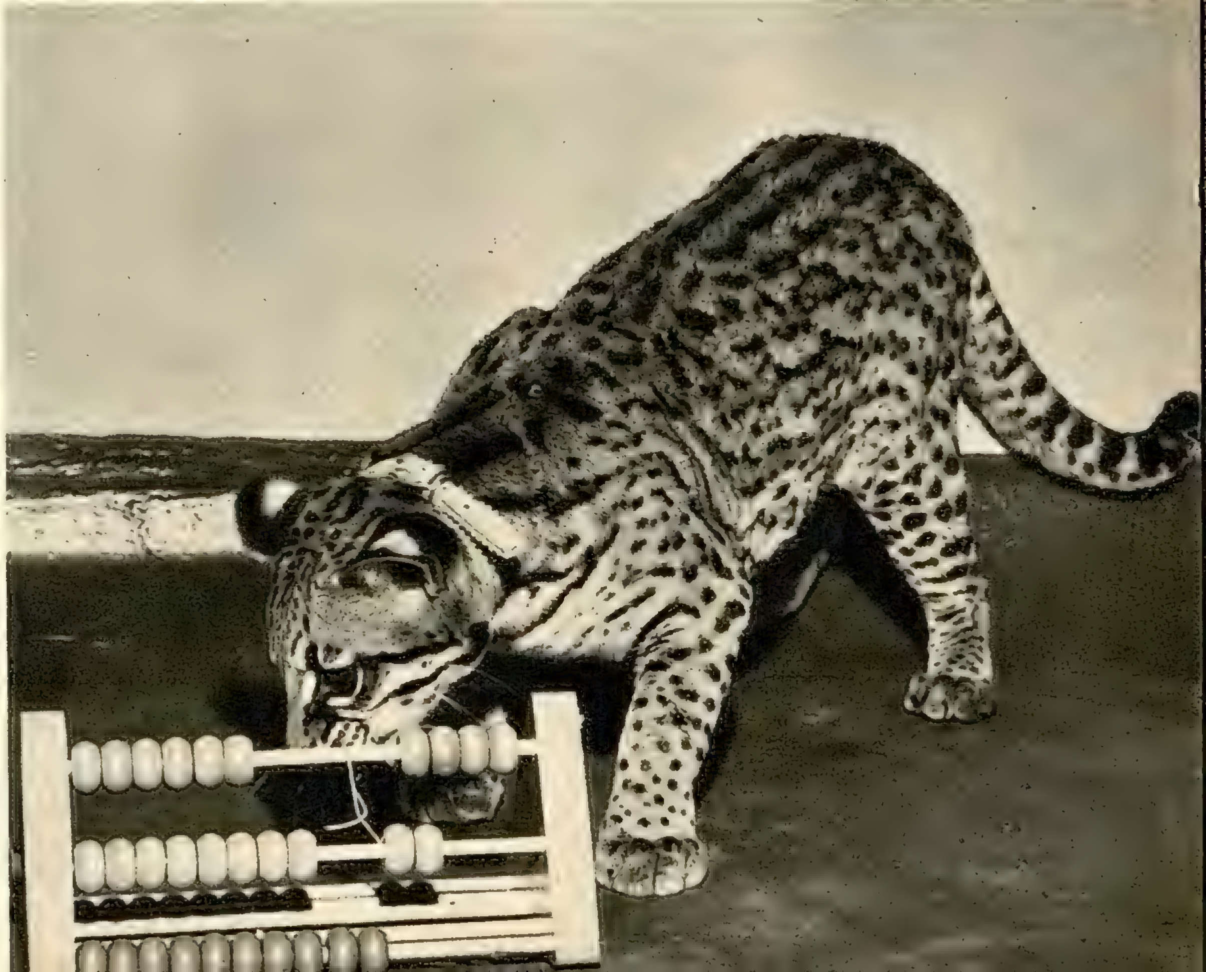
Zoo Mama

THERE is a young woman who lives in a zoo. She has lots of "children" and she knows just what to do with each of them. She is Mrs. Helen Martini, wife of one of the keepers of New York's Bronx Zoo.

Sunflower seeds are the shy ground squirrel's favorite dish. Each baby has his own special diet.



The ocelot exercises his sharp teeth on an abacus, not on Mrs. Martini. He's gentle with his nurse, but a little more rambunctious with strangers.



Chimpanzee's resemblance to humans doesn't extend to scale. Weight never worries Josephine.

Her domain is a small room, which she has decorated like any other nursery. In it are kept the infant animals that require special care. It all started when Mrs. Martini "adopted" three abandoned lion cubs a few years ago. Now she cares for all the zoo's babies, from ocelots to marmosets, as the photographs here show.

Mealtime for such varied charges involves everything from formula to fish. Planning meals and feeding her family make a full day's work.

Tiny marmosets, miniature monkeys from South America, squabble amicably like any other kids for their food as soon as it is placed near them.

Stealing a march on his brothers and sisters, this clever little guy has found a gold mine, six bottles!

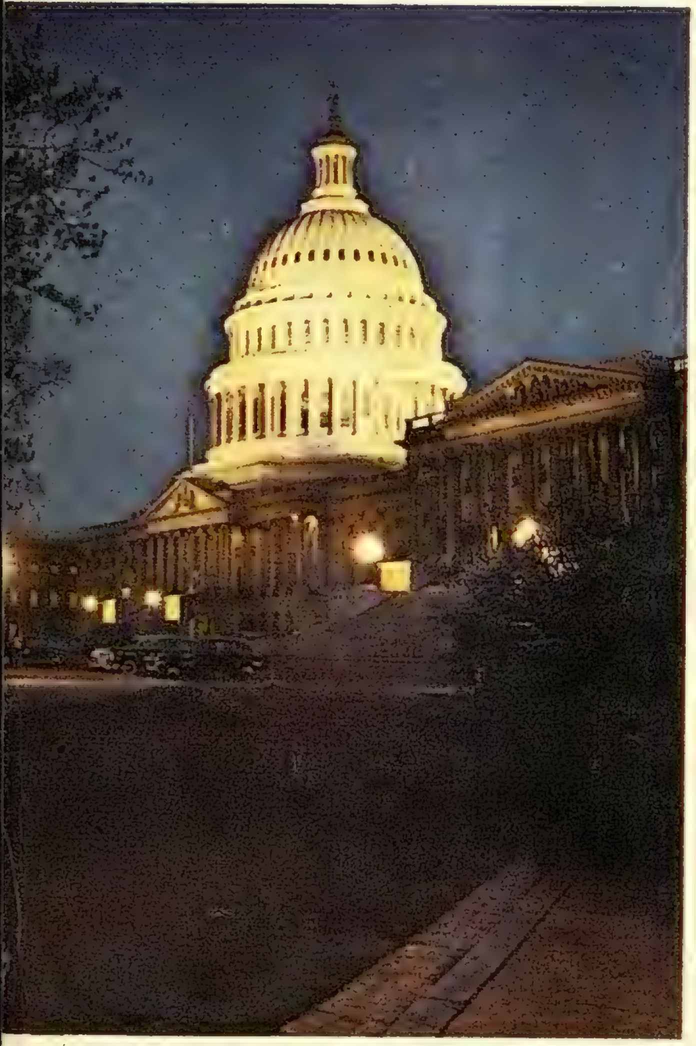
Mass, a moving interior view taken in natural light through stained-glass windows, by Edward J. Hagan, Philadelphia, Pa.

White Christmas, by Gerald Marfleet, Rock Falls, Ill.

Apples, a study in red by Jack Garber, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Winning Colors

FROM thousands of amateur color pictures submitted in the 1947 Graflex color contest, these were the winners. Scenics were favorite entries, with still life next. Most effective shots were those with a dominant soft color. Beginners often ran wild with clashing hues and shades. About 5 per cent of film shot is color.



Capitol, by Winston Pote, Gorham, N. H.

I'm Sorry, a charming child portrait by Harry Rodrigues, San Francisco, Calif.

Morning Mist, by Ernest Kleinberg, Los Angeles, Calif.

NILLS
ROYS
ROY

Main Street by Night, by Gordon Kuster, Columbus, Ohio.

Trumpet virtuosos wouldn't favor this position. Note painting by Ellery.

He will ignore fine fishing weather if picture he's painting looks good.

Dragger

Self-taught trawler captain, marine artist, and trumpet player teaches oceanography to college professors

ELLERY FRANKLIN THOMPSON, captain and owner of the dragger Eleanor, is a Connecticut Yankee with an antipathy against hustling. Yet he sells 350,000 pounds of fish a year to Fulton Market in

PHOTOS TAKEN FOR LIBERTY BY SID LATHAM

-Artist

New York and knows so much about the habits of the fish he catches that Yale's top oceanographers regularly sail with him out of Stonington, Conn., to get the benefit of his knowledge. Since he started mixing art with fishing 17 years ago, he has painted 200 pictures, all marines except two nudes. Sale of his first canvas for $100 surprised him more than if he'd netted the Loch Ness monster. He plays the trumpet and once used it as a foghorn. Fellow draggermen, hearing The Star-Spangled Banner coming through the fog, thought that they were bearing down on an excursion steamer.

Ellery (center) with Dr. Merriman (left) and J. L. Morrow, Yale scientist.

Artist Thompson buys art supplies from Arthur Camassar in New London.

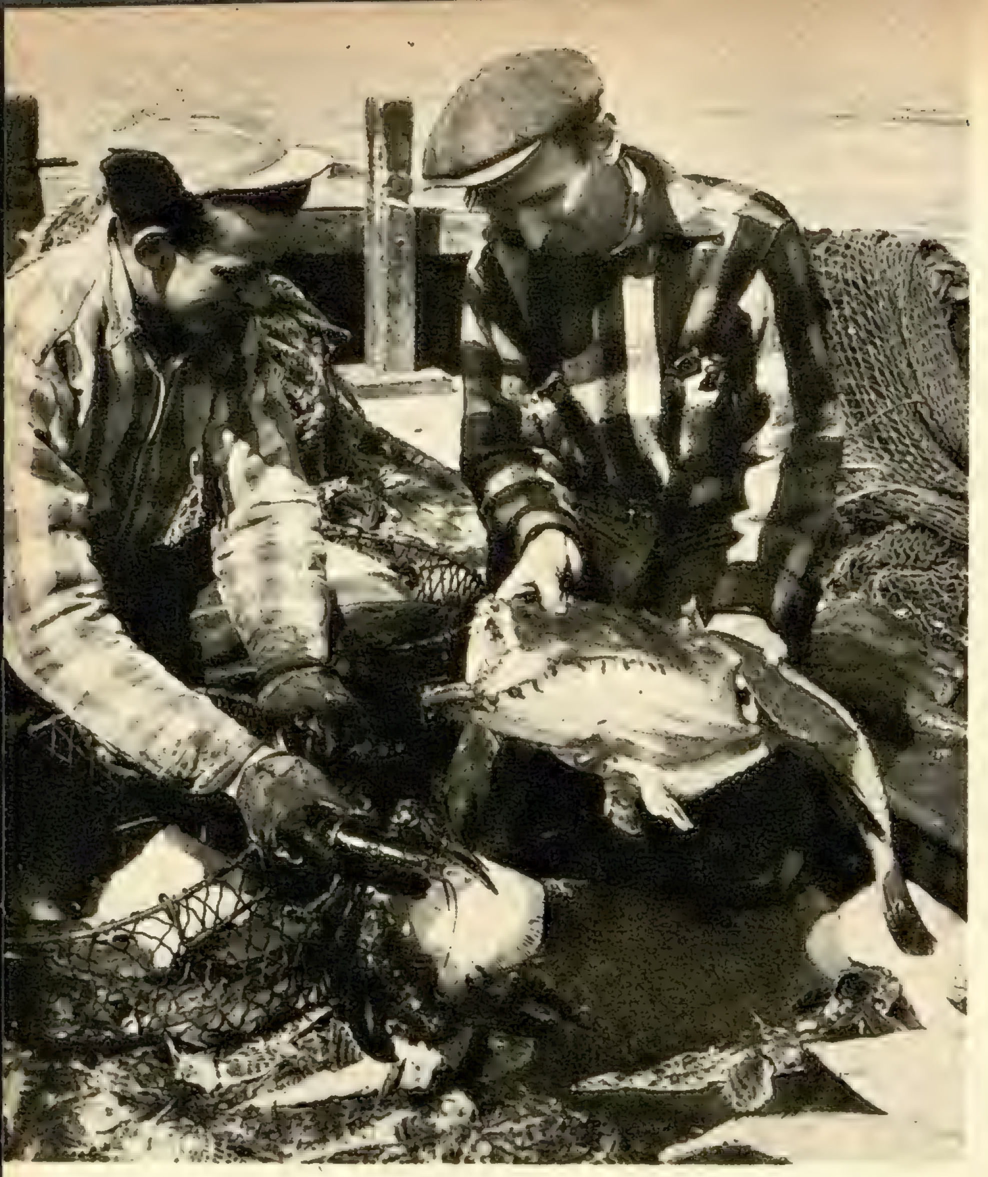
The Eleanor, a 50-foot dragger, was designed by her owner with a dime-store pair of calipers and rulers. "She's old now, but I wouldn't sell her for $15,000," Ellery says.

Draggermen have a high regard for Ellery's knowledge of boats and fish. Here John Pont, also a dragger captain, gets Ellery's advice as they study a new craft in blueprint stage.

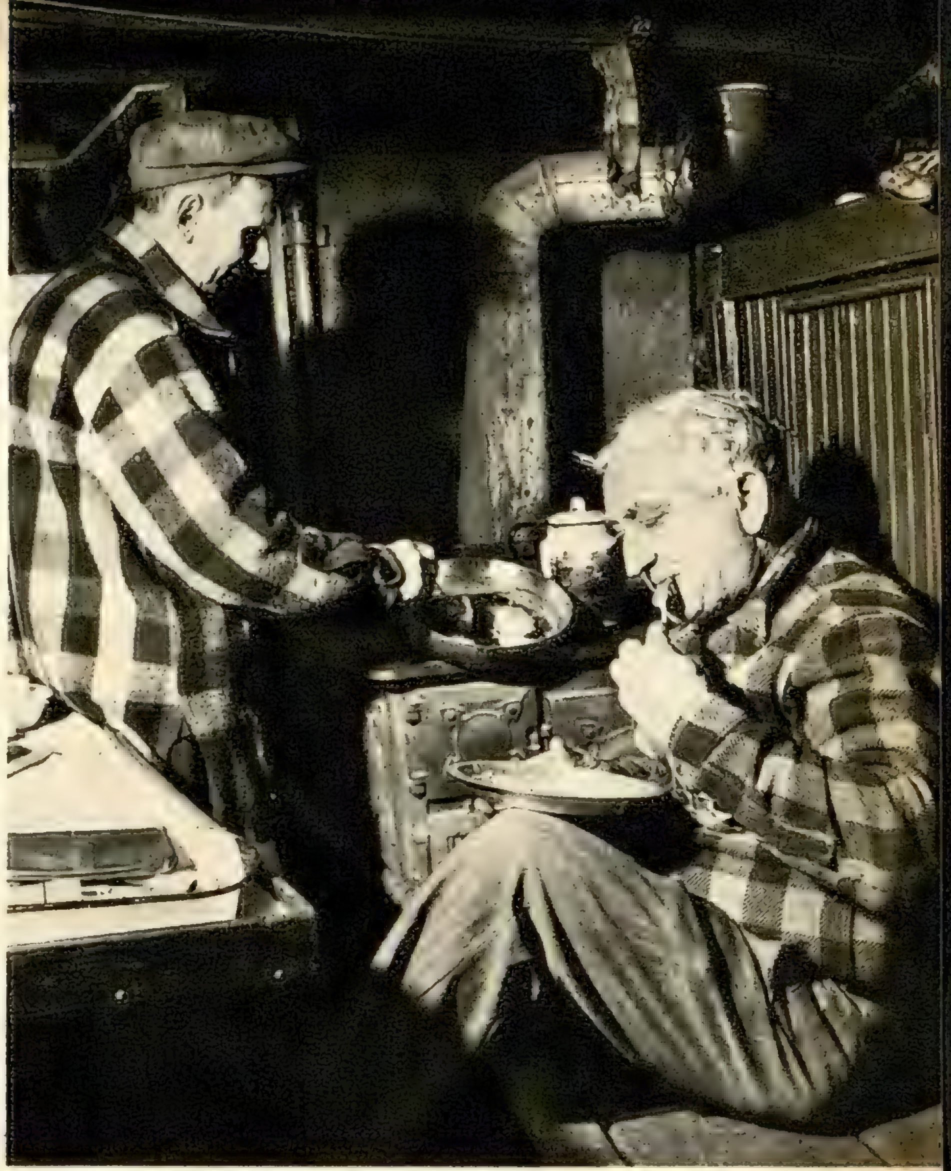
Nansen gauge has brought up temperature readings and water samples from ocean floor. Ellery is now working on a history of Connecticut fishermen with his own illustrations.

CAROLYN & GAR

Repairing nets. The cap'n is so easy on gear he once went 19 months without snagging a net. He's netted everything from human bones to a bag containing 24 bottles of Scotch.

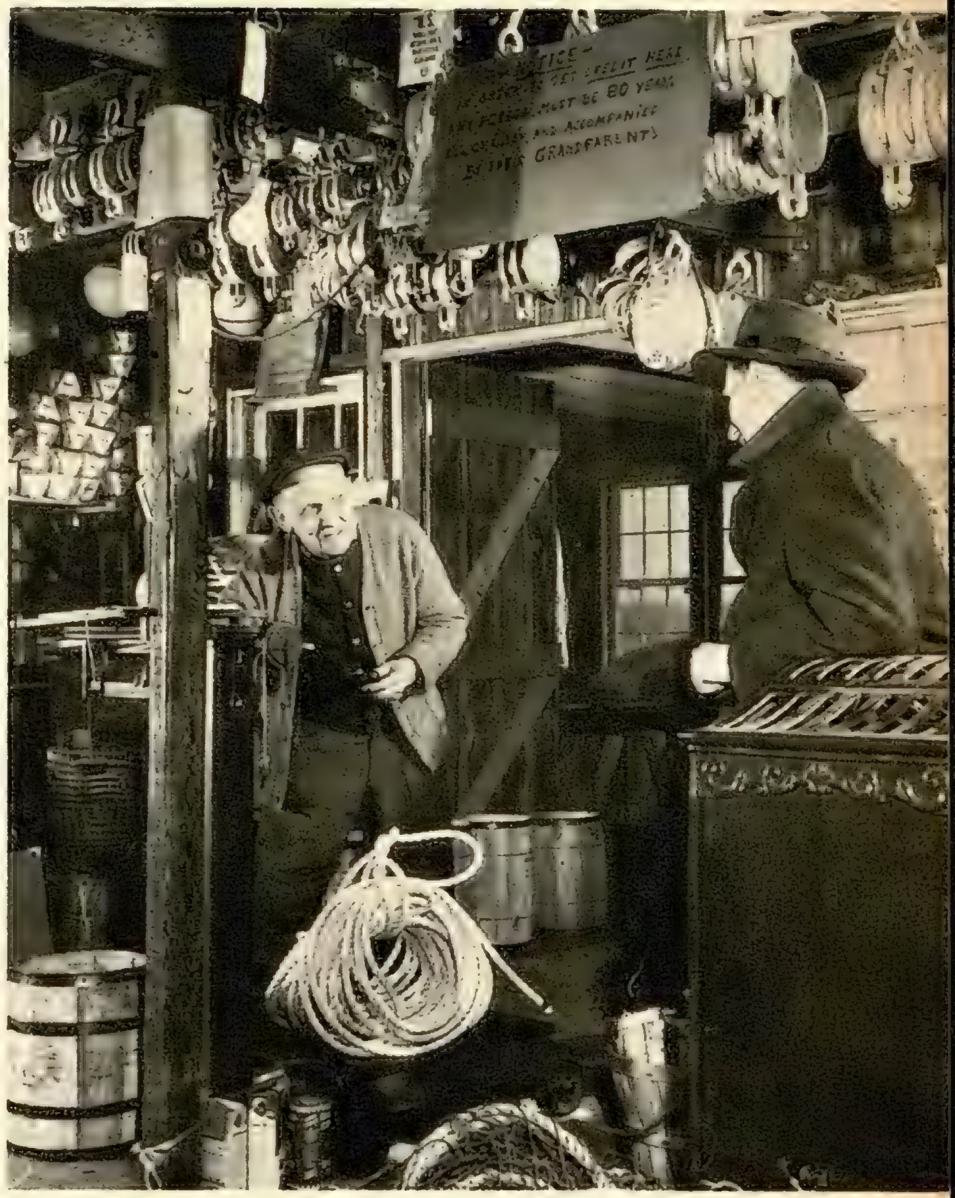


Draggers, really small trawlers, pack plenty of danger in dirty weather. Morris Thompson (left), Ellery's nephew, lost his father in 1931 when a big wave washed him overboard.



Yale's oceanographers were amazed to get hen lobsters for breakfast the first time they sailed on the Eleanor. Here Thompson and Charles Brayman eat in galley during a drag.

He lives with his widowed mother, Mrs. Florence Thompson, in New London, 14 miles from Stonington. In from a drag, Ellery and the Yale men eat turkey cooked by Mrs. Thompson.



Cap'n Ellery averages 130 days' fishing a year. He gets most of his gear from George Wilcox, 80, who runs this net loft on his farm near Mystic, Conn. Note sign about credit.

Liberty picks a Movie
eligible for top honors

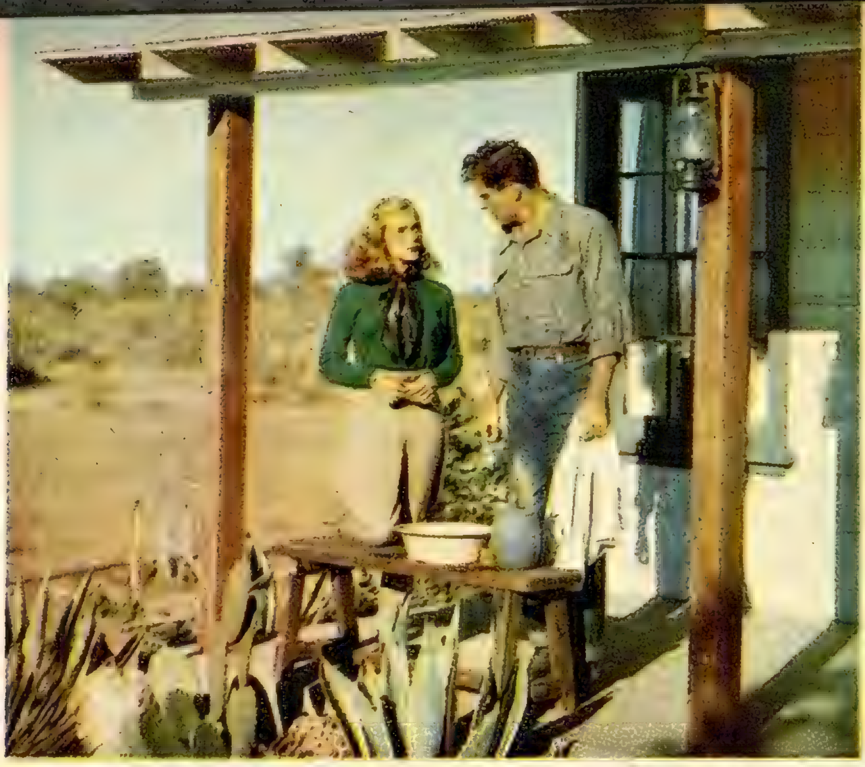
Unhappy at school, Paula (Scott) returns home, starts to see gangster Eddie (Hodiak) despite hatred of his partner (Corey).

DESERT FURY

EVENTUALLY movies about cowboys or detectives may reach a point where dialogue is eliminated altogether, so terse have their speeches become. It may be because Desert Fury combines both of these laconic characters that its dialogue is so very limited and its action so very fast. There are dozens of scenes to excite any moviegoer, from bronco-busting by Burt Lancaster to law-busting by John Hodiak and newcomer Wendell Corey. In between there's Lizabeth Scott, with Mary Astor as her gambling mother. For the excitement of a film that combines cowboys with cops you're sure to enjoy Hal Wallis' Desert Fury.

Shame over her mother's gambling joint, the Purple Sage, keeps Paula from any friendship with girls of her own age.

Worried about her romance with Eddie, her mother Fritzi (Astor) offers Tom (Lancaster) a ranch to marry the girl.



Though he loves her, Tom will not marry Paula under those conditions, but he warns her about Eddie's bad reputation.

Eddie and Tom fight over Paula, and though he is beaten, Eddie warns Tom he is going to run away with fiery Paula.

Thrilling finale has Eddie chasing Paula, with Tom in pursuit, until Eddie dies in an auto crash. Tom and Paula are reunited.

Dramatically displayed merchandise attracts crowds—and dollars. Show windows, skillfully planned and executed, lure customers into the store to buy.

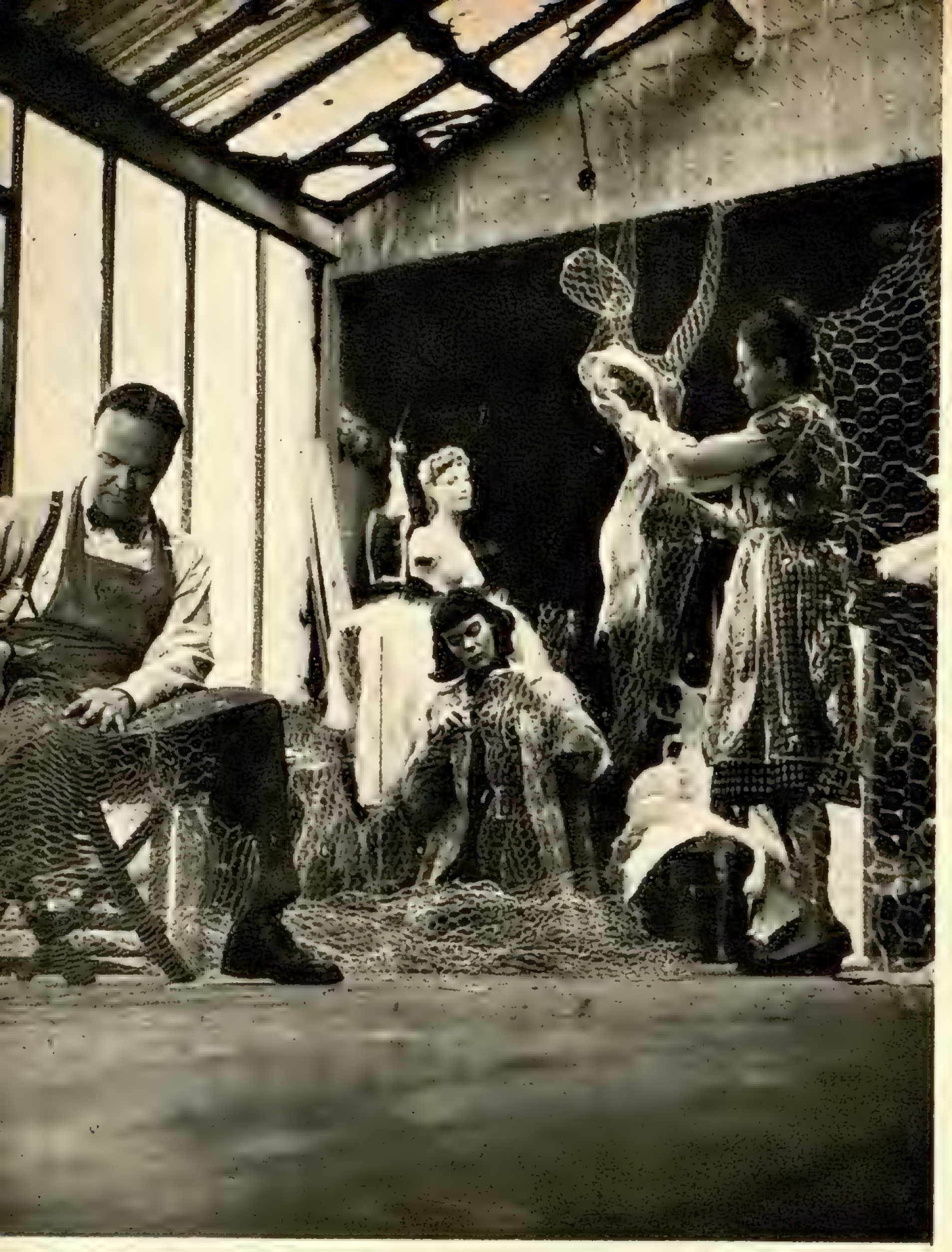
Show Business

By Lester Geiss

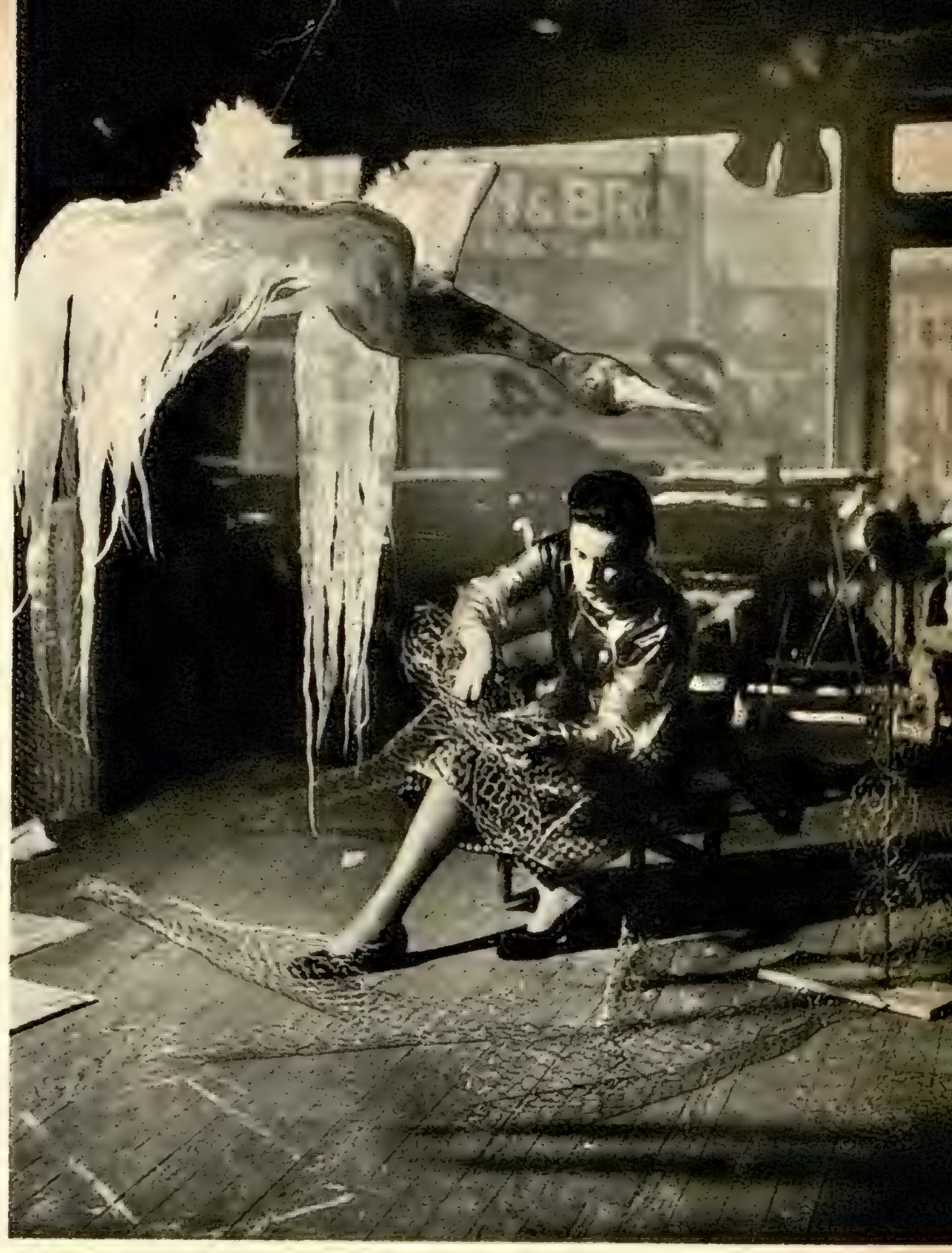
NOT unlike Broadway showmen who present lavish productions, window decorators are faced with the task of creating spectacles which will attract big crowds and produce a profit. Only, the latter must present a new show every week. Windows are planned months in advance, when large merchandise commitments are made for the purpose. The Fifth Avenue store where these pictures were taken spends up to $2,000 a week on windows which bring enough traffic into the store to warrant the expense.

LIBERTY PHOTOS BY EMIL HERMAN

Planning begins in wholesaler's showroom. Window designer Henry Callahan views hostess gown and sketches display idea for store buyer, Miss Keegan.

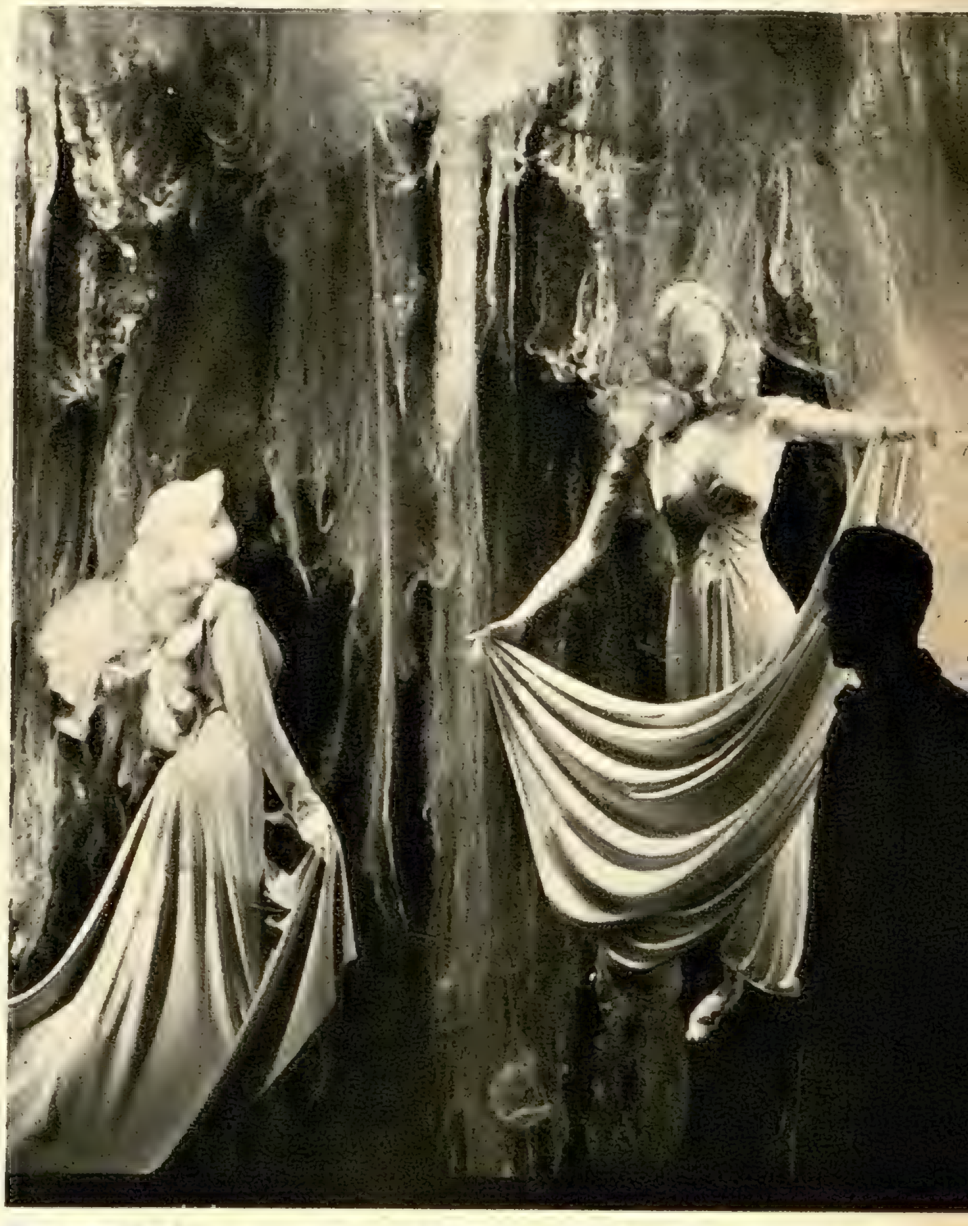


To glamorize nightgowns, mannequins of chicken wire covered with spun glass are made by Zaria studios; cost $150 each.



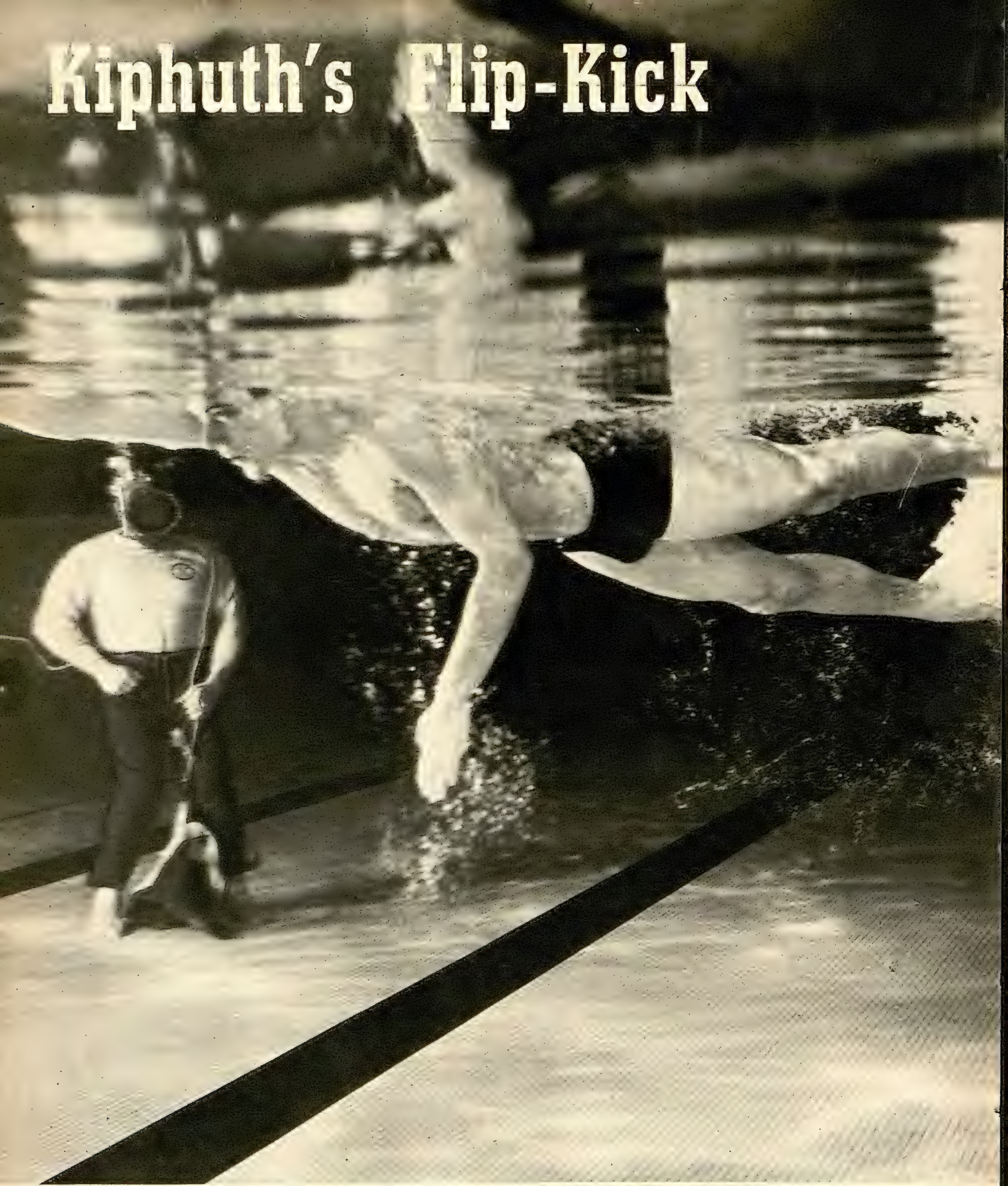
Fleecy but splintery, hard-to-handle spun glass again combines with wire to make a gossamer, dreamy display bird; cost $100.

Window floors are lowered into basement, dressed, and display elevated into place, except for hung displays like this one.



Suspended by thin wire against spun-glass clouds, mannequins are carefully lighted to focus attention on the nightgowns.

Kiphuth's Flip-Kick



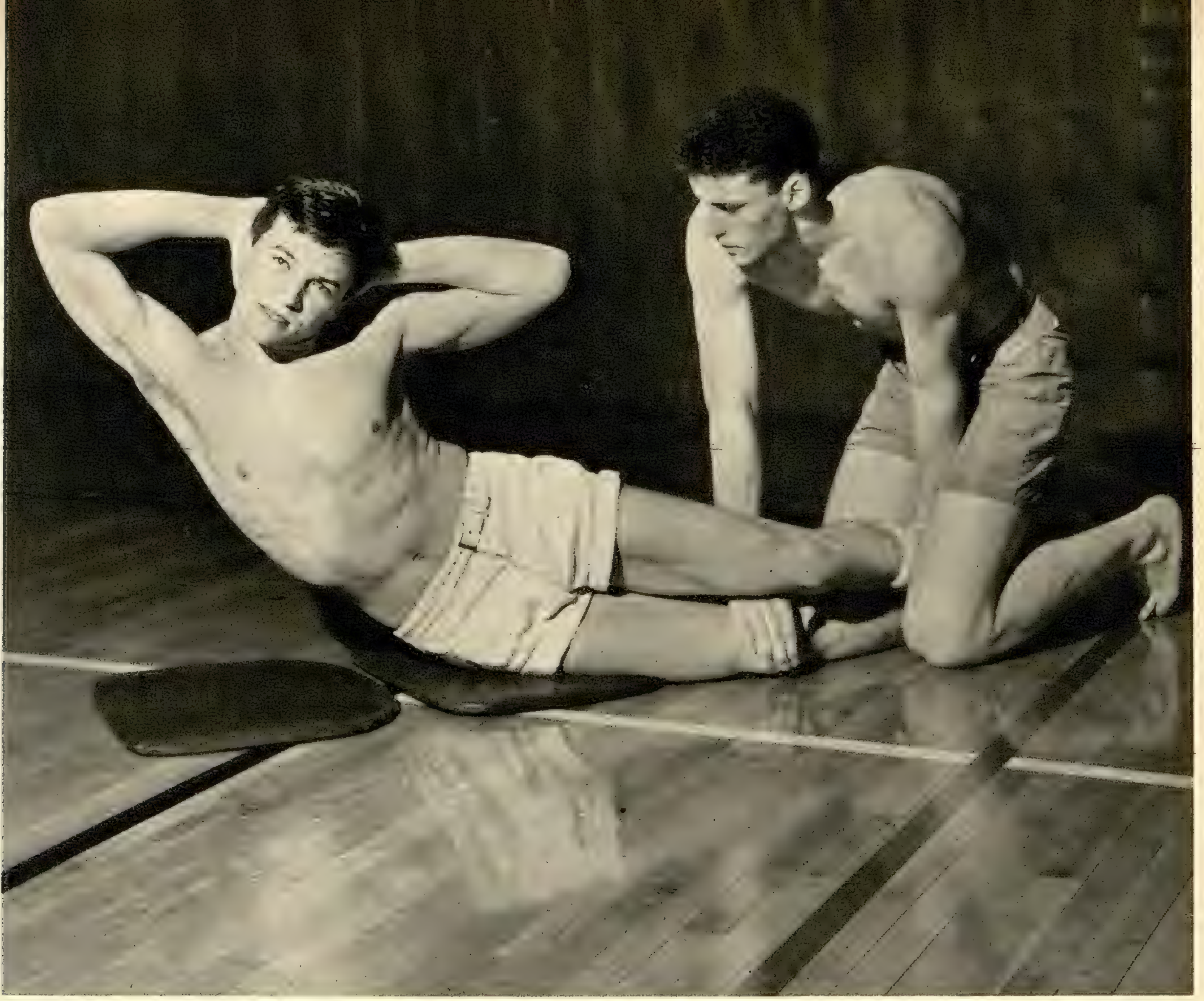
Coach Kiphuth gets a "fish-eye" view of his men from the floor of Yale's practice pool through his windowed diving helmet.

You'll get a real kick out of swimming if you use this new technique

By NOAH SARLAT

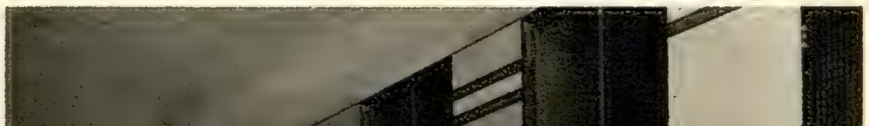
IF you were taught to swim within the last 20 years, you should have vivid recollections of your instructor's frantic pleas to "Keep your knees stiff!" He may have been coaching you from his tall umbrella-shaded lifeguard tower, but, brother, he was all wet!

To the overwhelming majority of misinformed American swimmers whose summer vacations have been made miserable by dutiful hours spent in conscientious kick practice along the side of a pool, a new and easy kick technique is offered by the country's outstanding collegiate swimming coach—Bob Kiphuth of Yale University. (*Cont'd on page 62*)

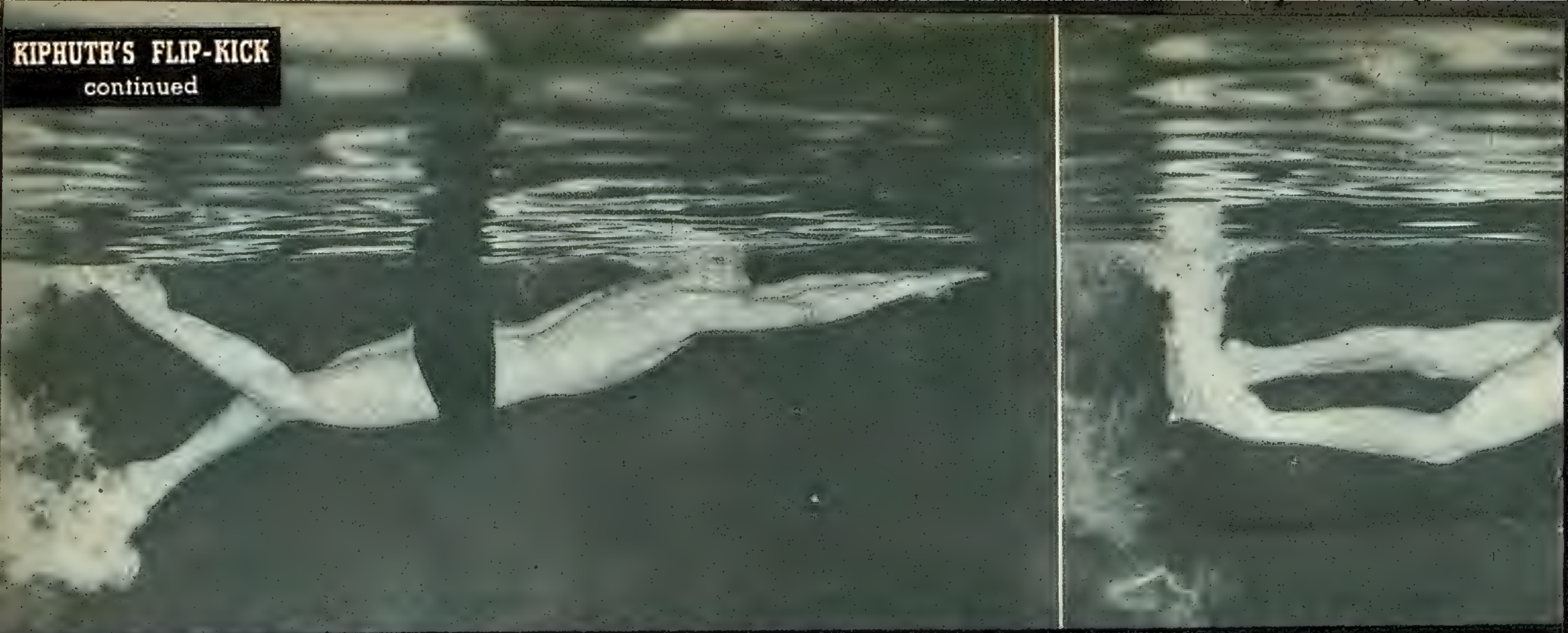


To swim like a fish, you must be built like a man. Paul Girdes and Allen Stack, crack Yale tankmen, work out in the gym.

The muscles that sustain and propel a swimmer are developed with supervised sweat-producing hour-a-day calisthenics.



Associate coach Harry M. Burke (kneeling), working with Kiphuth, clocks, criticizes, and corrects every man on his team.

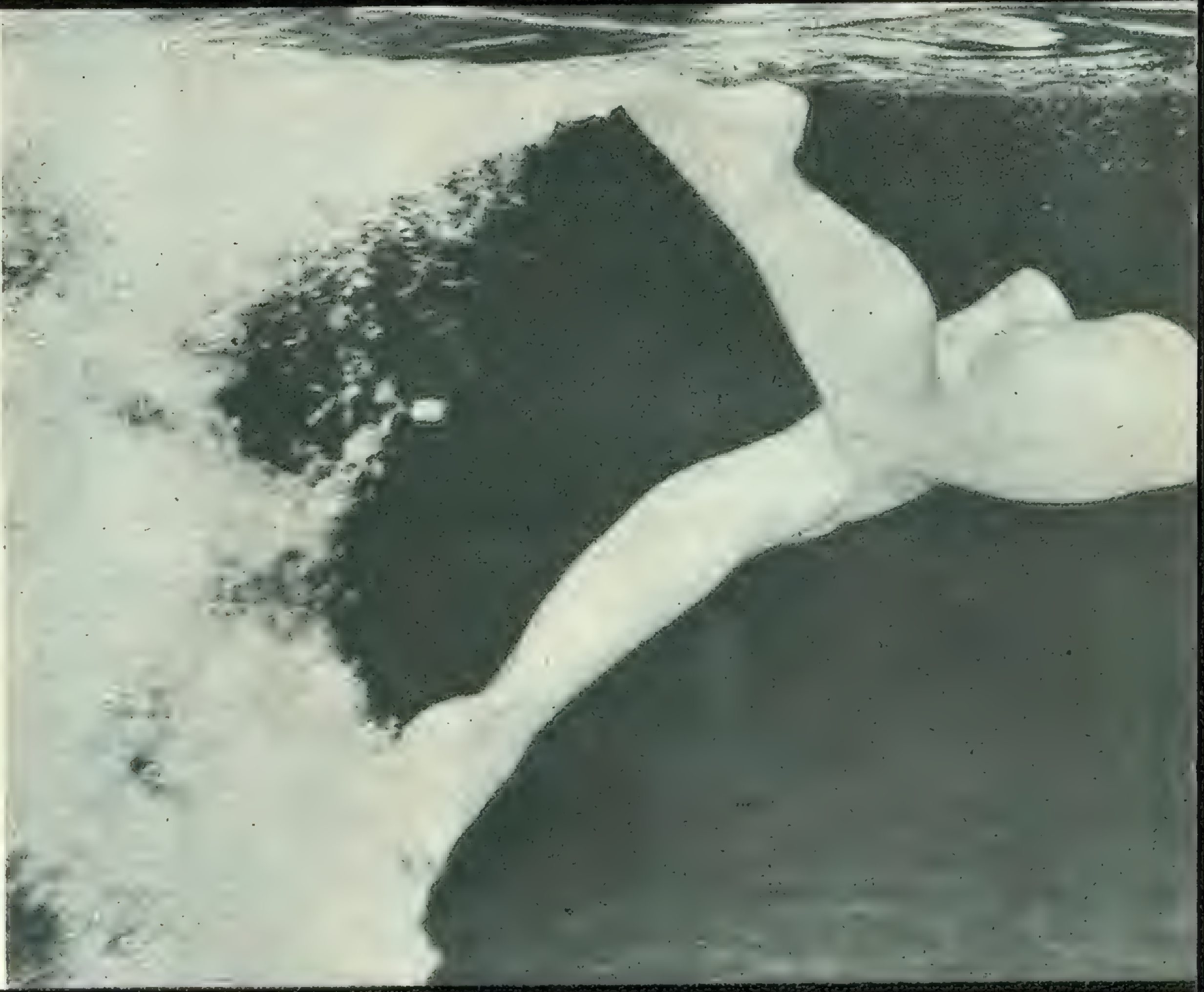


From hip to knee to ankle to toe, the flip-kick is a whiplike undulation similar to a fish's body moveme

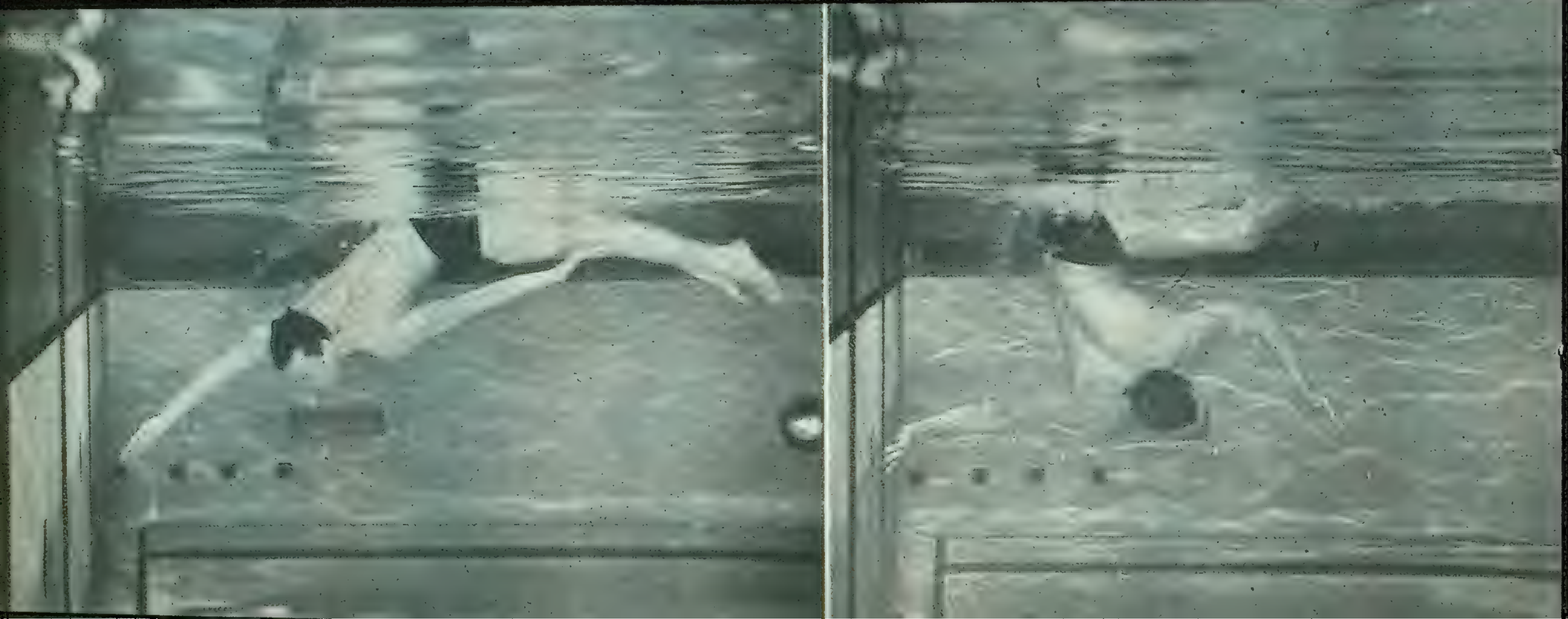
"What the flip-kick actually does," explains Kiphuth, "is to create a larger arc through which the legs travel, an arc which gives a wider push-out surface. The more surface against which your legs and feet can work, the more forward motion they will produce."

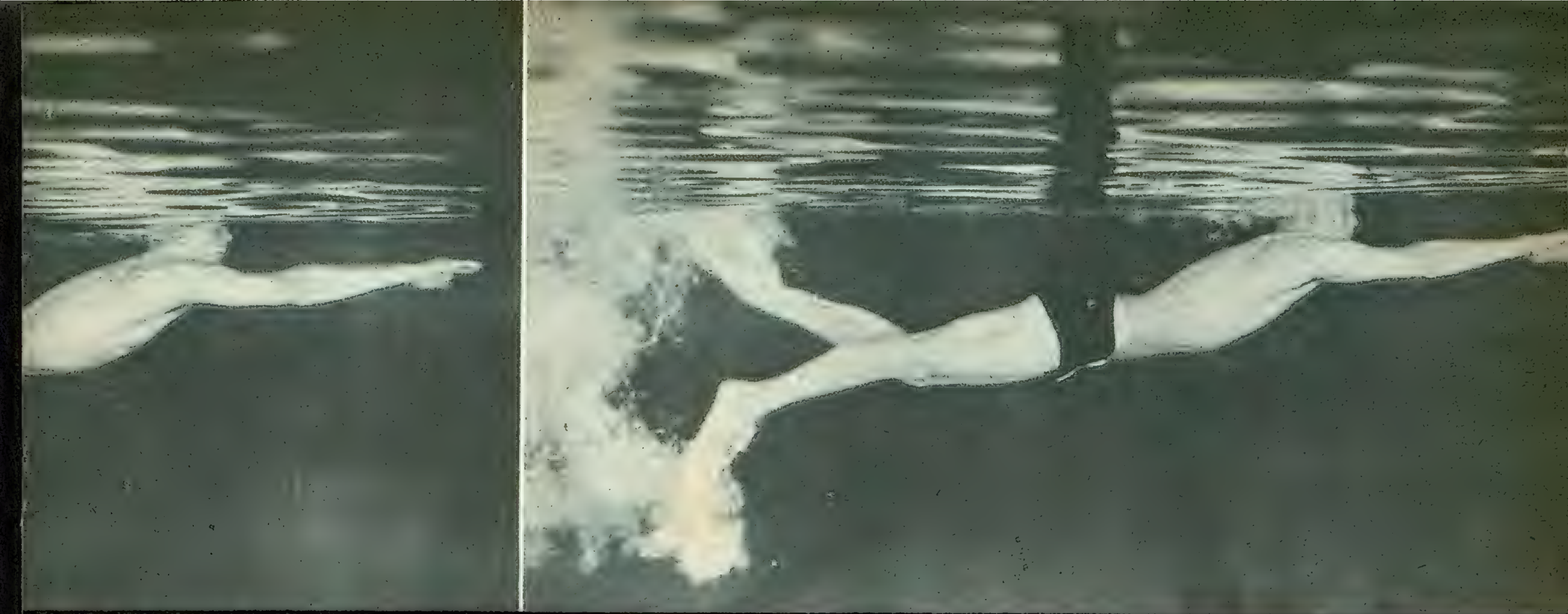
Thus the bent, relaxed knee and ankle, flexed by the power thrust out from the hip, set up a continuous series of rhythmic, undulating sweeps, seen in the sequence across the top of these pages and in the picture to the right. Less strenuous than the old stiff-at-the-knee jab, it is at once more natural and graceful.

From the day he took over Yale's swimming team in 1917, three years after joining the university's physical-education staff, Bob Kiphuth commenced his never-ending research into the matter of men in water. Books, articles, personal observation, and even a study of what makes a fish move, lie behind his present precise instruction pro-

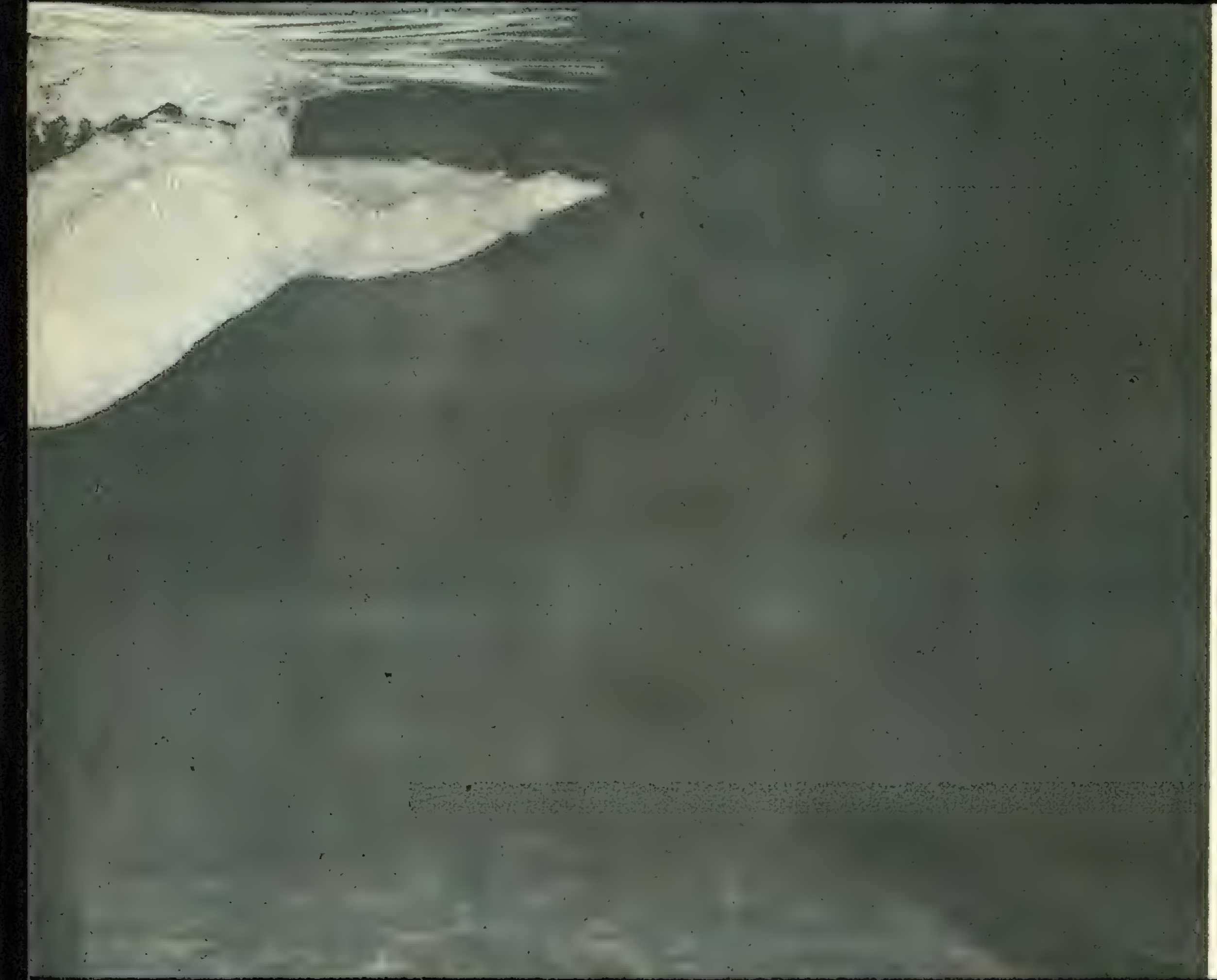


Because races are decided at the turns, Kiphuth keeps Yale swimmers constantly practicing "dive-flip





isplacing more water than the old "stiff-knee" kick, it's easier and it adds record-busting speed and power



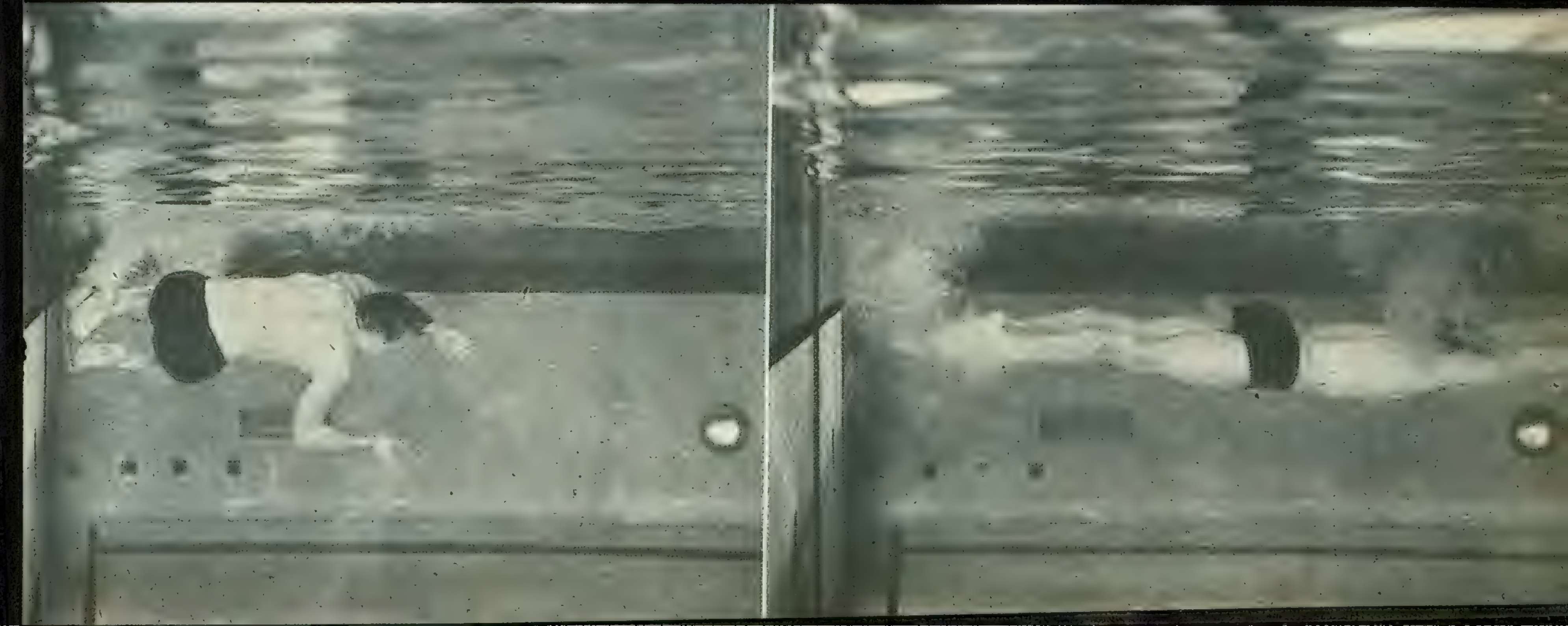
gram—a program which Bob has employed not only at Yale, but in coaching the last four Olympic swimming teams.

Record books tell the graphic story of Kiphuth-coached Yale teams over the past 30 years. Out of 394 intercollegiate meets, Yale has dropped only 10. But Bob's greatest moment came in 1944 when he witnessed his star pupil, Alan Ford, crack Johnny Weissmuller's 100-yard world's record of 16 years' standing.

Kiphuth breaks his training system into three parts. First, a rigid body-building regimen to ensure peak physical conditioning. Second, a progression from swimming with ankles immobilized to develop the arms, through rubber flipper and kick-board practice for the legs, to the final stage of competitive racing against the speeding hands of the stop watch. Bob's third rule dictates moderation in satisfying all appetites. Wine, women, and song may mix with water in the proper proportions.

PHOTOS TAKEN FOR LIBERTY BY NELSON MORRIS

combined half somersault, half twist, in which the wall is approached, tagged, and left simultaneously



Ricardo Montalban dances in Fiesta with Cyd Charisse.

Faith Domergue, a Howard Hughes' find, is in Vendetta.

Americans Want Latin Lovers Again

The three most exciting new stars are sultry Southerners, reflecting a trend away from the era of bucolic blondes

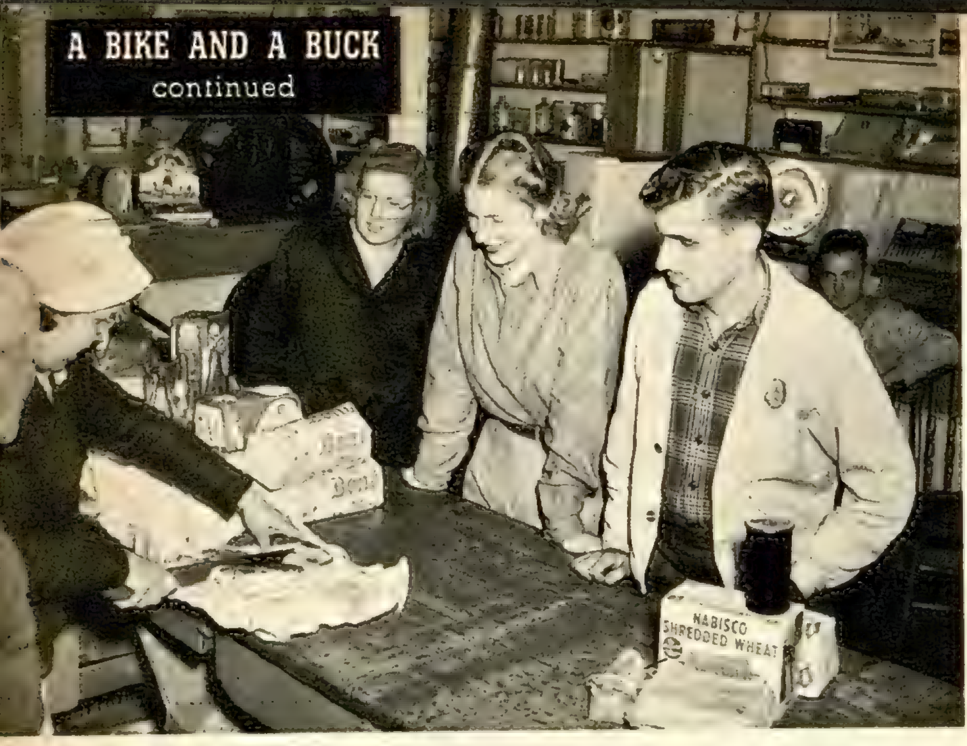
THE three most promising discoveries in Hollywood—Ricardo Montalban, Cyd Charisse, and Faith Domergue—are all warm-blooded brunets. Insiders say that it's hiatus time in Hollywood for the big, blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked, young, innocent types and a return to the purple passion of the Valentino era is on its way. It may not be quite so uninhibited this time. The Johnston office and higher standards of taste will see to that. But the low, smoldering stare and the clicking heels of Latin dancers are again ready to make their bid for elusive American favor.

Larry and Dalton start from Gladwyne, Pa., where first night and first buck were spent. (Below) At a community supper.

A Bike and a Buck

TOLD that a pedaling vacation on a piddling amount was possible and pleasurable, Dalton Arnold and Larry Engelhart found the proceedings packed full of "ifs." The American Youth Hostel's maxim, "A dollar a day," will work (1) in a group pooling money for food; (2) when that food is prepared by a menu-stretching chef. On new U.S.-made bikes the couple set out along Horse-Shoe Trail, across Pennsylvania Dutch country, wound up buckless but happy at model city, Hershey.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR LIBERTY BY JOE BOND



While buying a pound of home-cured bacon (72 cents), Dalton picked up a recipe for a Dutch delicacy—dandelion salad.

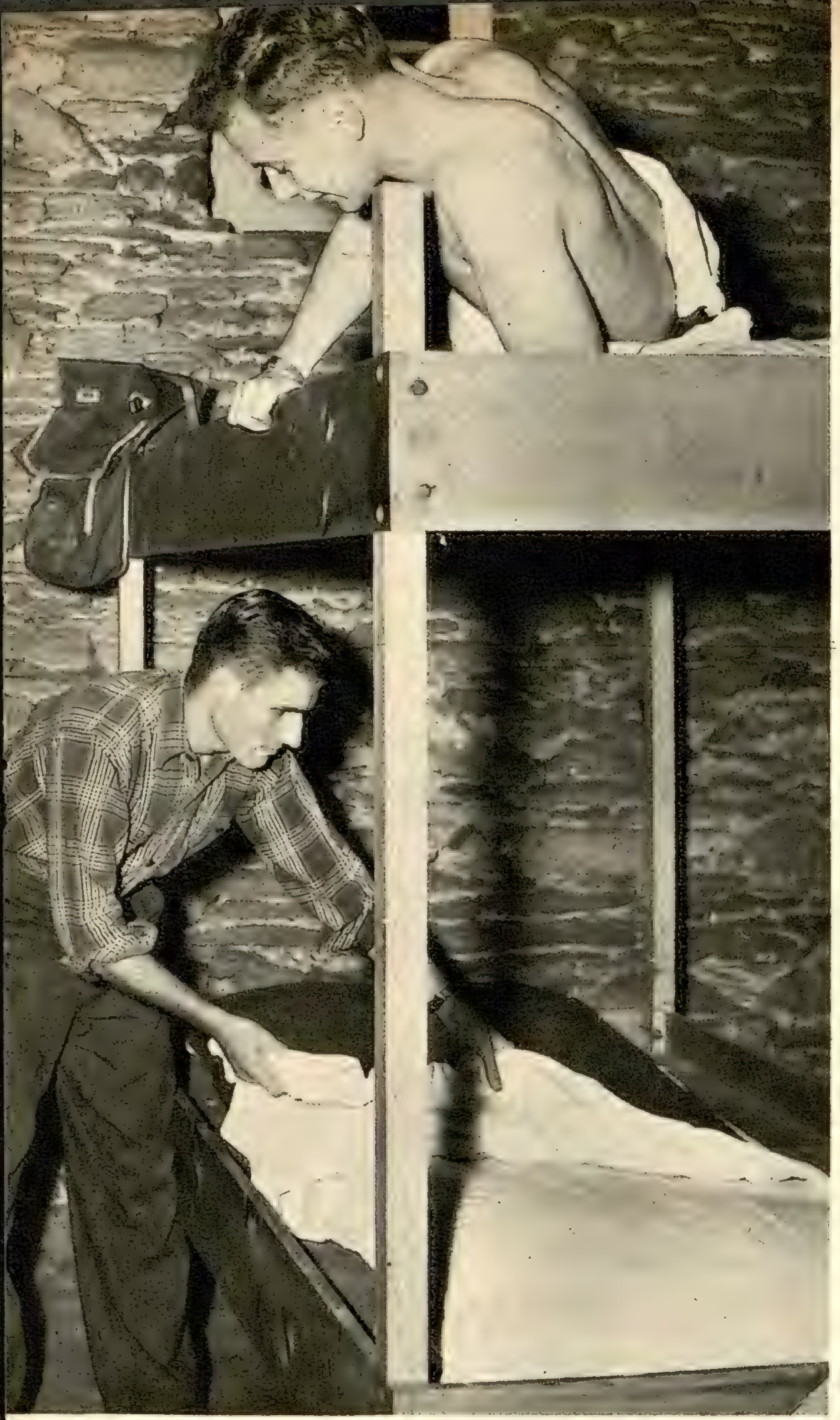
That evening Larry and Dalton joined in with hostelers from near-by Philly for some old-fashioned square dancing.

After a good night's sleep, Larry experimented with the crude showers rigged up in the hostel's converted horse barn.

Breakfast was good but expensive, as Dalton used the entire bacon allotment. Larry, of course, cleaned up later.

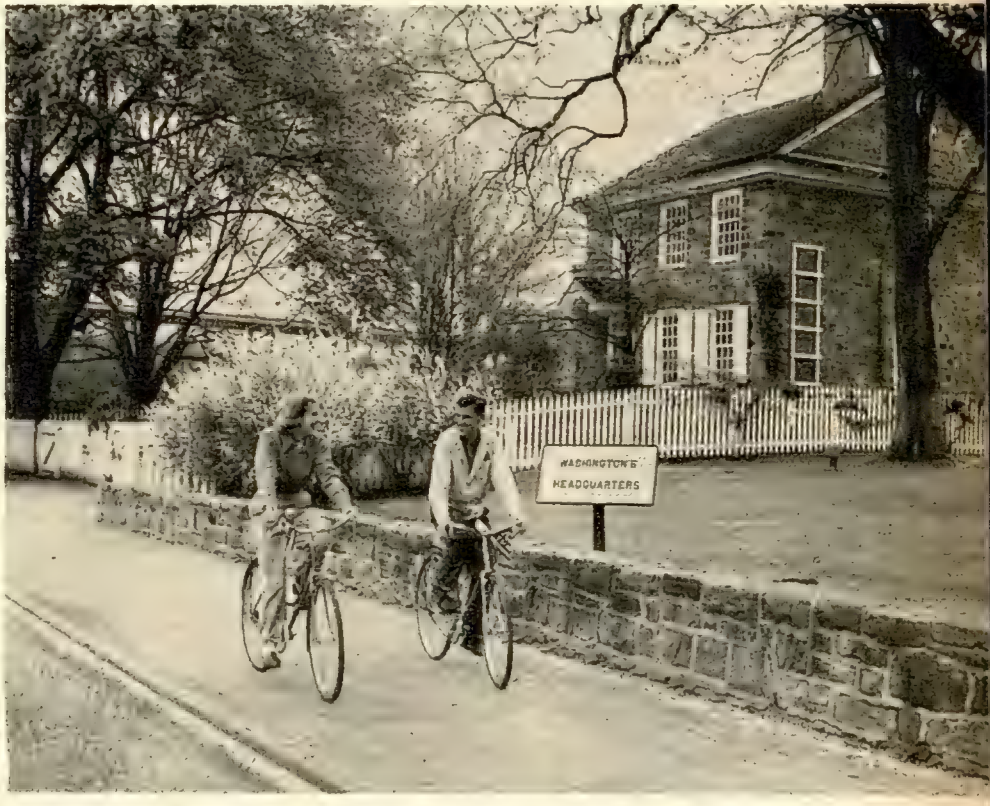
Budget beating became impossible when a foraging trip near Whitehorse produced plenty of dandelions but no fish.

To try a home-cooked Dutch dinner of seven sweets, seven sours, Larry and Dalton's budget bender cost $1.50 apiece.



Larry prepared his 40-cents-a-night men's dormitory bunk, placing his own sheet sleeping sack between hostel blankets.

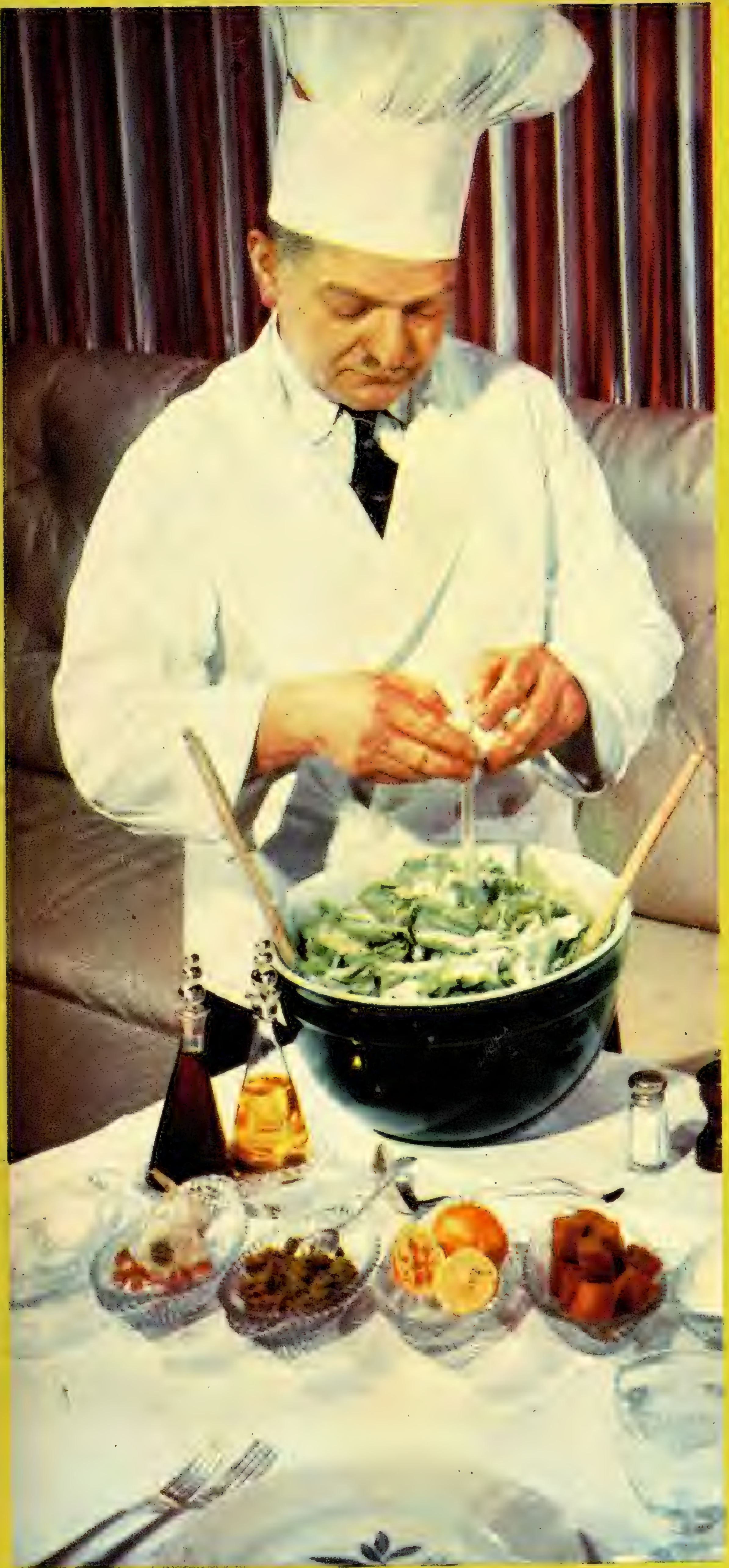
Ignoring a sudden downpour, Larry and Dalton removed their raincoats from their saddlebags and kept moving along.



Revolutionary days were recalled by visiting Washington's Headquarters at Valley Forge, starting point of the trail.

After 120 pleasant miles in a week, the couple shipped back their bicycles and attended church in clothes mailed ahead.

With Larry gone, Dalton stayed on at swank Hershey Hotel for one day, which cost as much as seven days of hosteling—$15.

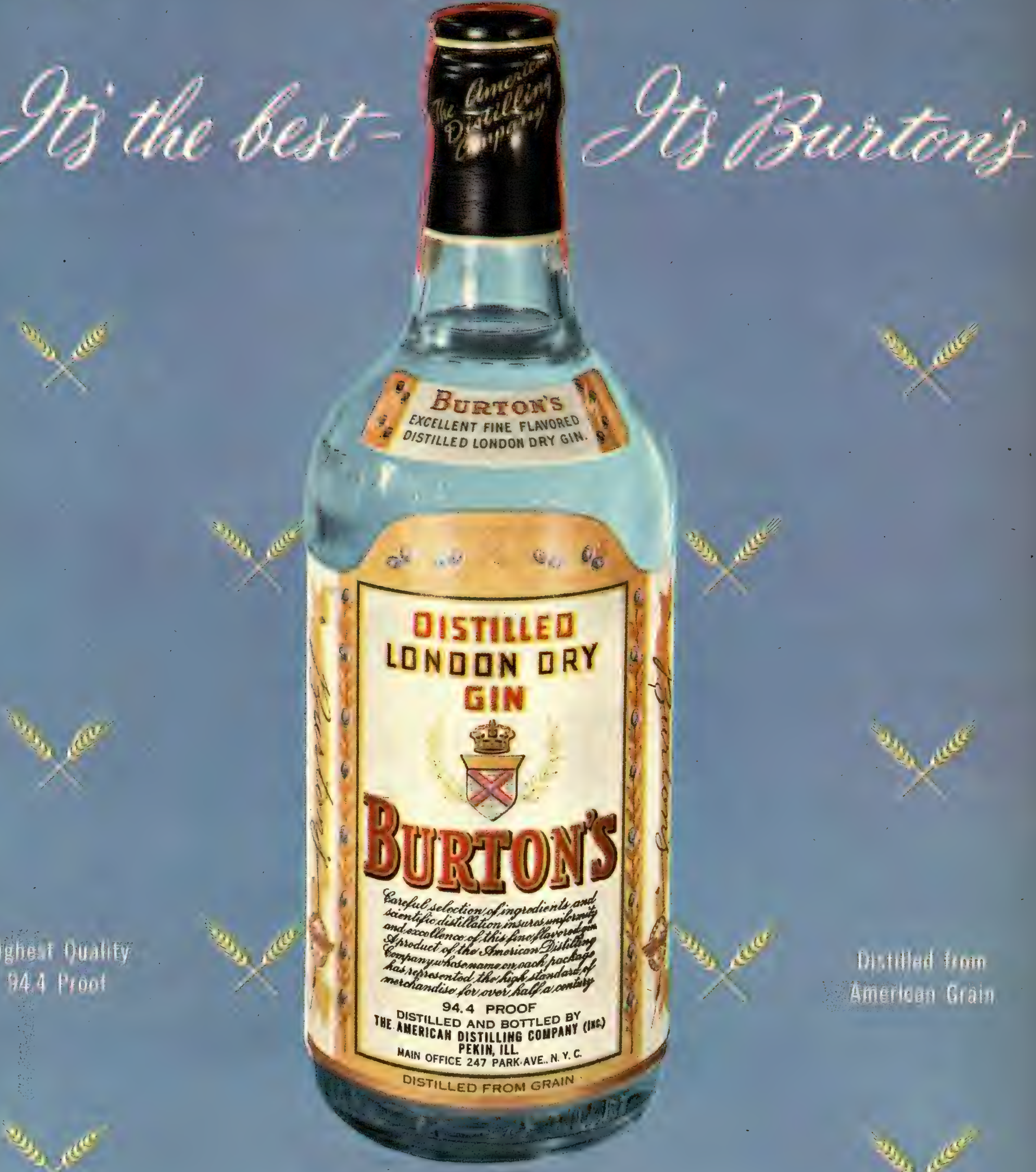


Add Russian dressing (above) to chef salad, or cottage cheese to fruit.

LIBERTY PHOTOS BY EMIL HERMAN

GOURMET'S GREENERY

OUT West, where salads have to be man-sized, gourmets for the last year have been smacking their lips over a delectable dish of greens, garlic, and ground pepper known as a Caesar salad. The recipe, a closely guarded secret at Los Angeles' better *boîtes,* is greatly in demand. This summer the highly spiced, substantial dish will probably take its place beside the ever-popular chef salad or the colorful fruit salad as one of the coolest collations for a hot night. Here's how the chef of Billy Reed's Little Club in New York prepares it (left): Romaine lettuce, croutons rubbed generously with garlic, one coddled egg, plenty of freshly ground black pepper, salt, juice of 1½ lemons, 4 ounces of olive oil, 1 teaspoon of Worcestershire sauce, and lots of Parmesan cheese. Toss all the ingredients in a large bowl, or beat the dressing first for extra smoothness.


It's the best — It's Burton's
The American Distilling Company
BURTON'S
EXCELLENT FINE FLAVORED
DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN.
DISTILLED
LONDON DRY
GIN
BURTON'S
Careful selection of ingredients and scientific distillation insures uniformity and excellence of this fine flavored gin. A product of the American Distilling Company whose name on each package has represented the high standard of merchandise for over half a century.
94.4 PROOF
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY
THE AMERICAN DISTILLING COMPANY (INC.)
PEKIN, ILL.
MAIN OFFICE 247 PARK AVE., N. Y. C.
DISTILLED FROM GRAIN
Burton's
Burton's

Highest Quality
94.4 Proof

Distilled from
American Grain

THE
American
DISTILLING COMPANY INC.
New York • San Francisco • Pekin • Sausalito

PRAIRIE TREE

Continued from Page 21

Whenever he thought of the water, he became angry.

If they only had a well! Sometimes it seemed that all of life's troubles came from the lack of it. Albert spent half his time hauling water from the slough. That was what made him so bitter. That—and the tree.

She helped Albert soak the blankets in the washtub. They hung them over the open windows and doors. But there was no breeze; the blankets hung lifeless.

"How is he?" called Albert from the doorway.

"He's awful hot," Mrs. Winstad said. "It's the fever that burns them up, you know. An' they can't sleep. If you can keep 'em cool—"

But it was impossible to keep him cool. Albert hauled fresh water from the slough, but it was flat and warm. Evening brought no relief from the stifling heat. The boy's fever rose.

And the next night, without a change in the weather. And in the days the sun beat down upon the roof like a fire. Mrs. Winstad shook her head. "A small body just can't stand it," she said.

On the fifth day the boy called for his mama and told her that he couldn't breathe. It was too hot, he said. Katrin rose from the bed.

"The tree!" she said to her husband. "Put two posts in the ground and sling a blanket under the tree! Hurry!"

A week ago Albert would have cursed her. He hated the tree. But now he was too sick at heart to do anything but obey her. He drove the posts deep, stiffened a piece of canvas with a stick at each end and slung it under the tree like a hammock. And when they laid the boy in it, his fever-bright eyes opened and he sighed.

"That feels good," he said, looking up at the deep green of the leaves. "I can feel the wind, too, mama. I'm awfully sleepy."

The man and the woman looked at each other. In silence the man went to the shanty and got two heavy pails, and he filled the pails at the tank and carried them to the tree. Katrin watched him pour the water over the roots. It was a strange thing to see.

WHEN Katrin Malver first came to the prairie, she had huddled up on the spring seat of the wagon like a child. She was married, but in heart and mind she was only a little girl.

"You—you'll have to be patient with me," she told Albert when they reached the end of their journey. "I don't know how to be a wife."

"Yah, sure," said Albert gruffly. He had had trouble with a sick cow the night before; now one of the horses had colic. "You can start the fire anyway, can't you?"

Katrin silently obeyed. She had never felt at ease with this silent man. She had married him because her father had had too many mouths to feed, and because Albert, who was leaving Minnesota to carve a home out of the wilderness, needed a wife. Her nervousness that first evening upset the kettle and spilled a gallon of their precious water.

"Aiyah!" His voice made her jump. "I told you it's a long way to water, didn't I?"

That was how it started—their coolness to each other. Katrin didn't blame Albert. He worked from dawn until dark, often until long after dark, and until their sod shack was built and the garden planted, he did almost all the work. Katrin didn't have strength to spade up the turf.

"Stop that infernal quiet!"

LIBERTY

"You better ten' to the cookin'," he told her finally, then added, "An' if you gotta wash so clean, you better go to the slough. I can't spare a pail of water every day jus' for washing."

Katrin didn't even know how to cook properly, without an oven or wood or coal. That first year made her look suddenly old.

Then, early in the second spring, Albert took Katrin with him to Butneau, the county seat, and the girl brought back with her a mysterious bundle that she hid under the horse blankets in the wagon. Albert didn't see it until next morning.

"What you doin'?" He stopped to gape at the hole she had dug in the grassy knoll south of the shack.

"I'm planting a tree," said Katrin.

"A tree!"

"Yes." Her voice rose. "I want a tree! In this whole prairie there isn't one green thing. I bought it with my own money."

"Then you're a fool!" he said harshly. "No tree'll grow out here without water."

"Then I'll water it!"

"An' where do you think you're gonna git the water?" He saw her hesitate. "Not from my tank. I got enough haulin' to do—for a team, a cow, and the house."

For once, Katrin faced him. "Then I'll carry water from the slough," she said quietly.

That first summer was scorching hot, and Katrin carried water every day for the tree. It was heavy work, lugging pails up the coulee path in the intense heat. It took up most of her time. To make up for it, she had to work furiously, getting the meals, cleaning the house, and gathering buffalo chips for the fire. But she was happy, for the tree grew. It thrust its roots deeper, its branches spread, and its leaves were the only live things in that whole sweep of grass and sky.

MR. and Mrs. Winstad, their nearest neighbors, came over to look at the tree.

"It sure is purty," sighed Mrs. Winstad. "But I don't understand, Katrin, how you can carry water. It must be three quarters of a mile to the slough."

"I'd carry it two miles, if I had to," said Katrin.

Ole Winstad shook his head. "If the Indians come—like they been talkin' down to Butneau—they'll make a beeline for this place. They couldn't miss seeing that tree."

Some people said that Katrin Malver seemed—well, a little queer, making such a fuss over a tree. After all, what good was it? It wasn't a fruit tree. They felt sorry for Albert Malver.

Albert harvested his first crop of wheat that fall. The homestead was becoming a farm. His only setback was another dry hole in the yard—his second attempt at a well.

The harvest was over when the

(*Continued on page 72*)

MAGIC STARS! MAGIC STORY! MAGIC ENTERTAINMENT!

JAMES STEWART
JANE WYMAN

Robert Riskin's IN

"MAGIC TOWN"

Magic Town

MAGIC TOWN

Magic Town

Their meeting was saucy and flippant!

Their romance found birth in the magic of a sudden kiss!

Their love jeopardized the happiness of thousands!

ELECTRIC as only the stars of "It's A Wonderful Life" and "The Yearling" can be!

with **KENT SMITH · NED SPARKS · WALLACE FORD** · Ann Shoemaker · Donald Meek

Written and Produced by ROBERT RISKIN · Directed by WILLIAM A. WELLMAN · A William A. Wellman Production Released by RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.

(*Continued from page 70*)

storm came. Katrin was carrying water for the tree and she noticed the tumbling black clouds rising in the south. She breathed a prayer for rain, for the prairie was a dry brown husk.

When she had supper on the stove, she went out to look at the sky again. The black clouds were over her head, and pushing through the blackness was a boiling white mass. She felt the sudden chill in the air, Cold rain suddenly slapped her face.

Katrin ran into the storm shanty and seized the washtub hanging on the wall. She came out of the shanty just as the first white pebbles bounced out in the yard. They struck her face, her head, and her arms, but she stumbled to the tree, threw up the tub and tried to hold it over herself and the tree.

The hail grew bigger. It drummed on the galvanized tub with a deafening roar. One struck her hand and she cried out, jerking her hands inside and up against the bottom of the tub. The hail pelted her. She cringed, but she held the tub, closing her eyes.

The hail stopped. She let the tub sag, staggered back against the house. She was battered and weak, but her eyes were on the tree. Some of the branches were broken, there were leaves scattered on the ground, but the trunk and head still soared proudly. It was alive.

"That's the darndest fool thing I ever heard of!" Albert looked at the black-and-blue blotches covering her legs. "You might 'a' been killed!"

KATRIN had learned to stand up to her husband. She was grateful to the tree for this. There was a streak of hardness in her that the tree had nurtured. She respected her husband, partly because he was kind. Katrin had watched him currying the bay team, lifting the horses' hoofs, looking at their teeth, combing their shaggy coats. And when they nudged him and arched their necks for his hand, a look of pleasure came to his face.

She had tried, once or twice, to stir this mood in him, but she got the feeling that he was looking at her critically and disapprovingly.

The third spring, before the dry season, the baby was born. Albert was pleased about the baby, but building the barn and digging a new well took every minute of his time.

"There's bound to be water on your place," Ole Winstad had encouraged him. "It comes from the mountains. Look at that slough, now. We been here four years, an' it never dried up yet."

Katrin was too busy to worry about the well—or about the rumors that the Indians were coming out of the hills. The baby demanded more and more attention. She took to getting up earlier in the morning, to make the trip to the slough before daylight.

"That tree is gonna send you to the lunatic asylum," Albert told her. "Ever'body's talkin' about it."

"It's the first really automatic pencil they've ever made."

LIBERTY

Katrin looked out of the window and smiled. She didn't care what people said. She had the baby—and the tree. And she was no longer a weakling physically. Her legs had strengthened from her daily walks to the slough. She could work long hours now without weariness.

And the tree was the loveliest tree she had ever seen. It had grown straight and true. Katrin had pruned its tip and the canopy of branches bulged over in a symmetrical dome. Green and lush, the leaves spread a circle of shade that reached the front door of the house.

Another summer and Albert was digging a well again. He had hired the drilling machine from Butneau.

"Come nineteen miles!" the well digger had protested. "That'll cost you plenty! An' what if the Indians pick that time to come out of the hills?"

"I lived here seven years, an' they never come out yet," said Albert.

He paid the price demanded, and the well-digging machine came out. That was the time that the boy was taken ill with the plain's fever.

THE fever dropped that first afternoon the boy was taken out under the tree. He improved, and a new relationship came to Albert and Katrin.

Albert still carried water to the tree. He didn't say that the tree had saved the life of their son, but every day, now, he filled the pails from the tank and poured the water over the roots.

The well digger had heard a new rumor about the Indians, and in the middle of the night he had deserted them, walking back to Butneau.

"Don't worry, Albert," Katrin said. "When he comes back, you'll find plenty of water."

"When he comes back!" snorted Albert. "He'll come back to git his rig. We went down a hundred an' seventy-five feet. That's all the pipe he's got. He said he wasn't drillin' no more dry holes."

"Then we'll get somebody else," insisted Katrin.

"Maybe we ought to move," he said doggedly.

"And leave everything?" she cried. "The fields—the barn and the house? And the tree? I wouldn't leave this place for anything in the world!"

He stared at her. "I didn't know you was so crazy 'bout this place."

"There are—other things you do not know," Katrin said softly. "But this is my home, Albert, and you are my husband. I wouldn't change either one."

THE sun was paling the eastern sky when Ole Winstad came. "Albert! Katrin!" he called loudly. "Indians! They come now! I meet you at the section line!"

"Wait!" Albert jumped through the doorway. "What is all this?"

"They killed Lesher, his wife an' kids! A rider just came!"

Albert started for the barn, yelling at Katrin, "Git the boy ready! Blankets in the wagon! Something to eat! Water!"

The early light helped their desperate rush. Albert hooked the bay team to the wagon, rode one of the blacks and tied the other behind. With the boy bundled in blankets, Katrin climbed on the spring seat and took the lines. Albert herded the cattle.

Ole Winstad was at the section line to meet them. His boy Halvor took over the job of herding the cattle, got the stock bunched, and on the trail ahead of them.

Albert let Katrin drive. He took the rifle and took his place in the back of the wagon.

They were driving straight into the sunrise. Katrin looked back. She couldn't see the buildings. But she could see the tree—the top of its green dome rose above the fold of the prairie and etched itself against the gray of the sky. And the woman felt a deep pang of sadness. The Indians would burn the house and barn, they would murder the tree. When they came back, the farmyard would be an empty fire-gutted patch of earth.

"Hey! Albert! What's that?" Ole Winstad pointed to the horizon.

Albert took up the bundle of oats and propped it against the end-gate of the wagon. He peered through the bushy tops of the oats.

"Indians!" cried Winstad hoarsely. "Two of them!"

"Shut up, Ole!" Albert's voice rose above the creak of the wagons. "And keep the horses in a walk!"

"What we gonna do?"

"Just keep on," Albert said calmly. "Git down in the box, Katrin! Ole, you can stan' ahead of the seat. Show yourself a little bit, but not too much. And don't look back!"

His directions steadied them. The boy was far ahead, driving the cattle with whoops and shouts. He knew nothing of the Indians.

Albert could see them plainly now. They had pulled up on the knoll by the section line, apparently debating about coming into the open. Ahead of the wagons and on both sides there wasn't cover enough to hide a gopher.

The Indians put their horses into a lope, riding boldly after the wagons. They pulled up some five or six hundred yards away.

One of the Indians wheeled to the right, circling the wagons as if to intercept them. The other—the only one with a gun—thumped his heels against his pony and galloped ahead. The Indian leveled his gun twice, apparently aiming at the horse jogging behind the rear wagon. But each time he lowered the gun, rising in his stirrups as if trying to look into the wagon. As he rose the second time, Albert's rifle crashed.

The Indian flung up his arms, swayed, slid over the rump of his horse, and rolled over and over in the grass. The second Indian galloped away.

IN another hour they struck the Butneau trail coming in from the south. Two other farmers joined them here, both well armed. Even Ole Winstad began to grin with confidence. The trail, they knew, would soon be crowded with refugees. The Indians would not come too close to Butneau.

They reached the town early in the afternoon and found it a swollen stampede of wagons, horses, men, and families. To avoid famine, a strong wagon train was made up and pushed on to Sutter's Lake. The Winstads and the Malvers went with them.

At Sutter's Lake, Albert found an abandoned shack in the hills, and when he learned that the owner had left for good, he repaired the crumbling fence and turned the stock out. When the news from Butneau told of the dispatch of troops from a distant army post, Albert bought garden seed and planted vegetables. He repaired the roof of the shack, even began clearing a weed-choked field south of the buildings.

Katrin watched his labors anxiously. "Don't you think we could go back soon?" she asked one evening. "What do they say in town, Albert?"

"The Indians are all through the north country," reported Albert. "They're fighting now with the soldiers."

"But where we lived—" Katrin shook her head. "They wouldn't come that far south!"

Albert shrugged. He was moody, thoughtful. He came back from town with a stranger one day, and when Katrin saw them walking over the land, a worried frown came to her eyes.

"Albert"—she stopped in the middle of pouring his coffee that evening—"I want to know what you're thinking. I want to know what you're going to do."

"I'm thinkin' of stayin'," he said heavily.

"Staying here?" She plumped the coffeepot on the stove so violently that coffee spurted over the stove. "No, Albert! No!"

"I can buy the place cheap." His mouth became stubborn. "It would be good for cattle, for dairy. And there is plenty of water!"

"No! It's a broken-down place! A hill place! With our fine farm on the prairie, Albert?"

"Aiyah!" He threw up his arms. "Fine for what? For haulin' water?" He rose, upsetting his chair. "I made up my mind! Tomorrow I sign the papers."

Katrin's face was white. "Then I'm going back," she said.

"Huh?"

"I will!" She faced him steadily. "I'll take the baby and go! The soldiers are everywhere now. Mrs. Winstad told me. They're driving the Indians back to the mountains. I want to go home!"

The big man stared down at the slight figure, stared at her rebellious eyes, her defiant head. A slow, sheepish grin came to his mouth.

"I want to go too," he said. "I—I been worried 'bout that for a long time. If you'd take the chance—you an' the boy—we'll start back tomorrow."

WHEN they reached Butneau, there was good news. The Indians were no longer on the river. But there was bad news too. The Indians had swept the country bare. What they couldn't carry away, it was said, they ruined.

Albert and Katrin took the news silently, grimly. It was hard to lose the fruit of seven years. The thought of raising a sod shack, of building a dugout to winter the stock, of borrowing the money for seed—it was a weary road to travel again.

But they put their faces to the west and journeyed on. Katrin had a tree in the wagon. When she told Albert that it would cost three dollars, the big man hesitated, looking away. But he had fumbled for his wallet, found the tiny roll of crumpled bills and given it to her.

Off for a vacation tour in 1880. Even then COLUMBIAS were well-established as the first choice among bicycle enthusiasts.

...and it's still Columbia first for vacation fun!

How times have changed! Yes, but not the magic appeal of COLUMBIA bicycles. Today, more than ever before, they are first choice among bicyclists everywhere—both youngsters and grownups. Pack more fun . . . companionship . . . pleasure in your vacation with a COLUMBIA. It's the smartest, sturdiest, smoothest riding bicycle on the road. See new models at your COLUMBIA dealer's today. The Westfield Manufacturing Company, Westfield, Massachusetts.

Columbia

SINCE 1877... AMERICA'S *FIRST* BICYCLE

Grownups and youngsters!
Get the COLUMBIA
"Guide to Cycling Rules of the Road"...

A *must* for bicyclists. Illustrates traffic and hand signals and 16 basic road rules. Operates by a flick of the finger. Includes check-chart for bicycle conditioning. Mail the coupon below with 10¢ IN COIN.

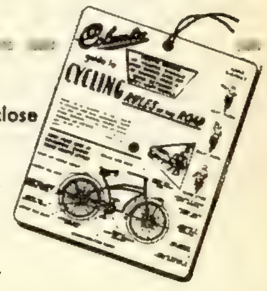
Mail to COLUMBIA BICYCLES
P. O. Box 84, Church Street Station, New York 8, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please send me the COLUMBIA "Guide to Cycling Rules of the Road." I enclose 10¢ in coin to cover cost of mailing.

Name____________________

Street____________________

City____________________ State________



"Thank you," she had said. But there was more than thanks in her voice and in her shining eyes.

They passed Boundary Creek, the south fork, and turned northward toward the river. They would not be able to see their farm until they were almost there, for the half section lay in a fold of ground that marked the river's bank.

Katrin looked down at the boy nodding sleepily beside her. "We're almost there," she said softly.

Then her eyes lifted to her husband, driving the cattle ahead of them. Albert had stopped. He sat strangely still on the big black, his body erect, head thrust forward. Then he jerked at the reins and his heels thudded into the horse's ribs. And when he reached the crest, he pulled up.

"Katrin!" His voice was a mighty shout. One hand waved madly in the air and he yelled at her to hurry.

"They didn't burn it!" cried Albert. "Look at the house! The barn!"

"And the tree!" said Katrin. Tears were streaming down her cheeks. "Albert—look at the tree!"

The woman was possessed of a queer excitement as she drove into the yard. She climbed down from the wagon and ran up to her husband.

"Look!" She was pointing to the tree. "Look at it! See how green it is!"

Albert bobbed his head, frowning.

"We've been gone six weeks, Albert—almost two months! And they said in Butneau it's been the hottest summer we ever had! They didn't get a drop of rain!"

"Why—sure. But—"

"Don't you understand?" She shook his arm. "A tree can't live here without water, Albert!"

"Well—that is sure funny, all right."

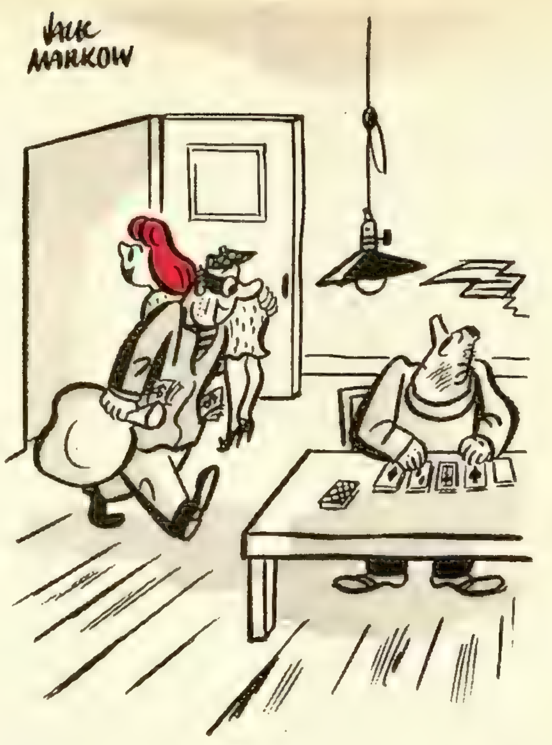
"No, no! It's wonderful! Because the tree found water, Albert! It's under the tree! It has to be! That's where we'll dig our well!"

"By golly!" Albert took a deep breath. "I guess—you're right."

THERE was water under the tree. Albert dug a hole under the longest branch, starting carefully so as not to cut the roots. He struck a vein, a natural spring, and when he was down fifteen feet he could go no farther. He couldn't draw the water out fast enough to dig. It was to become a well famous throughout the prairie.

And over the well, to shade its curbing and to protect it, stood the tree. It would stand there as long as Katrin and Albert lived. It would be a lasting heritage for their son. And when their son's sons came to the farm, it would still thrust its arms over the house, providing shade and coolness and beauty. It would be a landmark on all the prairie, a beacon to show the way. It would be a living reminder, to all people, of a woman who loved a tree.

THE END



"Did you ever have one of those days when everything seemed to go right?"
LIBERTY

WASHINGTON MURDER-GO-ROUND

Continued from Page 37

to would be the police. There's no profit in the police."

Irene looked bewildered. "Then you think I—I ought to *refuse?*"

"I think you ought to temporize. Make him take a few chances—chances in which he might slip up, give us some trace of who he is."

"How?"

"When he calls tomorrow, say you'd be willing to buy the letters if you could be sure they weren't fakes. You're not going to buy a pig in a poke. What you want to see, before you hand out a cent, is a sample letter. He can send you a copy of one or two. Insist on it. Only if you're convinced that he actually has your husband's letters will you do business. He'll understand that."

"But—but since I've never seen the originals—I wouldn't know—"

"You didn't tell *him* that, did you?"

"No, but—"

"Then he doesn't know it," Ray said. "Once we get sample copies, there are at least three people who can check on them: Warren Bly, Eddie Lark, and Luis Carazel. They've all read the real ones. *They'll* be able to tell if this man's got the real stuff or not."

"And then?" Irene whispered.

"After you've seen the samples, have him call you again to give you detailed instructions on how to deliver the money. If we keep him busy enough—somewhere along the line he'll do something, maybe, that will let us get a grip on him. And I'd like to be at your place when he calls tomorrow. I'd like to hear his voice myself."

She agreed to that.

"I suppose you're right," she said, "I—I've been too confused, too shaken, to see things clearly tonight."

I had a strange thought. Up to now, both Warren Bly and Congressman Rashton had been high on my list of suspects, even if I'd never crystallized my ideas about them in a definite way. What Irene Legrue had reported, however, seemed to exonerate both men. At a few minutes before nine, when she'd received the telephone call, Bly and Rashton had been in this very room, talking with Ray and Eddie Lark. Neither of them could have telephoned her.

WE dropped Irene Legrue at the Mayflower, and Ray drove me out to Chevy Chase.

When I finally got to bed, I couldn't sleep. I was too nervous. I lay in darkness, eyes open, while my mind leaped from one speculation to another. How could we discover who had telephoned Irene? How could he be seized? Would Ray perhaps recognize the voice tomorrow? That could happen only if the man were someone Ray knew.

My thoughts darted to Luis Carazel. It couldn't have been Carazel who had called Irene. If the Mexican had the letters, he wouldn't be trying to sell them. He'd destroy them instead.

But *would* he, really?

I had an idea then. Suppose Luis Carazel did have the letters. Suppose it was he who had taken them from Eddie Lark, and his present search for them was merely a contrivance to conceal his guilt. Still, couldn't he use Irene to earn twenty thousand dollars for himself, knowing that once she got the file she'd destroy it? His objective would be accomplished and he'd be twenty thousand dollars richer into the bargain!

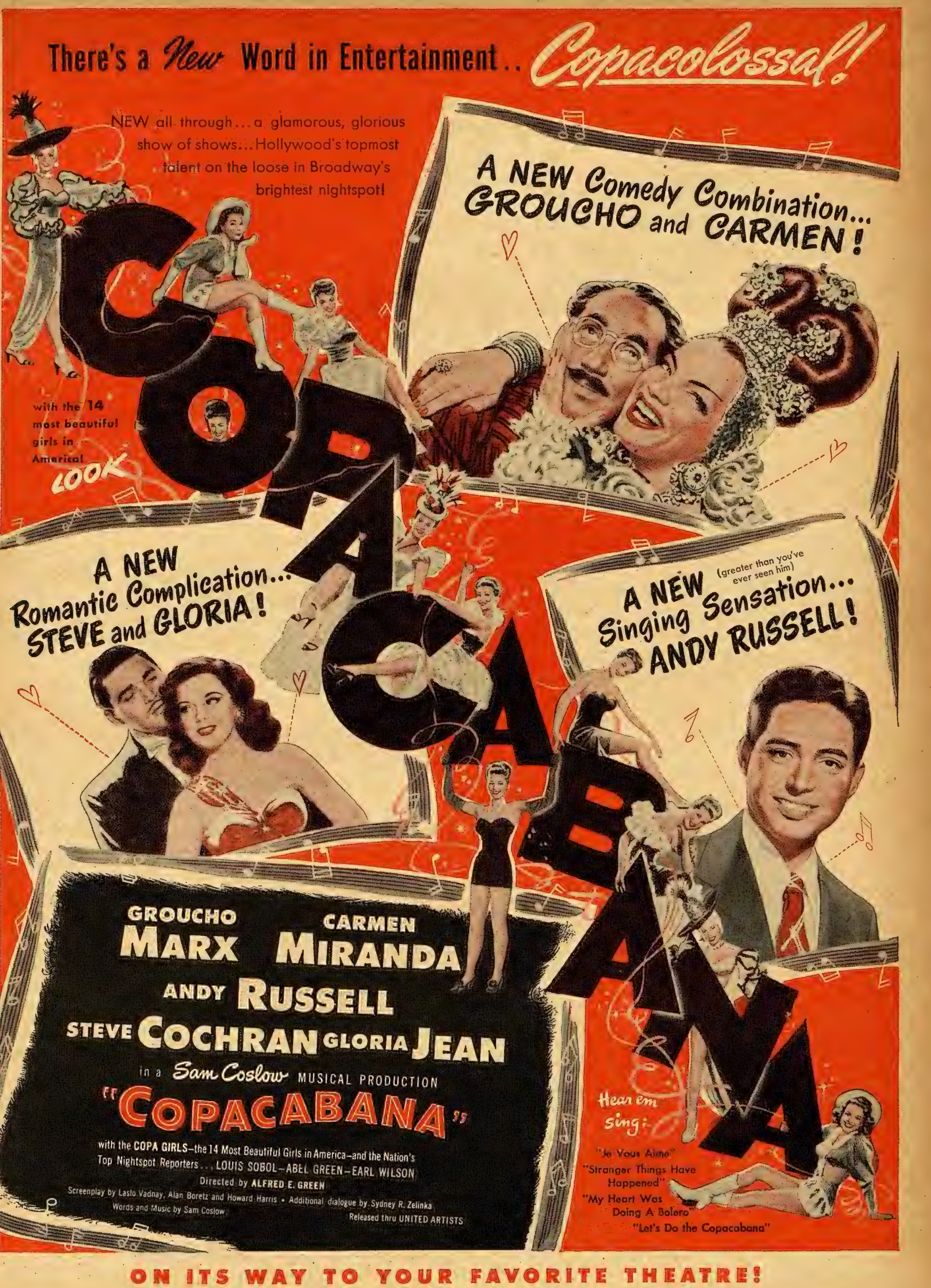
After a time, however, I put the weird notion aside. It was too farfetched. And I began to think about Nick Dudley. Disliking him as I did, I found it easy to have ugly thoughts about the man. He needed money. He'd been begging Ray for fifteen thousand dollars. Since Ray had refused, wasn't it possible that Nick was trying other ways of raising funds?

The night Eddie Lark had been attacked, I remembered, Nick had claimed he'd been at the Balalaika. How could we be sure of that? There was nobody to corroborate such a claim, except Nick's wife.

But before long this suspicion, too, began to seem absurd. How could Nick Dudley have known that Eddie Lark was bringing valuable letters to the house? He didn't know anything about them even now—unless he'd heard the intercom conversation between Ray and Luis Carazel that morning, while I'd recorded it. But that conversation had occurred *after* the theft of the letters.

I put the whole thing out of my mind, rolled over, and forced myself to stop thinking.

(*Continued on page 76*)



There's a *New* Word in Entertainment.. *Copacolossal!*

NEW all through... a glamorous, glorious show of shows... Hollywood's topmost talent on the loose in Broadway's brightest nightspot!

with the 14 most beautiful girls in America! LOOK

A NEW Comedy Combination... GROUCHO and CARMEN!

A NEW Romantic Complication... STEVE and GLORIA!

A NEW (greater than you've ever seen him) **Singing Sensation... ANDY RUSSELL!**

COPACABANA

GROUCHO MARX CARMEN MIRANDA

ANDY RUSSELL

STEVE COCHRAN GLORIA JEAN

in a *Sam Coslow* MUSICAL PRODUCTION

"COPACABANA"

with the **COPA GIRLS**—the 14 Most Beautiful Girls in America—and the Nation's Top Nightspot Reporters... LOUIS SOBOL—ABEL GREEN—EARL WILSON

Directed by **ALFRED E. GREEN**

Screenplay by Laslo Vadnay, Alan Boretz and Howard Harris • Additional dialogue by Sydney R. Zelinka

Words and Music by Sam Coslow

Released thru **UNITED ARTISTS**

Hear em sing:

"Je Vous Aime"
"Stranger Things Have Happened"
"My Heart Was Doing A Bolero"
"Let's Do the Copacabana"

ON ITS WAY TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE!

(*Continued from page 74*)

In the morning I was at my desk by nine. As I started opening the mail, Eddie Lark and Sam Ryker arrived together as usual.

"Seen the papers?" Sam said. "It's still a front-page story."

I nodded.

"Boss got any assignments for us?" Eddie asked.

Before I could reply, Ray himself came briskly through the office. He gave Sam and Eddie their orders for the day, then added: "You two free for a while tonight? Say about nine?"

They nodded.

"Come in for an hour or so," Ray said. "I'll probably be sunk in this Legrue thing for the next few days. We ought to block out what you're going to do during the next week. I've got a few ideas."

When they were gone, Ray said to me, "You missed the police by twenty minutes. Lieutenant Greeve was just here."

I looked up in surprise. "What for this time?"

"My gun."

Lieutenant Greeve had warned Ray he'd want to examine the weapon.

"They don't seem to have anything new," Ray said. "Greeve still considers me Suspect Number One. Especially since he learned I was once engaged to Irene."

"What would that have to do with it?"

"Jealousy. Maybe I wanted to get rid of her husband."

"Oh, nonsense!" I said. "Greeve can't believe that!"

"He can believe anything." Ray paused. "I'm going out. At twelve thirty I'll be in Irene's room at the Mayflower, waiting for that call. I'll be back here right after that. If anybody wants me, make it this afternoon."

So I spent the morning alone, answering mail and routine telephone calls. Time after time my eyes darted to the desk clock. I was waiting for twelve thirty as if it were the zero hour. It was ridiculous. There was nothing I could do about it. I'd simply have to wait until Ray came back and told me what had happened.

Once I saw Bea Dudley in the hall. She was talking to Hannah, asking if she and Mr. Dudley could have a snack of lunch in the house.

"Yes, ma'am," Hannah said. "You mind eatin' early though? This is our afternoon off. We'd sort o' like to get away by one. Could you lunch, say, twelve fifteen?"

"Fine," Bea Dudley said. "We'll be down."

IT seemed an inconsequential conversation then—except that it annoyed me to see the Dudleys sponging on Ray, even for their meals. But by quarter after twelve it wasn't inconsequential at all.

Because, at twelve fifteen, just as Solomon put my own tray on the desk, Nick Dudley came downstairs wearing his hat and coat, ready to go out. Solomon looked at him in dismay.

"You ain't leavin', are you, Mr. Dudley?"

"For just a few minutes," Nick said.

"But we got your lunch hot on the table right now—"

"I'll be back in twenty minutes," Nick said. "Just want to get some cigarettes."

"Mr. Garret's got plenty of cigarettes around—"

"Not my brand, Solomon." Nick Dudley went on toward the door.

Solomon followed him, protesting that lunch would get cold in twenty minutes. "Why don't you sit down an' eat, Mr. Dudley? *I'll* go get you cigarettes."

"Thanks, no, Solomon. I'll be back. Just hold off on lunch."

First it struck me as inconsiderate that Nick should insist on going out now. He knew how anxious Hannah and Solomon were to have him eat early today. Also, it seemed absurd to let a luncheon cool and spoil for a pack of cigarettes which could just as easily be bought later.

And then I had the jolt.

Could it be that Nick had to make a twelve-thirty telephone call he didn't dare place from the house?

Solomon must have thought I was crazy, because I, too, abruptly abandoned my lunch. I jumped up, seized my coat, and before he could ask me any questions, ran out of the house.

I reached the sidewalk in time to see Nick Dudley turn the corner at my left. I went after him. I simply had to know where he was going. All the suspicions I'd had about him during the night came crowding back.

When I turned the corner, he was a block away, crossing the street toward a drugstore. School was out for the noon recess, and a lot of children were crossing with him. He didn't look back. He went straight into the drugstore.

For cigarettes? I sped along, crossed the street myself. The drugstore had not only a main entrance, where Nick had gone in; there was a smaller door at the side, around the corner.

I glanced through the window. His back was turned to me, and he stood waiting—outside a telephone booth that was occupied!

A FEW steps beyond the store I stopped. My heart banged as if I'd run every step. I glanced at my wrist watch. It was twelve twenty-eight. And he was waiting to telephone!

Close to the building wall, I slipped back to the drugstore window. A crowd of children sat at the soda fountain. Beyond them I saw Nick, still waiting, his hand nervously playing with a nickel.

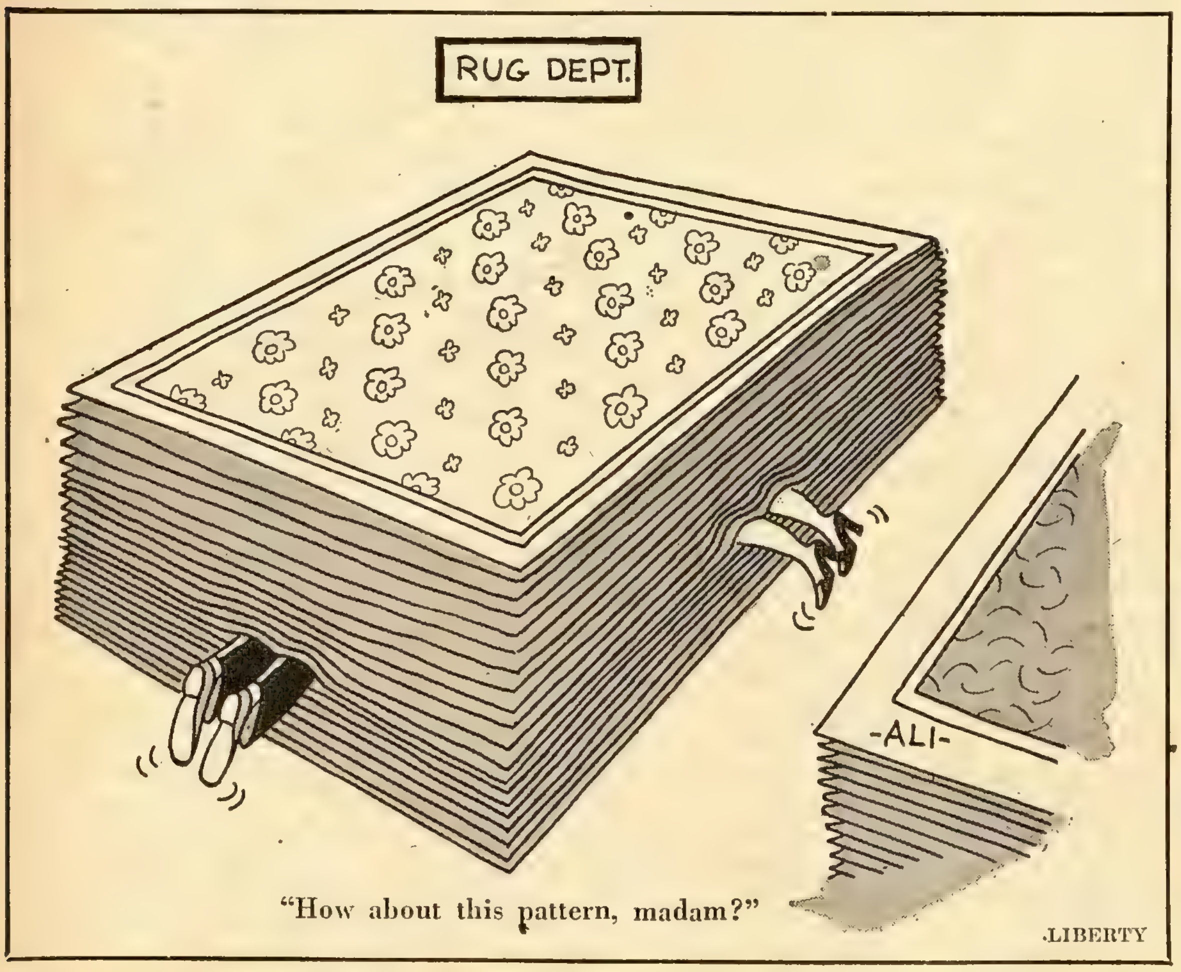
There was only one booth, recessed between shelves of cosmetics.

At last a woman came out of it. She had to step around Nick. He went into the booth at once, pulled the door shut behind him. He kept his back to it.

I opened the drugstore's side entrance. On some pretext, I had to get close to that booth. I had to hear what he was saying.

My nerves were more jittery than ever when I crossed the store. It was noisy. The children at the counter were laughing and yelling, and I wondered if any of that din would be audible through the telephone. Then I saw that Nick had his hands cupped around the transmitter to shut out sounds. He was talking into his palm.

I didn't dare stand directly in front of the booth. Yet when I was close beside it, ostensibly waiting for a clerk to notice me, I couldn't hear his voice at all. The noise of the chil-



"How about this pattern, madam?"

LIBERTY

"And there's a wonderful view of the sea!"

LIBERTY

dren drowned out everything I might have caught.

I groaned in despair.

A colored boy of eight or nine had just finished his drink and was coming away from the counter. As he wiped a hand across his mouth, I signaled him to come over. It was a crazy idea that struck me. I groped in my coat pocket, pulled out a quarter.

"How would you like to earn this?" I whispered.

The boy's eyes grew round. "What mus' I do, ma'am?"

"My friend is in that phone booth. I want to have some fun. Just push it open and yell as loud as you can, 'Hurry up, mister!' Then you'd better get out of here quick. Run away. He gets angry."

"That's all?"

"That's all." I pushed the coin into his hand. "Hurry!"

He grinned his thanks. He didn't even hesitate, save to send an impish glance at the man behind the soda counter. Then he ran to the booth, shoved the door wide open, and screamed, "Hurry up, mister!" Before the startled man at the counter could look up, before Nick could shut the door again, the boy was out of the store.

I edged away, let myself out the side door. If Nick had been talking to either Irene or Ray, that unexpected shout of "Hurry up, mister!" would have been heard by them. And would serve to establish the connection I was trying to make between Nick Dudley and Irene.

I GOT around the far corner before Nick came out of the store. All the way home, my mind was confused. Suppose I was right. Suppose Nick *was* talking to Irene. Did that indicate he had stolen the letters, that he had murdered Walter Evans Legrue?

The thing made no sense. And yet, if he *was* talking to Irene, demanding that she give him twenty thousand dollars for the letters, what else could we believe?

My tray was still on the desk when I hurried, breathless, into my office. Solomon looked at me with sad, reproachful eyes.

"I'm sorry, Solomon," I said. "I just *had* to run out."

"I took your lamb chops up again, to keep them warm," he said. "I'll go get them."

He was back by the time I'd hung up my coat. I was halfway through the meal when Nick Dudley arrived. He smiled in at me in a way that was taut and forced, and went on upstairs. I switched on the intercom, hoping to catch his dining-room conversation with his wife. But Ray must have turned it off up there. Nothing came through.

After lunch, the Dudleys went out together. That was just before Hannah and Solomon left. The minute I was alone in the house I called the Mayflower, asked for Mrs. Legrue's room. But the telephone rang a dozen times before the operator said, "Sorry, Mrs. Legrue doesn't answer."

An hour dragged by like a year. It was two thirty before Ray arrived. He came in quickly, frowning.

"Stopped to lunch with Irene," he said. "Then I dropped her at her house. She got that call all right. Dot of twelve thirty."

"Did—did you recognize the voice?"

"No. The guy seemed to be muffling it, talking in his throat—or maybe through something. I listened. But no soap."

I bent forward, strained. "Ray—did you happen to hear another voice on the phone, a kid's voice, yell, 'Hurry up, Mister!'?"

He had been about to step into the study.

Now he stopped. He stared at me in amazement.

"How the devil did you know that?"

My heart seemed to leap through my body. I rose, stiff and tight in every muscle, and told him what had happened.

SO there it was. Five minutes later Ray and I sat in the study, and I could tell he felt sick. His face was gray.

We knew definitely that it was Nick Dudley, his cousin, who was trying to extort twenty thousand dollars from Irene Legrue. The "Hurry up, mister!" had done its job. But did that prove Nick had murdered Walter Evans Legrue? You could hardly drag the man into court on the flimsy evidence we had, and confront him with a murder charge.

"What did he tell Irene?" I asked.

"He was surprised—and sore—when she insisted on seeing a sample letter. He threatened to drop the whole offer and mail the things to the police. But she stuck to her guns. He finally had to agree."

"So he—he's sending her one of the letters?"

"A copy of one, yes."

"Today?"

"I suppose so. He didn't say when." Ray jerked his head at the ceiling. "They upstairs?"

"No. They went out."

"Well—" He pushed back his hair. "I never thought I'd have to do this to any of my house guests. Especially to Nick. But I'm going up to hunt through their room. You cover me down here. If they come home, call me on the dining-room intercom. I'll keep all doors open. I'll hear."

"You don't think he'd keep those letters in his room, do you?"

"God knows what I think or what I'll find." Ray was bitter as he left the study. "All I know is I've got to look!"

HE was gone almost an hour. During that time nobody came, though several people, including Sam Ryker, telephoned. Sam reported he'd got all the information he wanted on the Hill, but since he and Eddie were due at the house tonight, he'd save it till then.

When Ray at last came down, he looked tired. The sickly gray tinge was still in his face.

"Not a thing," he said.

"How—how are you going to handle this, Ray?"

"There's no sense beating about the bush with Nick. I'll tell him what we know and let *him* do the talking."

While he spoke we heard the front door close. I held my breath.

A moment later we saw Bea in the hall, alone.

Ray asked her where Nick was. She paused.

"Nick had a date with a man from New York," she said. "A theatrical agent. Why?"

"When will he be in?"

"About eight thirty or nine. They're having dinner together." Bea Dudley's eyes brightened. She cried with sudden hope, "Ray! You mean you've changed your mind about—"

"No," he interrupted. "I haven't changed my mind about anything. I just want to talk to him." He turned, went back into the study. Bea went to her room, frowning.

I was impatient. We'd have to wait until evening before we could confront Nick Dudley with what we'd learned.

I kept watching the clock.

And at five thirty Irene Legrue telephoned.

She called from her room at the Mayflower, in great excitement. She had just received the sample letter. It had been left for her at the hotel desk.

Ray listened at his extension. He motioned to me, and I listened in on my own telephone.

"Who left the thing?" Ray asked. "Does the clerk know?"

"No," Irene said. "They were busy at the desk. The clerk saw the envelope lying there, with my name on it, and he slipped it into my box. He didn't notice who dropped it. Too busy."

"Read it," Ray said.

I had a pencil and pad ready. As Irene read, I put down every word:

Dear Mr. Carazel,

You will be glad to know that I had dinner with Congressman Rashton last night, and the matter is arranged. He accepted the money and agreed to do his best. As you no doubt know, he is well liked and influential on the Hill. If any man can see this bill through committee, it is Rashton. I'll report his progress as soon as possible. Meanwhile I look forward to your return to Washington. I hope you will be pleased by all this.

Very truly yours.

Irene went on: "It's written in pencil on a sheet of yellow paper." Her voice was hushed. "Obviously he did his best to disguise the handwriting. In fact, I'd say it was written with his left hand, like a child's scrawl. And at the bottom he's added this: 'One of the mildest letters of the lot. The rest are far more incriminating, believe me.'"

"Anything else?" Ray asked.

"No."

"Has he called again?"

"Not yet."

"If he does, put him off till tomorrow. Say you can't get to the bank till then. All right?"

"Whatever you say, Ray."

"Meanwhile I'll check with Bly or Carazel. One of them will know if it's an authentic letter."

He wasn't telling her about Nick Dudley, I noticed. He must be saving that till after he'd had a chance to talk to Nick; until he could present Irene with a complete story. I didn't blame him.

"Will you call me back, Ray?"

"As soon as I get a report."

THIS GENTLEMAN HAS NO BOOKKEEPING OR TAX PROBLEMS

MAIL-ME-MONDAY
BOOKKEEPING—TAX METHOD
COPYRIGHT 1946
ACCOUNTING CORPORATION OF AMERICA

This gentleman has no bookkeeping or tax problems, but then he is not a responsible business man . . . yet. He's completely carefree . . . and, Mr. Business Man, you can be just as free of record-keeping and tax worries, too, when "Mail-Me-Monday" keeps your books and prepares your tax forms. One economical monthly fee . . . as little as 50 cents a day.

See "BOOKKEEPING" in yellow section of telephone book for nearest office.

"MAIL-ME-MONDAY" BOOKKEEPING and TAX METHOD
1929 FIRST AVENUE • DEPT. A • SAN DIEGO 1, CALIF.

More than 125 offices coast to coast and in Canada

Central offices in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Chicago, New York, Kansas City, and Atlanta

When he hung up, I rattled off a typewritten copy of my notes. Meanwhile he tried to reach Warren Bly. He couldn't. So he phoned Luis Carazel.

The Mexican was there, and Ray told him frankly, "Somebody's trying to blackmail Mrs. Legrue into paying twenty thousand dollars for the letters. He sent a sample. I have it here. Can you tell me if it's the McCoy?"

Luis Carazel was astounded. "Who is doing all this?"

"We don't know. All we've got so far is this sample letter."

"Do—do the police know of this?"

"Oh, no. How can we go to the police?"

"Read it to me, please."

I hurried the typewritten sheet to Ray's hand. He read it to Carazel. The Mexican was scornful.

"That is a fraud!" he said. "An absolute fraud!"

"So?"

"Walter Legrue never wrote me such a letter!" Carazel said. "Nor any letter even like it. When he wrote me about Congressman Rashton, it was always part of a much longer communication. These concerned the general welfare of our business. They were weekly reports. And he never addressed me as 'Dear Mr. Carazel.' It was always 'Dear Luis.' This letter, I tell you, is an out-and-out fake!"

"In other words," Ray said slowly, "somebody's trying to sell Mrs. Legrue something he doesn't have."

"That is obvious. But the trouble is that even a fake letter like this one, if it gets out, can cause us trouble—all kinds of investigations."

"We'll try," Ray said, "not to let it get out. Thanks a lot, Mr. Carazel."

He called Irene back to give her the report. It was almost six, three hours before we could drag Nick Dudley in for an explanation.

I heard the doorbell ring. Remembering that Hannah and Solomon were out, I went to the front door myself. When I opened it, I blinked—then gasped as I remembered what I'd promised for tonight.

Jerry Cannerton was there, hat in hand, grinning.

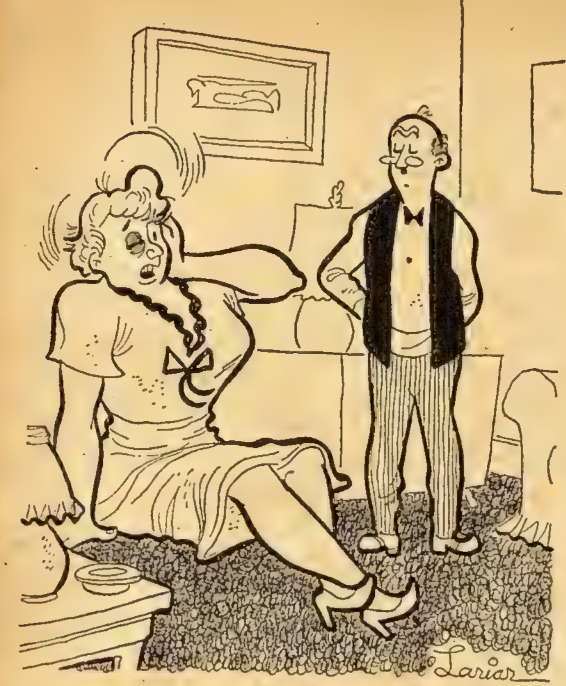
"Hello," he said. "We've got a six-o'clock dinner date, as I recall it."

"Jerry!"

"Get your bonnet and let's go," he said. "And tonight you're mine, lady. All mine. You try to get back here again by nine o'clock, and I'll rip you and all Washington to pieces."

I FACED big blond Jerry Cannerton in dismay. It was true I'd agreed to see him this evening, but how could I possibly stay away from here tonight, of all nights, with the matter of Nick Dudley about to explode? Without realizing it, Jerry was asking me to abandon a climax I myself had helped to bring about, and I couldn't do it.

"Jerry, I'm sorry," I said. "I'm dreadfully sorry. But I've *got* to be here tonight!"



"Why can't you be meek like other husbands?"

LIBERTY

His grin faded. "Say, what the devil kind of job is this anyhow? You work the swing shift?"

"It isn't the job. It's this—this murder—"

"You've got nothing to do with the murder!"

"No, of course not, but—"

He waved his hat to silence me. A frown crept over his usual cheerfulness. "Come on. Let's go eat. You can tell me about it over dinner."

"Honestly, Jerry, I *must* be back by eight-thirty."

"All right, all right." He followed me into the house. I led him across the foyer, and he said in gloomy self-deprecation, "I must be an awful dope. I keep knocking myself out over you—and then I always get up, groggy but unbeaten, to come back for more."

"Please, Jerry, don't. I—I can't help it tonight." I felt miserable because I didn't want to treat him so shabbily.

IN my office, I asked him to sit down while I went into the study to tell Ray I must leave for dinner.

Ray had finished his telephone conversation with Irene. He stood at the window, looking out into the darkness. He seemed so absorbed in his thoughts that he wasn't aware of my closing the door behind me.

I watched him a moment in silence. I was about to speak when he turned. His eyes were fixed on the floor now. He said something in a low voice filled with wonder, to himself rather than to me, but it was as if he'd sunk a knife into my heart.

For what he said was: "You know, Fran, it's strange, but I think I've been in love with her—without ever admitting it to myself—all these years." I tried to answer, but I had no voice or breath.

To be continued in the next issue

LOVE AMONG THE ANIMALS

Continued from Page 23

boa constrictor, imparting a rapid vibrating motion to the spurs, scratches the scales of his mate with them, producing a sound which can be heard for some distance. The anaconda has been observed doing likewise. Pythons use the spurs differently, the male drumming rhythmically and slowly on his companion's tail for as much as two hours at a time.

Female spiders are ferocious lovers. Males appear to be well aware of the danger. The male of one species pulls lightly on the spider web to attract the female. When and if she appears, he hesitates for some time before he ventures to approach her, making sure that her interest in him is, for the moment, amatory rather than gustatory.

THAT the caresses which male spiders expend on their mates spring mainly from the instinct of self-preservation seems clear in the case of *Dysdera,* of which the female has formidable pincers and a nasty temper. The male is invariably received with opened pincers, and if he is clumsy he quickly becomes dinner. But if he isn't, he leaps lightly over the menacing arms and massages his partner's back. Lulled into momentary beatitude, she closes her pincers and sinks into what seems a hypnotic state, during which the male becomes the master. But suddenly the great pincers open again, and only by making a quick getaway can he escape capital punishment for his temerity.

The male whale gives the female light slaps with his fins. To a whale they no doubt seem love taps, but the sound of them, which can be heard for several miles, is more like that of a sound beating.

Fish might not be expected to show signs of sexual attachment, since in most cases their eggs are not fertilized by the males until after the females have laid them. But demonstrations of affection are not wanting among fish. Shad, for instance, at the time of their annual

* * *

RETURN ENGAGEMENT

In Cincinnati's Union Terminal a handsome soldier and a beautiful blonde were bidding each other a passionate farewell. After the mad scramble for seats on the outgoing streamliner, I found myself seated next to the girl. She was weeping, and I tried to comfort her.

"It's too bad, young lady, but your husband will be back again soon."

Between sobs, the blonde regarded me indignantly. "You don't know the half of it, mister. I'm crying because I've got to go *back* to my husband."
—*John Newton Baker.*

* * *

PENNY-WISE TRANSPORTATION AT DOLLAR-SAVING UPKEEP!

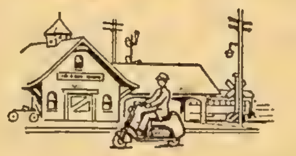
When You Travel
THE AMERICAN *Moto-Scoot* WAY

- 80 MILES TO THE GALLON
- SPEEDS UP TO 40 M.P.H.

Whatever the road, wherever your destination, AMERICAN Moto-Scoot gets you there easily, smoothly, comfortably. And it's swifter, *thriftier* traveling, too. A single penny buys *miles* of power . . . the kind of power only functional design, combined with precision-engineering and construction can give. For top performance, low upkeep, it's AMERICAN Moto-Scoot—built to suit *your* commercial and pleasure needs. See your dealer today, or clip and mail us the handy coupon for full details.

Go Everywhere Park Anywhere

Have a "Spare Time Income"



Solves Commuting Problems

Services Business Better

Please rush me the FREE Colorful 12-page AMERICAN Moto-Scoot Booklet.

Name________________
Address________________
City________ County________
State________________
L7

AMERICAN MOTO-SCOOT COMPANY
1305 W. CARROLL AVE., CHICAGO 7, ILL.

migration from salt to fresh water for the laying of their eggs, rise to the surface in great schools during the night and enter into a furious dance, in which the males keep brushing against the females. Meanwhile, on the bottoms of the rivers, salmon are conducting themselves in much the same fashion.

In the sea the squid caresses his partner with his tentacles; but if she tries to draw away he brandishes one of them, suddenly stiffened, as a club. Cuttlefish entwine the crowns of tentacles which surround their heads.

That consideration of a suitable time and place for amorous dalliance is as important to our romantic fellow dwellers on this globe as to ourselves sometimes escapes men, because the animals they see most often, domestic animals, have lost the modesty which is found among many of the wild. Certain birds go to elaborate lengths to provide what strikes them as the propitious background. Gould's manakin, which is found in Panama, sets to work a fortnight before the mating season to establish a sort of parade ground on which to display his attractions before the female. Elliptical in form, some two feet by three and a half in size, it is a spot in the forest from which the bird carefully removes twigs, stones, leaves, etc., and which he keeps swept clean. The tetras-lyrebird chooses grassy clearings in the forest for his amorous encounters.

LARGER animals often have a penchant for secluded surroundings for their trysts, but possibly the motive may be not so much modesty as security, for many animals are oblivious to approaching danger when they are concentrating on their mates. Elephants prefer the depths of the forest. Camels, if left to themselves, will leave their pastures and repair to abandoned and sheltered hiding places in the dunes of the desert.

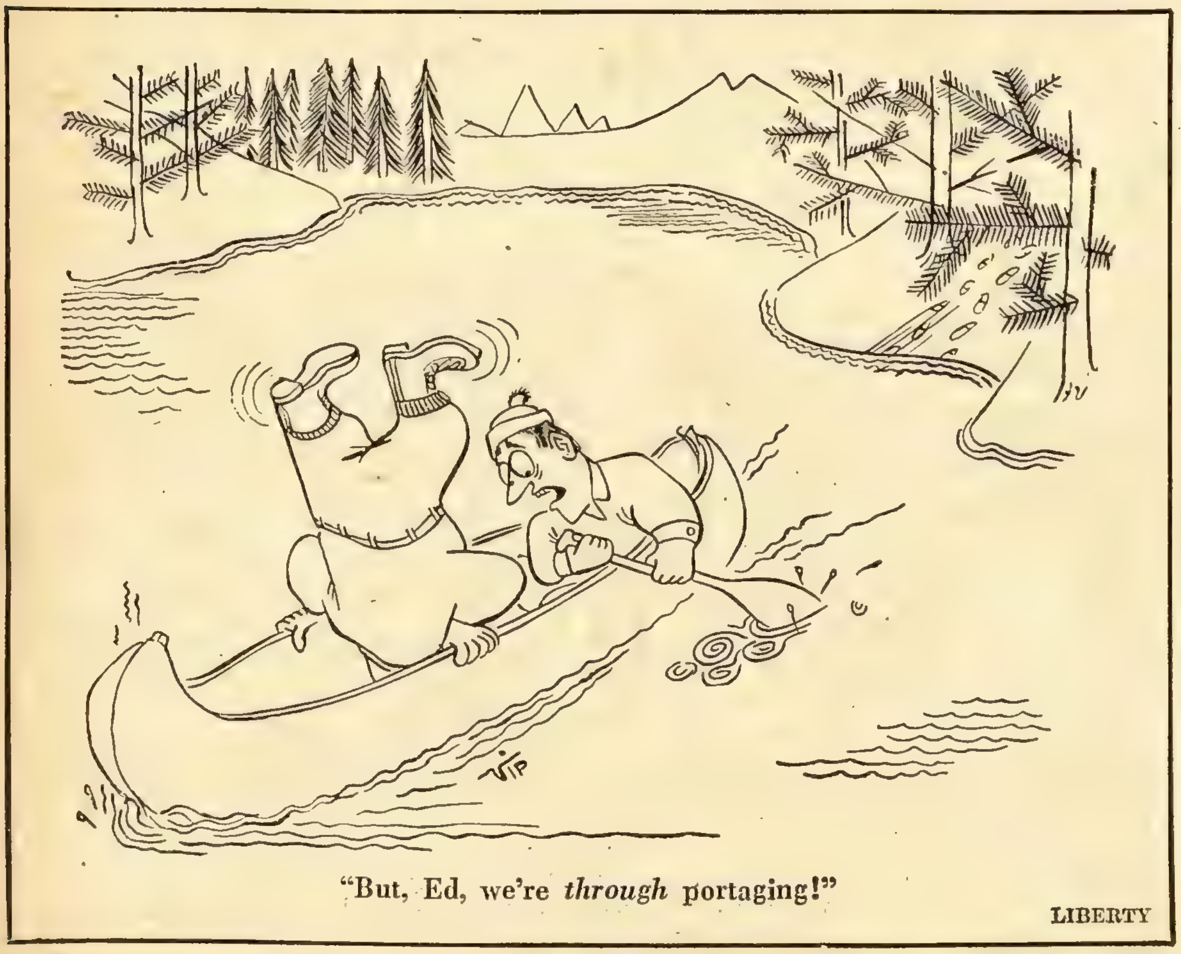
THE camel is also among those animals which become unaccustomedly vocal under the influence of love.

He can be noisy enough at any time. But during the mating period a sort of veil of the palate enlarges and hangs from the side of his mouth, as though he were a devotee of bubble gum. This curious appendage magnifies the bellows of the lovesick animal. It serves, no doubt, the purpose of carrying his message to the remotest she-camel inhabiting the same desert.

When the peacock, ordinarily a quiet bird, stages his display of brilliance before the peahen he hopes to captivate, the sign of consent which she gives by tapping on the ground with her claws is received with a cry which sounds like the whistle of a distant locomotive. The hedgehog, ordinarily taciturn, gives vent to a heavy groaning in embracing his chosen mate—which, considering the efficiency of her defenses, is no wonder.

Scholars have told us that when, in the Song of Solomon, the Bible says the voice of the turtle was heard in the land, the puzzling expression is due to the poetic license of the King James translators, the word "turtle" standing for "turtledove." They go too far, however, when they tell us that the need for this explanation resides in the fact that turtles are voiceless. The female turtle, it is true, has never been known to burst into sound; but during the mating season the male earth tortoise gives vent to a sort of hoarse baying. For the rest of the year, it appears, he holds his tongue.

THE END



"But, Ed, we're *through* portaging!"

LIBERTY

NO WAR—NO DEPRESSION

Continued from Page 19

A great deal of our thinking about foreign trade today is emotional. Everybody wants to export, but some people think it is immoral to import. Some people still cherish the illusion that expanding reciprocal trade agreements will cut down on American jobs and on American profits. The contrary is the truth. Since the Middle Ages, trade among nations has been this expansionary force in the economy of each. It has been a dynamic force, making jobs and building cities.

LAST year we exported twice as much as we imported. Sooner or later there must be a better balance between the two. The world market can't stand that forever—nor can we. Those who buy from us must have money with which to pay, and to get it they must sell too.

I think we might look at foreign trade this way: The real exporter is not someone in a swivel chair in a fancy New York office. He is, instead, the farmer at work in his fields; he is the mechanic at his machine; he's the railroad worker; he's the stevedore—he is anybody whose income is even partially dependent on foreign trade.

My own industry, for example, an industry which has made a tremendous number of jobs for Americans, depends a great deal on the export of its motion pictures. Our returns from foreign sales permit the industry to make better pictures. And our industry welcomes foreign-made films which seek to exhibit here. We feel the motion-picture industry is truly a world industry and cannot survive in an atmosphere of arbitrary, artificial, and too-steep trade barriers.

Industrial peace, a sensible, stimulating program for small business, and an expanding trade abroad—these are the three legs of the economic tripod we need to keep America strong—to give America the kind of production we've got to have to do the job at hand.

In my opinion, the best hope for a peaceful world lies in all-out American production under our system of *private capitalism*. World peace depends more on the strength of America than anything else. America must be strong to carry out the commitments it has shouldered. But the price of peace is cheap compared to the cost of war.

I underline that phrase *private capitalism* because the maintenance and strengthening of this system is the key to world economic recovery. It is a system which has enriched the many instead of making just a few rich.

Uncounted millions of people look to us today for help to survive while they piece together the tattered remnants of their economic lives. We are besieged for money, for machines, for raw materials, for medicines.

Men everywhere who love freedom and who want to walk and work in the ways of peace look to America—our capitalistic America—as the only hope for the survival of freedom against the steady encroachment of totalitarian ideologies.

Capitalism is the one system in the world today capable of providing the means to assist other peoples to get back on their feet so that they may become self-supporting, self-reliant, and self-sustaining.

Even those countries which despise our system and condemn us as decadent turn to us for aid.

Are we extending our aid abroad just because we like to help people? Are we the eternal Santa Claus of the world? We most certainly are not. We can't afford to be. Rather, our commitments around the world are an investment in peace and prosperity.

Our new role in the world—a role of enlightened self-interest—is breath-taking in its magnitude. We're playing for the biggest stakes in all history—peace and prosperity.

When I was a youngster, I was fascinated by Edward Gibbon's history of The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. I wished then that I had lived in the great days of Rome. I look back now on that boyish wish with affectionate amusement. The gigantic triumphs of American genius make the triumphs of Rome, important as they were for the times, no more than pleasant reading.

Here, almost with nonchalance, we accept one scientific development after another—developments which only a few years ago would have been termed miracles. From an insular nation, content to build from within and to watch its own affairs alone, we have grown to universal stature in one generation.

TO be an American today is to be the envy of the world. Everywhere I've traveled I've heard the same cry over and over from scores of people: "Oh, if I could move to America!"

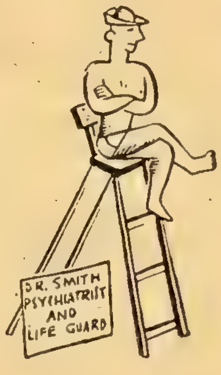
Of course we like to hear that, but our pride is tempered with humility and the soberness of responsibility. We—unlike older nations which roared through the world with a sword and ruled with ruthless hands—aren't out to conquer or rule anybody.

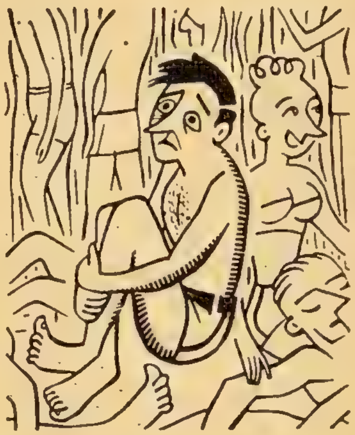
What we are doing is vastly more exciting. I'm glad I'm alive as an American today. I'm glad I was born in these times.

I'm glad that perhaps I can play a little part in the most dramatic epic in all history—the one we are writing—which will end, I am very sure, on this note: Peace on earth, and better times for men of good will wherever they may live.

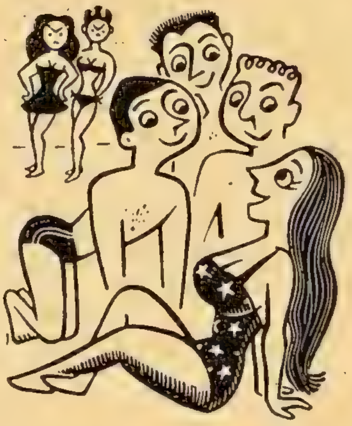
THE END

Psychology at the Beach

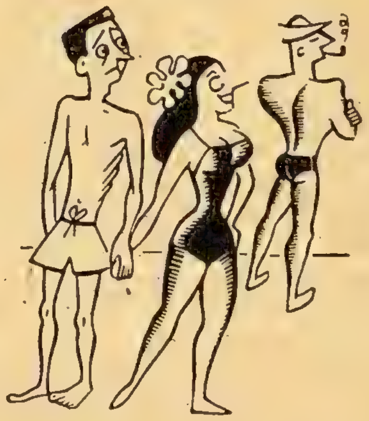




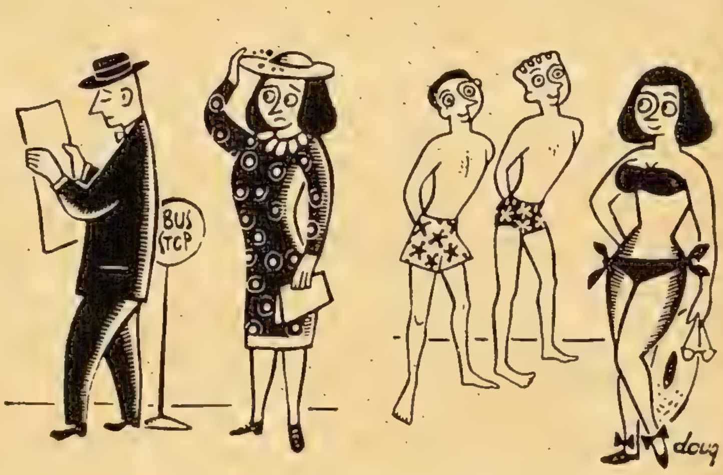
Claustrophobia



Kleptomania



Inferiority Complex



Split Personality

**By
Doug
Anderson**

INFATUATION

Continued from Page 43

together, they'd gone hunting sea shells along the shore, they'd grown to be almost inseparable and thought nothing about it. It hadn't even occurred to him that she was a pretty, vivid, graceful girl until Alec Marshall had come along.

But Mr. Marshall had decided to paint her picture and then everything had changed. It was as if she'd grown up—almost grown up—overnight and left Johnny far behind.

Only, she hadn't really grown up, of course. She'd just gone wild and crazy over Alec Marshall and that darkly dashing way he had.

Mr. Marshall had bewitched her, and that wasn't right, for he must be twice as old as she. Mr. Marshall was a very dangerous man indeed, and being an artist, he probably had no morals worth mentioning.

At this gloomily logical conclusion, Johnny found himself coming up his own walk to his gray-and-green house with its gables and square fat chimney.

Some of pa was visible in the Gloucester hammock. Pa lifted himself on one elbow and his nearly colorless eyelashes and eyebrows came into sight along with his narrow face that always seemed amused.

Ma slammed out the door in her sweater and white-duck trousers. She was a big woman, burned nut brown all over, with hair the color of taffy and great blue merry eyes.

"I have the idea," pa said, "that the green-eyed monster is gripping our son."

Ma began rolling her trousers up to her knees, and her voice had a light lilting note in it. "Well, he'll have to meet the monster some time. It might as well be now."

Johnny sat sadly down on the steps. Ma and pa never would take anything seriously.

Ma went down the steps, light and lithe. It was wonderful the way they got on when they were so different, Johnny thought. For ma could probably sail a boat better than any woman on this stretch of coast, and pa wouldn't even get into one. Ma hurled herself headlong into things. Pa took it slow and easy and could mostly be discovered lying down on his days off. Yet they were furiously fond of each other.

"Alec Marshall is a first-rate artist," Pa said suddenly.

"Yes, sir." Pa generally knew what you were thinking about.

"Allowances must be made," announced pa, "for the artistic temperament. You depress me. Go away and do something very vigorous."

That was good advice, and Johnny walked down to the road, trying to think of something vigorous that could be done. He wasn't much used to lonely pleasures, because Bonnie had always been at hand.

She was just coming down the hill now, moving as if in a dream.

So, of course, he was clumsy. "Hi, Bonnie. Let's go out and climb up into the lighthouse!"

Once she'd have been ready in a second. But not now.

"I don't want to go to the lighthouse." She stared at him until his ears began to burn. "Oh, Johnny, you're so young!"

She started suddenly to run down the hill, and he stood there wondering how one manages to grow up in a great hurry. He turned off on the moor road.

"Hi, Johnny! Johnny Frost!"

There was Mr. Marshall, his hands shoved deep in his pockets, his pipe in his mouth, and looking more diabolically dashing than ever.

"Come over to the studio for a sec, Johnny. Something I want to ask you about."

He didn't in the least want to go with Mr. Marshall, for he hated him. But here he was in the big cluttered room, with Mr. Marshall's breakfast dishes still in the sink.

"Sit down, Johnny. I need some advice." That dark rich voice did have magic in it.

Mr. Marshall flung one leg over the other now and was grinning. "It's a bit embarrassing, but you seem to have some sense. Johnny, how would you go about ridding yourself of an attractive young lady?"

Johnny was taken by surprise. "B-Bonnie?"

Mr. Marshall began puffing furiously. "The same. She's very sweet, but she hangs around so much, she's begun to bother me. I dare say you've run into the same sort of situation yourself."

Johnny blinked again. Mr. Marshall apparently didn't consider him too young. Mr. Marshall seemed to think he was wise and experienced.

Only, he couldn't quite live up to it. "I—I thought you were painting her picture."

"I am. Almost finished and don't need her to pose any more." He stood up suddenly. "When you're my age, you'll find it's confoundedly exhausting to have anyone so young staying around all the time."

Johnny nodded, for he realized now what pa had meant by the artistic temperament. Mr. Marshall, having nearly completed his picture, had no further particular interest in Bonnie.

"Well, Mr. Marshall—" he said slowly.

Mr. Marshall scowled. "Hell, I'm not as old as all that! Call me Alec."

"Well, Alec, you see, Bonnie's sort of—"

"You don't mean she's got a crush on me?" asked Mr. Marshall.

"Yes, sir. I'm afraid she has."

Mr. Marshall said, in a sharp howl, "What a revolting idea! It makes me seem like a cradle robber. And she's such a nice little girl. I certainly don't want to hurt her feelings."

If Bonnie knew she was being described as a "little girl," her feelings would be hurt beyond all repair, Johnny thought.

Mr. Marshall was striding up and down now, his hands deep in his pockets. "Look here, Johnny. You're about her age, aren't you? Well, couldn't you slip her a hint—in a nice way, of course? Make her see how ridiculous it all is?"

"I guess maybe I could." Johnny went out the door feeling a great deal older, for he now seemed to have all the responsibility for Alec Marshall's affairs on his hands.

He carefully skirted the lawn beside Bonnie's house and immediately heard the voice of her father, Mr. Amory, rising in wrath from the side veranda.

"That artist fella, what's he mean by leading our little girl on? It's about time you did something about it, Elizabeth!"

From the shrubbery, Johnny could see Mrs. Amory, plump and chubby, reach into a box of chocolates.

"Why?" said Mrs. Amory.

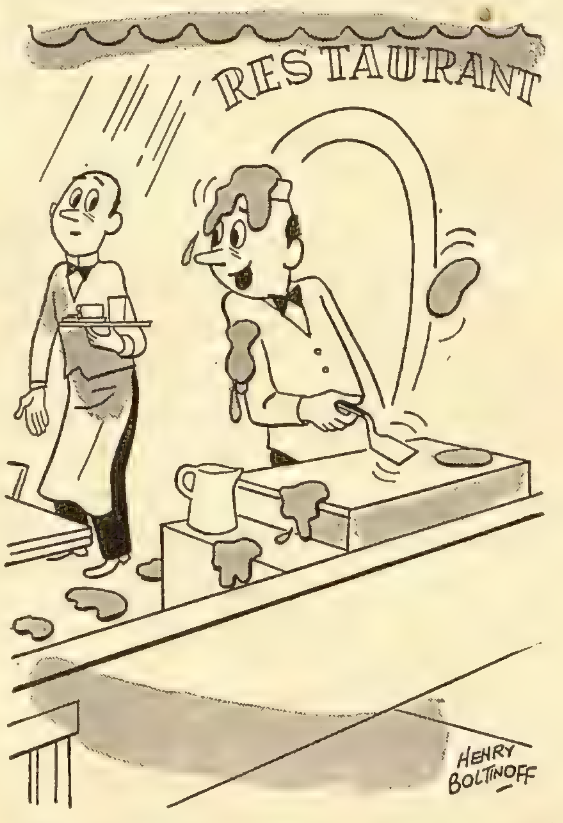
Mr. Amory began bounding up and down the porch. "Why? What d'you mean, why? Don't you know that all those artist fellas are a loose-livin' lot? I'm goin' up and talk to that blackguard, but before I do, I'm goin' to forbid Bonnie to have anything more to do with him."

Johnny came out of the shrubbery. "Gosh, Mr. Amory, don't do that."

Mr. Amory spun around. "Hey, what d'you mean, lurkin' around and listenin'? You just mind your own business, young man."

Mrs. Amory thought otherwise. "Don't get so excited, Charles. Come on up, Johnny, and have a chocolate."

Mr. Amory showed signs of apop-



"Hey, Bill, you shoulda seen the good-looking babe that just went by!"
LIBERTY

lexy. "I will get excited. Somebody in this family has to. What d'you mean, Johnny, I shouldn't forbid Bonnie to see this fella?"

Johnny ate a chocolate cream. "Well, it'll only make things worse."

"Of course it will," agreed Mrs. Amory.

Mr. Amory flung himself into a wicker chair. "That artist fella," he said darkly, "ought to be run out of town."

Mrs. Amory patted Johnny with a plump hand as if to assure him that she really ran the family while her husband made all the noise.

"Gosh, sir," he said to the smoldering Mr. Amory, "you've got it all wrong. Alec Marshall just wanted Bonnie to sit for a picture, and now it's done, he's sick to death of her. He says she hangs around, bothering him."

"Huh!" howled Mr. Amory, coming bolt upright. "What's the infernal fella mean, saying he's sick of my daughter and wants to get rid of her? I'll tell him—"

"Why, Charles, that's what you wished, isn't it? You don't want Bonnie to see Mr. Marshall, and he doesn't want to see her, either—"

Mr. Amory bounced to his feet. "I'm going down to have a swim. There's never any peace around this house."

Mrs. Amory turned to Johnny. "Bonnie's gone down to the post office," she told him.

THE post office was a rickety red wooden building, and if you sat on its steps long enough, you would see everyone you knew. Bonnie was sitting there now with her soft hair a dark flood about her face.

It was odd, Johnny thought, but being in love with Alec Marshall had really made her blossom out. She was actually wearing a crisp white dress instead of her usual shorts, and when she had this unearthly light on her face, she was an awfully pretty girl.

Johnny felt clumsy by comparison. He settled down beside her. "Gosh, Bonnie, you look nice."

Johnny sighed, for it was going to be a shame to snatch the bright image of Alec from her mind. "You've got awfully grown up, too, Bonnie."

"Well, I guess girls do."

They were back on their old familiar footing now and in a second he was going to spoil it. "Alec Marshall's a very fine artist. Even my father says so."

Bonnie's eyes flashed. "Oh, he is! There isn't anybody like Alec!"

Johnny drew a deep breath. "Only, artists are sort of funny about how they work. They like to be alone a lot. Maybe you shouldn't be up at his studio so much, Bonnie."

Her lips tightened. "Why, Johnny Frost! Don't be silly. Alec loves to have me around and I don't bother him a bit."

She rose and anger flushed her rounded cheeks. "Johnny Frost, you're just mean and beastly and

HERE'S TO AMERICA'S
NO. 1 QUALITY ALE
RED TOP
ALE
BREWED AND BOTTLED ONLY BY
RED TOP BREWING COMPANY, CINCINNATI, O.

It's golden color gives it 'eye appeal'.

It's sparkling goodness gives it 'taste appeal'.

There's plenty of 'proof appeal' in every bottle.

LOOK FOR THE RED TOP ON THE LABEL

RED TOP Ale

©1947—RED TOP BREWING CO., CINCINNATI, OHIO

Your car is sure to need New Piston Rings

Be sure they're *New*

LEAK-PROOF
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
PISTON RINGS

Every car someday is sure to need new piston rings. When yours does ask your repairman for Leak-Proof.

Guaranteed to do all 4
1. Keep oil down
2. Keep power up
3. Give smooth, new motor operation
4. Give longer life

This means when your repairman installs these rings, he is backed up by a guarantee of satisfactory piston ring performance for 10,000 miles or one year, whichever occurs first, under the terms and conditions of the McQuay-Norris Leak-Proof Piston Ring Replacement and Labor Guarantee available upon request.

McQUAY-NORRIS MFG. CO., ST. LOUIS

EXTRA MONEY

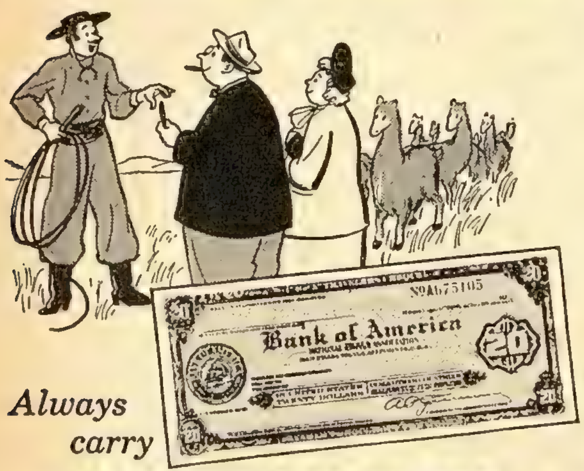
Sell CHRISTMAS Greeting CARDS

Show exclusive Name-Imprinted Christmas Cards, low as 50 for $1. Big profit. Also *Amazing Sellers* in Box Assortments—new 21-card $1.00 "Feature" Christmas assortment, and matching Christmas and Everyday Gift Wrapping Ensembles, Religious, Everyday, etc.

5 LINES OF PERSONALS
17 Box Assortments

For samples write now to Dept. L-27,

JAMES ART STUDIOS Inc. 1225 Clifford Ave. Rochester 5, N. Y.



BANK of AMERICA TRAVELERS CHEQUES

Acceptable everywhere, self-identifying, insure your money against loss or theft. Backed by the resources of a five billion dollar bank. Sold by banks and travel agents everywhere.

Issued by Bank of America N.T. & S. A., CALIFORNIA
INSURED BY THE FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION
London, England Branch: 12 Nicholas Lane, London, E.C. 4

jealous! I'm going straight up this minute and wash all Alec's dishes for him."

She flung herself down the street.

Johnny was on his veranda that evening when Alec's tall shadow came into sight. "We don't seem to be doing so well," said Alec sadly.

Pa bestirred himself in the hammock. "Hello, Marshall. Hear you're the victim of an acute case of hero worship."

Alec pushed his black forelock off his forehead. "You could call it that. Your son tried to give the little lady a hint, and so she came rushing up in a rage and cleaned my studio from top to bottom so I can't find a damn thing."

Pa readjusted a pillow. "You see, Bonnie's a romantic and she's got you all mixed up with Sir Lancelot or whoever it is young women worship nowadays."

"I hate Sir Lancelot," said Alec.

Pa comfortably closed his eyes. "So, Marshall, I think you'll have to import some rival female attraction."

Alec gave a sharp shudder. "I won't have any more women around my place. One's too many."

"Certainly not," pa said. "Not a rival lady for you, but for Johnny. Preferably a rather dashing one, to incite feelings of antagonism in my son's former girl friend."

AT ten o'clock that next morning, Alec hove into view again, this time in blue trunks that the moths had been eating. "Good morning, Johnny. Morning, Mr. Frost. Would you care to come down for a swim?"

Pa put down the paper. "I would not. When I want to bathe, I maintain a tub for that purpose."

Alec looked a little crestfallen. "Wanted to show you something."

"Show it to Johnny," said pa pleasantly.

Johnny followed Alec down the steps.

The beach ran flaming white beneath the sun, with only a few people on it. Alec advanced to a prone figure under a big towel and nudged it. "Hey, Leslie, wake up!"

The figure tossed off the towel. The lady's hair hung to her shoulders and was bright copper color, her eyes were sea green, she had the blackest tan on all the beach, and her laced white tights and her bandeau concealed very little of it.

Alec made a deep bow. "Miss Leslie Wilson of the Little Theater on the Moors—Mr. Johnny Frost. And now, if no one minds, I have some work to do."

Johnny now seemed to be acquainted with a redheaded Venus and an actress all at once. He had never known either before, and he was only dimly aware there was a blue bathing suit in mid-distance which might be enveloping Bonnie.

Miss Wilson arose. "Let's go out to the breakwater," said she, and her voice was deep and sweet and infinitely mysterious.

He had to run quite hard to keep up with her flying heels and he could quite plainly see that Bonnie's mouth had gone wide open. At the moment, he had scant interest in small girls.

Halfway to the Point, Miss Wilson slowed down, her red hair flying.

"Gosh," Johnny panted, "I wouldn't think you could run like that."

The goddess grinned. "Why not?"

"Well, you're so mysterious and sort of—sort of sultry."

The goddess astoundingly took his hand. "Now, Johnny, don't be so naïve. When a woman seems mysterious, it probably means she's so stupid she hasn't an idea in her head. And I'm about as sultry as a bar of soap. Got any more illusions?"

Johnny found himself raised to astonishing heights. "You're beautiful," he heard his voice saying.

"Thank you. I wish you could make Alec Marshall think so."

"My good gosh, doesn't he?"

The goddess tossed her Titian tresses.

"Not noticeably. I've been throwing myself at his head for two years now, and he's only slightly aware of my existence. What do we want to waste time talking about Alec for? I'm sure I'm going to like you a great deal, Johnny."

Johnny held tight to his goddess' hand and issued a considerable understatement of fact: "I like you a lot too, L-Leslie!"

He was now aware that he'd never actually lived before, that he'd never known what really living was like until this miraculous moment of swinging down a shining beach with a wonderful woman, an enchanted woman, a genuine grown-up woman breathing and moving by his side.

SIX days. Six midsummer days filled with a special strong magic because of Leslie. Swimming with Leslie; racing over the moors, with her long legs twinkling just before him; riding, with Leslie looking rakish in tight white jodhpurs. Sitting quite still and watching Leslie rehearse on the lawn outside the Little Theater.

He was always full of a heady excitement these days and all his senses had come alive as they'd never done before. He seemed to be two people at once: a dashing young man head over heels in love with Leslie, and, at the same time, the old original Johnny Frost.

But both these Johnny Frosts, encased in a single body, were considerably surprised to hear Bonnie's voice coming from their veranda as they came scuttling up the side yard on that seventh early evening of the Reign of the Lovely Leslie.

Bonnie's voice was sweet and clear and very earnest: "And I do think it's simply awful, Mrs. Frost. That terrible woman has Johnny right under her thumb. Mrs. Frost, aren't you going to do anything about it at all?"

Ma's tone held a little ripple of laughter in it. "Do you think I should, Bonnie?"

Bonnie again, quite upset and very, very young: “I most certainly do, Mrs. Frost. Johnny’s just making the most fearful fool of himself, and she’s so good-looking she’d turn any boy’s head, and you know what actresses are. . . .”

Johnny stood stock-still. Bonnie must be quite fond of him to go on like that.

He could hear the hammock creak under pa. He could hear pa say, “I’m all in favor of remarkable-looking redheaded actresses. Maybe she’ll teach my son some manners. Older women are excellent for very young gentlemen. They smooth ’em down.”

Bonnie’s voice was a thin, tragic wail: “But, Mr. Frost—”

“Furthermore,” pa said lazily, “don’t I seem to recall that you had some special interest in Alec Marshall?”

Bonnie’s heels came down on the porch with a bang. “But that was different! Besides—besides, I haven’t seen Alec for a whole week now, and—”

Johnny entered his house by the back door. When he emerged on the veranda, Bonnie had gone.

Pa inspected his son quite carefully from head to foot. “I certainly don’t know how you do it,” he said admiringly. “Squiring about a fascinating redheaded siren. I’ve half a mind to try to take her away from you myself.”

A low soft whistle sounded from across the street, and Johnny could see Leslie standing there, the street lamp shedding light on her burnished copper hair.

Pa lifted himself on one elbow. “Well, run along. Don’t you know better than to keep a lady waiting?”

IT was nice, Johnny thought as he dashed across the road, that ma and pa took everything so easily. It certainly saved a lot of trouble.

Leslie was in white slacks and a blue turtle-neck sweater, both infinitely becoming to her. Leslie said in that wonderful voice of hers, “There’s a marvelous moon, Johnny. Let’s go out on the moors.”

They went down the sweeping circle of Grapevine Road and it seemed the most natural thing in the world to have Leslie’s soft hand swinging easily in his as the great golden moon rose out of the sea and spattered a dark world with silver.

“Nice, Johnny,” Leslie said. “Nice to be out here with you.” And an electric tingle went through him.

Leslie’s face was shadowy against the sky and its faint scatter of stars. “But aren’t you neglecting that very pretty girl of yours?”

It was all going to change, Johnny’s second self told him; it was all going to end, because the very best things always do come to an end quite suddenly.

“Well,” he said slowly, “it got sort of mixed up.”

Leslie nodded as if she understood, and her copper flood of hair was sheer magic in the silvery, shadowy light. “Better unsnarl it, then. She’s a sweet girl, Johnny, and I think she’s getting jealous of us, Johnny.”

All the wonder and enchantment were going to go, but they were still strong here, with the moors and the moonlight and the far-off glitter of the open sea.

“I—I like you a lot better, Leslie.”

Leslie ran her free hand through his hair. “Of course you do—for a few days. I’m new and a novelty, but I’m far, far too old for you, darling, and Bonnie’s easily the nicer of us. You’ll go back to her, you know.”

The queer thing was that he did know it, even when all his senses stirred toward Leslie. For, after all, Leslie was just a soft, warm dream—an enchantment not entirely real—and Bonnie was the girl he’d been getting ready to fall in love with all his life.

Bonnie was made up of all the little things they’d shared together; she was inextricably woven into his life now. She always would be.

“Come on!” Leslie cried suddenly. “Let’s run—let’s run all across the moors. Let’s run like mad before I get to be an old lady and can’t race in the moonlight any more.”

THEY came back very late, warm and glowing and laughing together, swinging hand in hand up the ribbon of Grapevine Road, and an angry object materialized from a shadowy stone wall and was Alec Marshall.

“Well,” said Alec icily, “aren’t you overdoing it a little, Leslie?”

Leslie gave Johnny’s cheek a small soft pat. “Oh, no. It’s nice to be with someone fresh and young instead of an old man who’s a mere bundle of bad habits.”

“I am not a bundle of bad habits,” said Alec, and he and Leslie drifted off into the dark, quarreling contentedly together.

Johnny sat down on the stone wall. He was quite tired, and maybe everything was all for the best. It was a considerable strain trying to keep up with a Titian-haired goddess, and possibly—just possibly—he was a trifle too young for it.

HE came down his front steps that next morning, and there, sitting on the curbstone across the street, was Bonnie in her old sweater and blue shorts. It was a nice, familiar, comfortable sort of sight, and besides, she looked frightened and quite lonely with her small vivid face cupped in her hands.

“Hello, Johnny,” she said.

“Hello, Bonnie.”

She flung up her face to the sun. “You’ve got awful grown up, Johnny. I don’t like it much.”

“I haven’t got grown up at all.” He rubbed one sneaker against the other to demonstrate that fact. “I guess, Bonnie—I guess maybe Leslie and Alec Marshall are engaged to each other by now.”

“I guess they should be,” said Bonnie gravely. “They’re both sort of—sort of enchanted people, aren’t they? Not in the least like us.”

She jumped to her feet. “Come on, Johnny. Let’s go climb up into the lighthouse.”

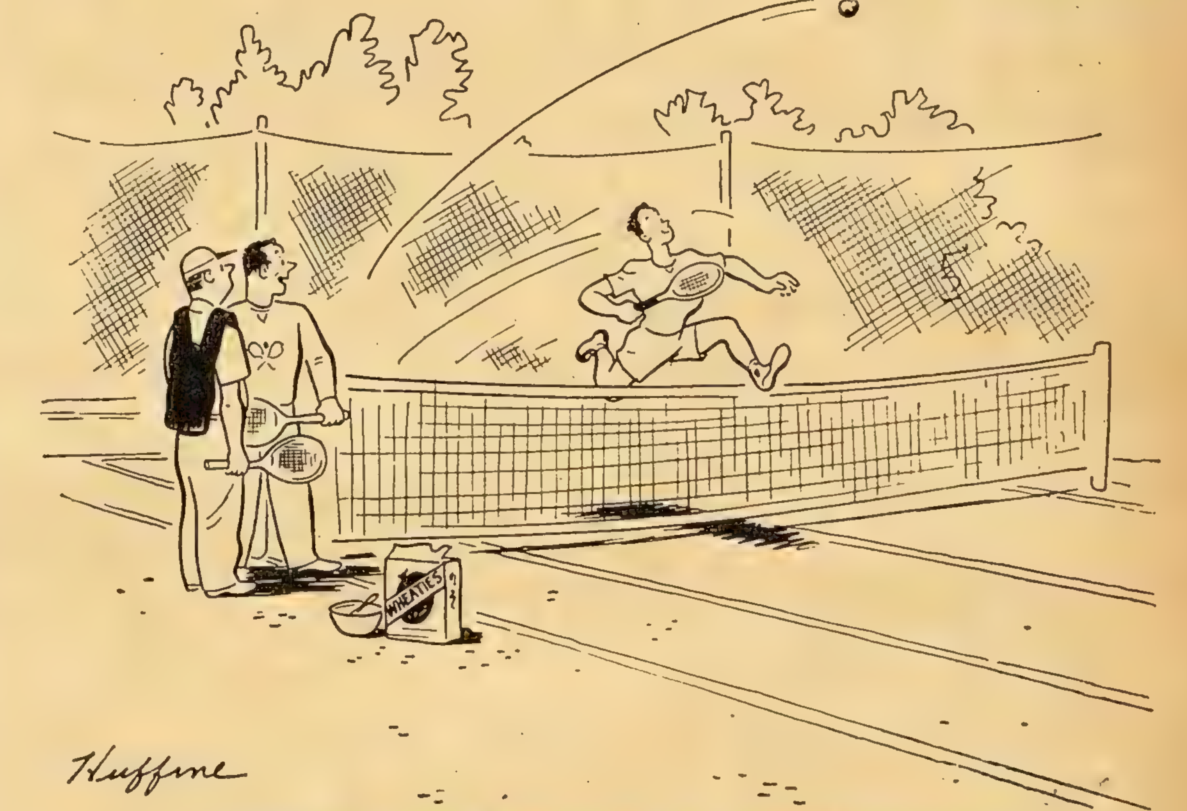
He considered that with all the gravity of his suddenly added years, and it was going to be nice to be young again, to be with someone as young as you.

“Well, I s’pose we might as well.”

She snatched his hand and they began to run into the golden summer sun.

THE END

Advertisement



“Bill doesn’t need an opponent for his workouts since he’s been eating Wheaties.”

Expect plenty from a Wheaties-eater! Expect a championship performance. Famous training dish: Wheaties with milk and fruit. Good sound nourishment in these toasted whole wheat flakes. Seven dietary essentials! *Had your Wheaties today?* “Breakfast of Champions”!

. . . AND MAKE GUS LIKE IT, PLEASE

Continued from Page 41

those famed precision dancers, the Rockettes; Hattie Rogge, who runs the Music Hall's vast costume factory; and Charles Previn, musical director, who bosses a glee club and the self-rising symphony orchestra.

The stage spectacles depend on the type of picture that is playing, except for two standard patterns a year—the Christmas holiday show and a number called The Glory of Easter. Last April the Easter show included a helicopter—the very newest Sikorsky S-52 model.

A spectacle which may run only four or five weeks often costs as much as a Broadway attraction which runs two years. The costume bill for the 1945 Christmas show was $15,000. To accompany a picture titled Adventure, the scenery, including some airplane effects, cost $20,000.

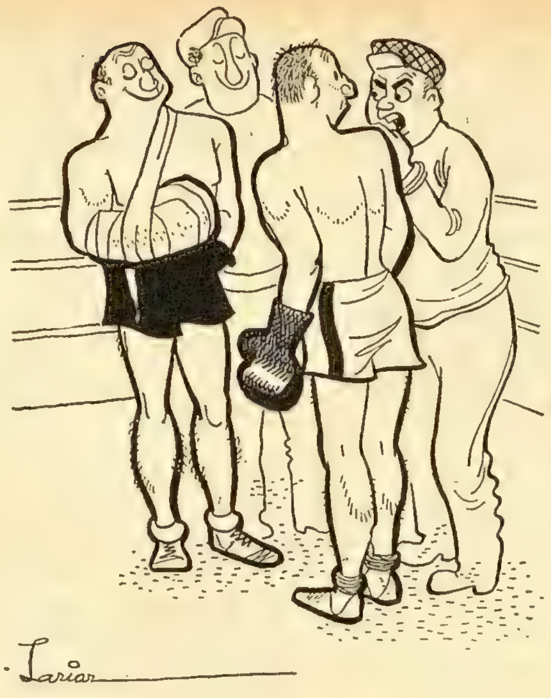
Monday is the crucial day in Eyssell's office, for this is the time to decide whether to toss a picture out or keep it for another week. The two longest runs have been achieved by Greer Garson films—Random Harvest, which took in $1,152,800 in eleven weeks, and Mrs. Miniver, which ran ten weeks. Many a Hollywood producer has bleated in pain when his film was ejected while still earning a fabulous rental.

The Music Hall has a "holdover" figure which Eyssell will not divulge. If, on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday a picture's business does not reach this amount, it is withdrawn the following Wednesday night and a new one, with a new stage show, is installed Thursday morning.

THE Music Hall can have its failures. Says Eyssell: "I can think of no better example than The Informer, which I thought then, and still think, one of the great pictures. It drew a fine press. The audiences (what there were of them) were enthusiastic—but we had to drop it after one mediocre week. Later, after it received all the awards that were handed to it and good word-of-mouth reaction began to take effect, it became a smash hit on the circuits and in revivals.

"We had a similar experience with Noel Coward's The Scoundrel. In this instance I think the film may have been a little ahead of its time for mass audiences, but it was a brilliant production and should have succeeded. Eventually it did, becoming another revival picture."

According to the men who do business with him—the sales executives who want to get a showing for their products—Eyssell follows the making of many pictures from the beginning. He is, they say, sure to be interested in a film made from a best seller, for Music Hall patrons seem to be book readers. One of the most successful of recent engagements was The Late George Apley, from J. P. Marquand's Pulitzer prize novel.



"You heard me! I said watch out for that *right*!"
LIBERTY

Often Eyssell will visit Hollywood to see the rough cut of a picture which interests him. Oftener still, a studio will fly a double-track picture East for him to look at and make suggestions about—a double-track film being a roughly assembled affair in which the picture is on one film and the sound is on another.

The majority of features being offered to the Music Hall are shown in Gus's own projection room. Here he and his "associates" form their opinions. Not only executives but also Rockettes, ballerinas, choristers, and ushers see the pictures and fill out questionnaires. The main question is, "Do you think this will make a good Music Hall picture?" Eyssell's decision often is influenced by these answers. The moment he has agreed to show a picture he begins to worry about it; he's convinced it will be a failure. "Inevitably," the general sales manager of one of the big studios told me, "the more Gus frets the better the picture is going to do. When he is really upset I know we are going to have a smash hit."

Sales executives do not fire their entire catalogue at Eyssell. They know his likes and dislikes, and they also know that a certain type of film might do better in another type of theater. Westerns—even the super-colossal epics—don't go well in the Music Hall, and few musicals have made the grade. Furthermore, Gus may like a picture and still not get it.

He may, for instance, be unable to offer it a date before, say, next November. "Sorry," the studio sales manager may have to say, "but we can't hold the picture up that long."

Once an agreement about a picture and a date has been reached, haggling begins, with each side looking for the best terms. Each deal for a showing at the Music Hall is individually made, and the motion-picture companies and Eyssell are equally secretive about terms.

Generally speaking, however, it may be stated that the basis for the bargaining is the fact that, depending on the stage show, it costs the Music Hall $60,000 or $65,000 to open its doors for a week's business. The rental the theater will pay for a film is arranged on a sliding scale. The picture takes a small percentage of "first money"—first money being, say, the first $90,000 taken in at the box office. This percentage might bring $22,500 to the movie company. As soon as the theater's income goes over $90,000, which it usually does in less than a week, the rental percentage increases. It might go up to 50 per cent of money taken in over the "first money" amount, or in the case of a tremendous smash, up to 70 per cent. It is possible for a studio to get $50,000 for a week's rent—but it isn't all profit, for the studio shares in the cost of advertising.

Throngs often stand in block-long ranks to get into the Music Hall, but the theater eschews street-corner ballyhoo. Its advertising is astonishingly conservative.

THERE are 944 reserved seats in the theater which are solidly booked for one performance in the afternoon and one in the evening. Often they are booked far in advance by regular customers. Last September a patron telephoned to reserve a pair for New Year's Eve and was told that the seats were already sold out. Undiscouraged, he said, "O.K.—put me down for a pair for New Year's Eve next year."

Christmas and Easter holiday reservations often are made a year in advance. Corporations, as well as individuals, have standing orders for each new show. A New York branch of the Ford Motor Company, for example, has a permanent reservation for seven tickets to the first Friday-evening performance of every new attraction.

Many patrons take a proprietary interest in the Music Hall. Anybody on the staff, including Gus, will listen to their suggestions and occasionally act on them. This mutual interest has, in at least one instance, paid off in very tangible terms.

For years there was an elderly woman who came to every first showing. Afterward she would go round to the executive entrance, a small lobby off a side-street door, and give her opinion of the show to the receptionist and anybody else who might be there. A ballerina struck up an acquaintance with this gray-haired fan and made it a point to chat pleasantly with her every time she appeared. And when the old lady died she left her estate of $80,000 to the ballerina.

THE END

BING
Crosby JOAN
Caulfield BARRY
Fitzgerald

Bing sings these love-songs
to his "Blue Skies" sweetheart
...and she falls in love again!
"MY HEART IS A HOBO"
"AS LONG AS I'M DREAMING"
"COUNTRY STYLE"
"SMILE RIGHT BACK AT THE SUN"

YOU'LL AGREE

BING AND BARRY'S NEW HIT IS BETTER THAN 'GOING MY WAY'!

Imagine a picture with all of this! Bing Crosby and Barry Fitzgerald back together for the first time in 3 years in a hit that tops their seven-time Academy Award Winner! It's a tender, wonderful story, full of hit parade music and young romance and written by the same man who co-authored the immortal and unforgettable "Going My Way"!

in PARAMOUNT'S

"Welcome Stranger"

With WANDA HENDRIX · FRANK FAYLEN
ELIZABETH PATTERSON · ROBERT SHAYNE · LARRY YOUNG
PERCY KILBRIDE · Directed by ELLIOTT NUGENT
Screen Play by Arthur Sheekman • Adaptation by Arthur Sheekman and N. Richard Nash • Story by Frank Butler
Lyrics by JOHNNY BURKE • Music by JAMES VAN HEUSEN

BARNUM OF BASEBALL

Continued from Page 33

tation as the Barnum of baseball—a fellow notorious for all sorts of wild screwball stunts—beneath the razzle-dazzle is a very sound, solid appreciation for the one basic value that must be offered the fans. And that is a ball club successful on the field.

"Stunts are no substitute for winning games," he says flatly. "People go to baseball for a good time. Dollar for dollar, it's the best value in the entertainment world. Where else can you see the most skillful artists for a dollar or half a buck, plus tax? The product is there and it's just good business to package it attractively. That means clean ball parks and creating a festive, gala atmosphere before the game starts. Giving the customers a few belly laughs is good showmanship, but baseball is something more than entertainment.

"It's an emotional experience for the real fan. He's the backbone of your patronage. All the laughs in the world won't bring him back if the home team gets its ears knocked off regularly. There's no fun in that for the baseball nut, who dies every time the team loses. Circus stuff is all right for people who see maybe one or two games a season, but you can't build a solid following with them. The man who wants to root for the team every chance he can get is the bird I'm after, and the only way you can get him is with a winning team."

In implementing this hardheaded approach to the problem, Veeck has reconstructed the Indians more thoroughly than any other team in operation this year. Of the 47 players on the roster in spring training, only 17 were with the club in 1946. The pitching staff is largely composed of strangers, except for Feller and Charley Embree. Bill McKechnie, who won four National League pennants, is getting the highest salary ever paid a coach to act as Lou Boudreau's first lieutenant. The upheaval in the front office is even more striking. Cleveland's farm teams have been increased from 7 to 18, and there now are 22 scouts compared to the 5 employed by the previous management.

TEARING down the creaky structure of a bad ball club is not exactly a new dodge for Veeck. Within his first three months at Milwaukee he made 42 player deals. Between seasons he sold or traded all but two of the athletes he had acquired with the franchise.

"We always had three teams in those days," he grins. "One coming, one going, and one on the field."

Veeck began to irritate the reactionaries with his pre-game trappings as soon as he took charge in Cleveland. He had the Indians go through infield practice one night in complete darkness relieved only by a thin blue light. The gag was that the ball and the players' caps, gloves, and hands were daubed with fluorescent paint that was illuminated by the blue light and created an eerie effect. The fans ate it up.

Something must have impelled the customers to turn out in record-breaking numbers. It could not have been the team, so it must have been Veeck's stunts. He hired Max Patkin and Jack Price, who were listed as coaches but really were carried for their clowning and astonishing juggling tricks.

One of the features this year is a hot Negro swing band replete with strutters, cakewalkers and high jinks customarily seen only on the stage. Every night game is a hopped-up Fourth of July, with elaborate fireworks that do everything but whistle Dixie and outline Mother Machree in Technicolor. Veeck is likely to come up with anything, including elephants playing basketball on roller skates, for he dreams up most of the gags spontaneously and is as eager to try them as a kid with a new red wagon.

"We have an added feature every day, but we don't advertise it in advance," he confides. "The trick is to create the idea that the fans are missing something big if they don't go to the ball park.

"I grant that some of the stunts are pretty corny, but they all seem wonderful at the time. Like the big night we gave Lefty Wiseman, our trainer, last year. We had a wheelbarrow painted jet black and filled it with a couple of thousand silver dollars. Do you know how much that weighs? The people died laughing watching poor Lefty trying to get the dough off the field.

"I like side shows and stunts, but I'm the first to admit they can be overdone. You've got to hold the fans' interest with something, though, until you put together a good team. That's how I got started on all those crazy gags at Milwaukee—to keep up my own interest. It's not much fun watching a lousy team every day. Every loss is a blow to your pride."

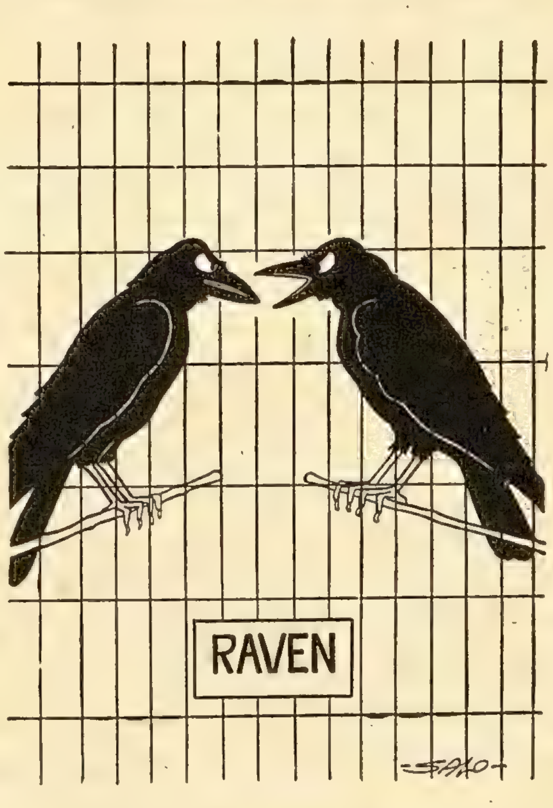
Veeck's ego must have been twitching violently at Milwaukee, for he came up with some of the most harebrained wheezes ever conceived on the North American continent. A favorite trick was to give away wildly improbable door prizes—a huge stepladder that couldn't possibly be taken home without a truck, a pair of greased pigs, or three pigeons—without a cage.

At the height of the foolishness Veeck never lost sight of the fact that he was a baseball, not a circus, man. He had been one practically all his life; no executive in the game started earlier or got a sounder grounding in all aspects of the business. He began when he was five years old and never considered another occupation.

BILL'S father, William L. Veeck, was a baseball writer for the Chicago American, under the by-line of Bill Bailey, whose constant criticism of the Cubs annoyed William Wrigley, Jr., then president of the team. During a bitter argument between Veeck and Wrigley, the chewing-gum magnate popped one of those If-you-think-you-can-do-better-why-don't-you-try-it-yourself routines. The elder Veeck accepted the challenge and astonished everyone by turning out to be unusually competent. During his tenure, the Cubs supplanted the Giants as the most successful team in the National League.

As the son of the big boss, young Bill went to training camp in 1922 when he was eight years old. During the season he had free run of the clubhouse, ball park, and front office. As soon as the law permitted it, he began to work around Wrigley Field, hawking peanuts and score cards, taking tickets, gradually progressing in the organization until he was appointed treasurer of the Cubs when he was twenty-seven. It was a swell spot for a youngster, but Veeck had too much restless, driving ambition to remain in a subordinate post. He wanted to own a team himself, and he began to shop around for a franchise that fitted his limited capital. He finally found it in 1941 at Milwaukee, where the local team was in such a sorry state that it could be bought for $100,000 in cash. Veeck had inherited enough money from his father to put up about one quarter of the required capital. Another 25 per cent came from Grimm, and the rest was contributed by local business men who wanted to keep the team going.

The minor miracle Veeck performed is a classic operation in baseball. Recovering quickly from the shock of seeing the aforementioned twenty-two customers at the ball park the day he took over, Veeck won the Sporting News' award as the most successful minor-league executive in 1942 after he quadrupled at-



"Oh, yeah? Quoth you!" LIBERTY

tendance in one year. Upon assembling a pennant winner in 1943, Veeck in midseason kissed his wife and three small children good-by and went to see a man about a war. The man he saw was a Marine recruiting officer.

Discharged from the service more than two years later, Veeck sold his interest in Milwaukee and for the first time in his life was out of a job. Several factors influenced his decision to sell. First of all, he was offered a handsome profit on his original investment. Then, his foot, which was not to be saved despite a series of operations, demanded constant attention. Above all, Veeck privately was itching to have a go at the jackpot—the major leagues.

For want of something better to do, Veeck bought a dude ranch in Tucson, Arizona, but he was only kidding himself and everyone knew it. He stood it for a few months, but back East they were playing big-league baseball. He left the ranch in May on an ostensible business and pleasure trip.

"Actually, I went to Chicago to buy a new car," he says with a straight face. "Of course, I intended to take in a couple of games, if I had the time."

HE was to see the ranch only twice in the next nine months. Something happened to keep him in the East—a rumor through the grapevine that the Indians could be bought at the right price. That was the chance Veeck was awaiting and he wasted no time going to the mat with Alva Bradley, a real-estate man who had wandered into baseball by accident and had shown remarkable aptitude only in choosing poor executives to run the team. It was no trouble at all for Veeck to round up the financial backing he needed to complete the deal.

Although Bob Hope had gotten a good deal of mileage in publicity from his association with Cleveland, he actually is a minor stockholder in the syndicate. The big-money men behind Veeck are Lester Armour and Phil Swift of the meat-packing dynasties; Phil Clarke, president of the City National Bank of Chicago; Davey Jones and Joe Tyroler, metal dealers; George Creedon, a Cleveland brewer; and Jack Harris, a retired business man.

Syndicates seldom have worked out in baseball because of conflicts among the partners, all of whom immediately become feverish fans. But the Cleveland combine has an asset all the others lacked. It has Veeck to run the show and he will give the firm a good riffle for its money. He knows how.

THE END

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

There were just as many careless drivers thirty years ago, but the horses had more sense!—*George Sweatman*.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

REDS IN OUR GOVERNMENT

Continued from Page 28

been consulted. The tendency of the average bureau chief has been to defend an accused Communist found in his office.

The F.B.I. can provide facts, but has no authority to decide or recommend action. Often when the facts are pretty conclusive, nothing happens. Take the case of Doxey Wilkerson, on whom the F.B.I. submitted a 57-page report to the Federal Security Agency early in 1942, including statements of various persons that he was a party member. But Federal Security reported back that further investigation did not show Wilkerson subversive or disloyal to our government. He moved over to OPA, and resigned in mid-1943 to become a Communist Party organizer. Later he was made a member of its national committee, a prerequisite for which is membership "in continuous good standing for at least four years."

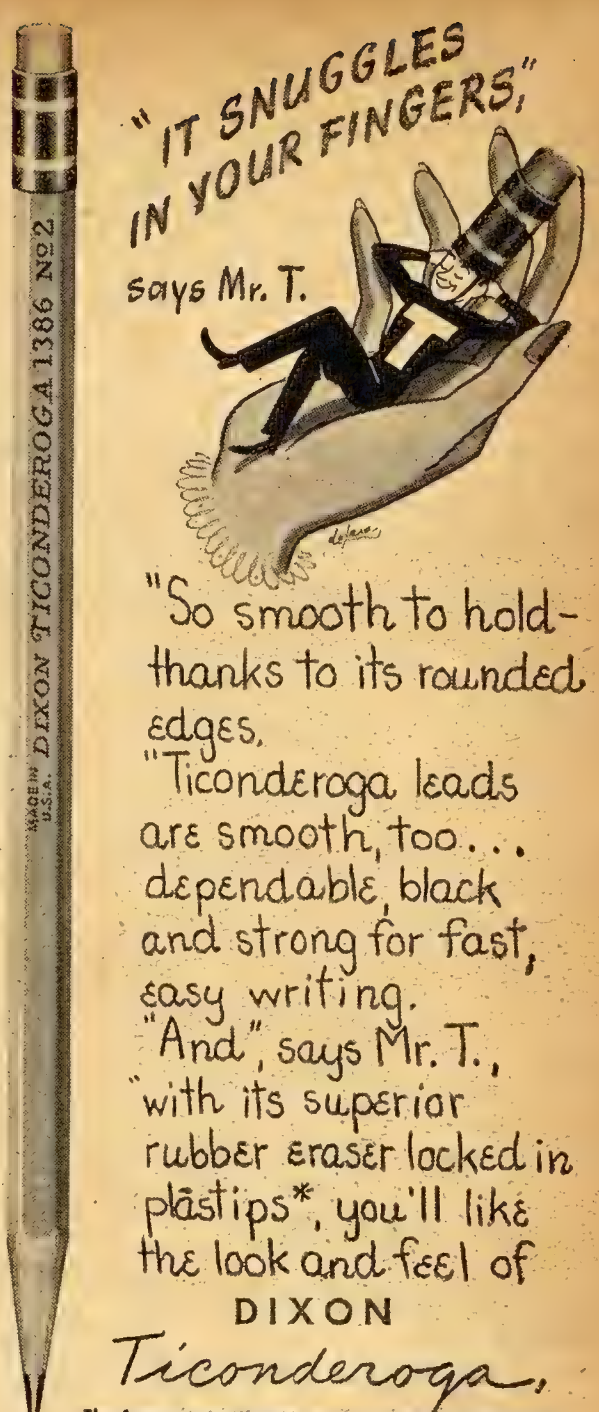
THE President's new order sets up a Loyalty Review Board within the Civil Service Commission's office to pass on the action of departmental loyalty boards. But it will pass decision back to the department heads, many of whom were responsible for letting subversive employees get on the payroll in the first place. And it provides no protection against the pressure from above which reversed so many cases in the past.

Early last January I announced that I would introduce a bill to set up a Federal Loyalty Commission, and did so on February 27, nearly a month before the President's loyalty order. The Commission, as provided for in the bill, would have authority itself to dismiss anyone from federal office after due hearings, and would be so constituted as to withstand political pressure. It would consist of seven members to be appointed by the President with staggered ten-year terms, and would be independent of the executive, judicial and legislative branches. No one could get back into government without the Commission's approval.

Whatever the form of law finally passed, the President's loyalty order should be strengthened and made permanent, so as to rid the government, and keep it free, of the agents of any foreign power.

To back up enforcement, we need an aroused public opinion. The problem of Communism is not, as the Communists would like us to believe, a mere argument between the Haves and the Have-Nots over the adoption of Socialism in this country. It will not be settled by a shift to the left duly authorized at the polls. The country must realize that it involves the protection of our national sovereignty against a creeping invasion.

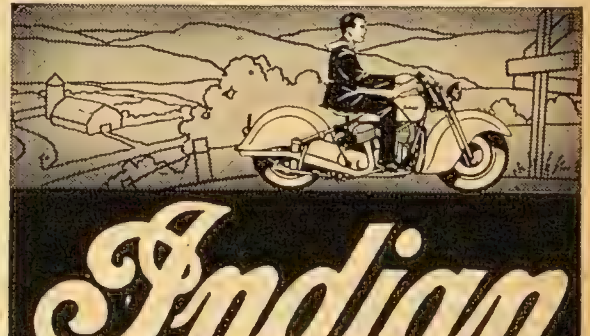
THE END


"IT SNUGGLES IN YOUR FINGERS,"
says Mr. T.
MADE IN U.S.A.
DIXON TICONDEROGA 1386 No 2

"So smooth to hold—thanks to its rounded edges.
"Ticonderoga leads are smooth, too . . . dependable, black and strong for fast, easy writing.
"And", says Mr. T., "with its superior rubber eraser locked in plastips*, you'll like the look and feel of
DIXON
Ticonderoga,
The famous pencil with green and yellow *plastips**"
*New name for Ticonderoga plastic tip.
Joseph Dixon Crucible Co., Dept. 10-J7, Jersey City 3, N. J.

LAW
STUDY AT HOME for PERSONAL SUCCESS and LARGER EARNINGS. 38 years—over 108,000 students enrolled. LL.B. Degree. All texts furnished. Easy payments. Send for FREE BOOK.
AMERICAN EXTENSION SCHOOL OF LAW
Dept. 79-L, 646 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.

"AT LAST! SOMETHING NEW and SENSATIONAL in CHRISTMAS CARDS
MAKE Extra MONEY FAST
AMAZING "OILETTE" CARDS
50 FOR $1 With Name
Like costly oil paintings. Designs never before offered. Amazing Value! Gets easy orders fast! Gorgeous Christmas Cards with name, 50 for $1 up. New features, clever ideas. Pays up to 100% cash profit. *Also Stationery*. 20 other money-making assortments sell at 60c to $1. **Samples on Approval.** Write today.
PURO CO., 2801 Locust, Dept. 714J, St. Louis 3, Mo.



Indian
WORLD'S FINEST
MOTORCYCLE
SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

HEADACHES ARE NOT HOPELESS

Continued from Page 35

leased for use by physicians. Called DHE-45, it is closely related in its chemical structure to ergotamine tartrate. Tested on a large group of migraine sufferers at the Montefiore clinic, it was found to be at least as effective as ergotamine tartrate and far less dangerous to the patient.

Even newer drugs are now being tested. But excellent though some of them may prove to be, the clinic specialists feel that seldom can migraine sufferers expect a "cure" from drugs alone. For even in migraine, worry and nervous tension are often the "trigger" that sets off the attack.

Such was the case with a young lawyer — a clinic patient — whose crippling attacks always occurred the day before he had a tough case coming up in court. Under instruction from the doctor, he learned to take his ergot drug in the right amounts and at exactly the right moment. But he also had to learn to school himself not to worry about the coming battle.

Only as he achieved this self-discipline did the attacks come with less frequency. Finally they stopped altogether.

HEADACHES may be due, of course, to anything from a brain tumor to a fit of temper over a spoiled dinner. But recurrent severe headache, so specialists declare, is a warning signal. Dr. Friedman calls it "Condition Red!" It may mean the beginning of one of any number of organic disorders, conditions that need prompt attention.

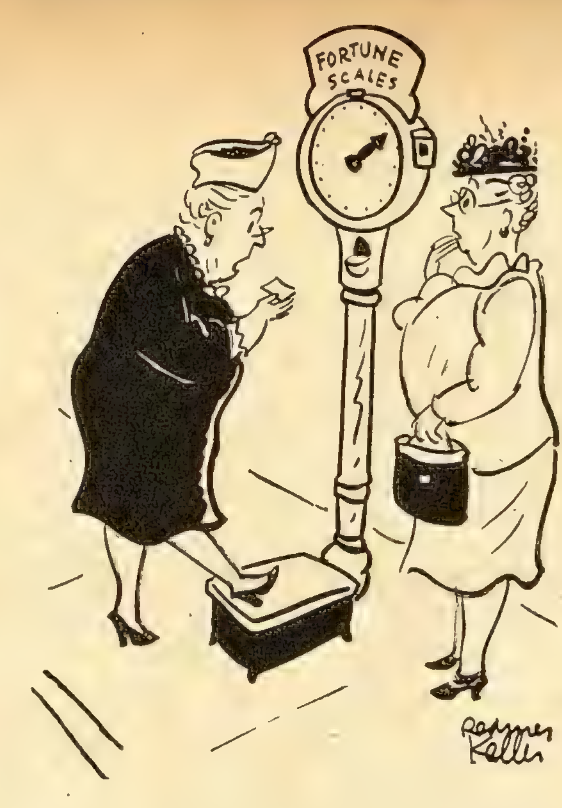
In women, severe chronic headache often accompanies the menopause.

In older people it often comes with the organic changes common to old age. But the doctor, not the patient, is the best judge of its significance.

Most of us have headaches at some time. Are they all cause for worry? Of course not. Heavy coffee or tea drinkers who "swear off" suddenly, frequently have headaches until the body gets accustomed to the change. A patient who has been taking medicine for some entirely different complaint will often experience severe headaches after he stops taking the medicine. Such headaches need not worry anyone.

If your headache comes with a siege of flu or some other common illness, it is nothing to worry about. But if it persists after the illness is over—then it would be wise to find out what is causing it.

Mild headaches due to simple causes like eye strain, overwork, exhaustion, or the well-known "morning after" headaches, clear up readily enough when the causes are removed. They have little relation to the really dangerous types of headache.



"It says, 'Now put the other foot on'!"
LIBERTY

Oddly enough, a persistent headache is not such a danger signal as the intermittent, throbbing kind. If your headaches come in bouts, and especially if the attacks are growing more severe, more frequent, don't try to laugh them off. If attacks are accompanied by other symptoms, such as spots before the eyes, blurring of vision, stiffness or numbness in legs or arms, such symptoms are a triple alarm. Your nervous system is trying to tell you that something is seriously wrong somewhere. Any attempt to treat such symptoms yourself with pills and powders may be worse than useless. They need the prompt attention of a good doctor.

THE END

LANDIS WITHOUT LEOPARD SKINS

Continued from Page 38

USO glamor junket which Carole wrote up for the Saturday Evening Post—she "nearly drove the girls crazy" with her constant singing. They were driving along the English countryside in a jeep one day when Kay, as sweetly as her frayed nerves would allow, said, "Carole, honey, if we could just have one mile without your singing it would be sheer heaven." So Carole organized a series of "Truth Will Out" sessions. Before they went to bed each girl had to listen to the other three tell her her faults. There was a severe penalty if anyone got mad. "In that way," says Carole, "we managed to stand one another."

Carole believes that she is about the hardest person to get out of bed in the morning. It falls to the lot of poor Susie, her colored maid who acts as her secretary, to get her up. Susie, who has been with Carole for seven years, calls her "Baby" and adores her, has perfected a technique. She lifts Carole's head, pours cold orange juice down her throat, followed by hot coffee. "Susie is the only person who can get me out of bed without getting slugged," says Carole. She dreams every night of her life. "My dreams are mad, silly things," she says. "I've started reading Freud. Very interesting."

Her publicity to the contrary, Carole is not especially athletic. She eats like a starving truck driver, but has never had any trouble keeping her figure streamlined. (She is 5 feet 5 inches, weighs 116 pounds, and has a chest measurement of 36½ inches without taking a deep breath.

Although some of her pictures have been smellerdramas, she has never failed to give a creditable performance and to appear beautifully dressed. The Johnston Office always takes a keen interest in Carole's clothes. They're still laughing at Fox about the time Carole was making It Happened in Flatbush. The studio, following instructions, sent over the gowns that Carole was to wear in the film for the official O.K. Word came back: "The gowns look all right, but we'll have to see Miss Landis in them before we officially approve of them."

CAROLE was born in Fairchild, Wisconsin, New Year's Day, 1919. Her real name is Frances Lillian Mary Ridste. While she was still a baby her family moved to San Diego, California, where her father was a navy machinist; then to San Bernardino, where her parents separated. At an early age Carole discovered that she and school were completely incompatible. To get away, she married at fifteen a young chap named Irving Wheeler. That was on a Saturday. On Monday her mother dragged her back to school. "I felt a little silly," says Carole. The marriage was annulled, but she remarried Irving later.

When she had saved up $16.82, Carole took a bus to San Francisco, where she landed a job at the Royal Hawaiian night club as a soloist with the orchestra at fifty bucks a week. Later she got a singing job at the Rio del Mar Country Club at Santa Cruz. When she had saved $100 she decided to try her luck in Hollywood. After a short whirl at Warners and Republic she coaxed Hal Roach and D. W. Griffith into giving her the lead, opposite an unknown actor named Victor Mature, in One Million B.C. The film wasn't so hot, but Carole, in a leopard skin, was. The publicity boys whistled and ran for their cameras and typewriters.

A very honest person, Carole is the first to tell you that publicity is responsible for her popularity. And she has no intention of biting the hand that has fed her so well for seven years. But, just for a change of pace, she would like some good pictures. It isn't asking too much, she thinks.

THE END

you get

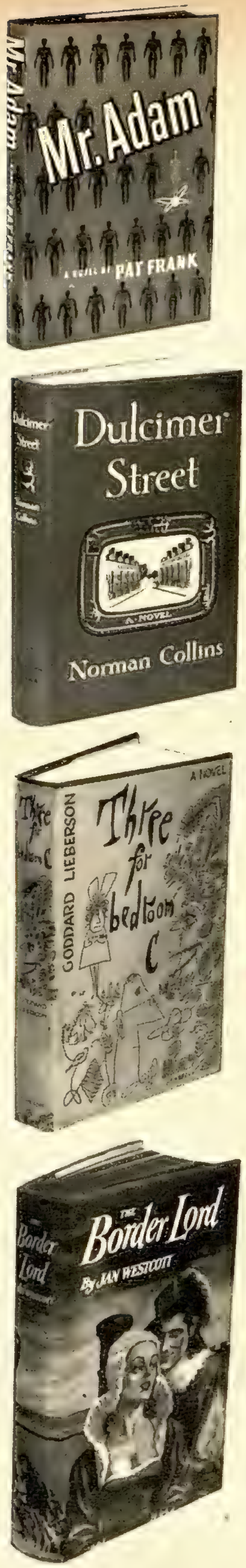
one-evening condensations of

26
new books

in a year's

subscription to

Liberty


Mr. Adam
A NOVEL BY PAT FRANK
Dulcimer Street
A NOVEL
Norman Collins
A NOVEL
Three for bedroom C
GODDARD LIEBERSON
THE Border Lord
By JAN WESTCOTT

Keep up with the newest
novels. Explore some of
the best non-fiction.
You'll get *26 new books*,
each condensed to a single
evening's reading, in a year
subscription to Liberty
. . . many of them
top-of-the-list best-sellers.
And all 26 will cost you

only $2.50

AND . . . if you think this is
a whale of a lot of good reading
for a little price . . .
remember you'll *also* get . . .

- 26 exciting picture sections
- more than 100 great short stories
- 5 absorbing serials
- scores of important articles by people-in-the-know, bringing the world to your doorstep.

Mail this today.

LIBERTY • 37 West 57th Street • New York 19, N. Y.
Enclosed find ☐ check ☐ money order for

☐ $2.50 for *one* year of Liberty (26 issues)
☐ $4.50 for *two* years of Liberty (52 issues)
☐ $6.50 for *three* years of Liberty (78 issues)

NAME..

ADDRESS..

CITY..*ZONE*........*STATE*..............................

These prices in effect only in the United States.

Can you think of any way to get more for your money? Or a greater gift for a low price? Mail the coupon today to be sure you don't miss an issue of the new, bigger, livelier LIBERTY.

DANGEROUS LEGACY

Continued from Page 25

THE office of M. K. Ambulal, Solicitor at Law, consisted of a room, a desk, several chairs, and a filing cabinet. Mr. Ambulal was a Madrasi who always looked as if he were actively engaged in some grand conspiracy. He stared at Jock and Tim.

"I will now read the last will and testament of the late Andrew MacDougal," he announced. "It was the wish of the deceased that the will be read privately to you two gentlemen." He cleared his throat.

" 'I, Andrew MacDougal, of lawful age and sound mind and not acting under duress, menace, fraud or undue influence of any person, do make, publish, and declare this my Last Will and Testament, as follows:

" 'Experience has taught me that money is not a blessing but a curse. Therefore, I hereby give, devise, and bequeath all of my property to my two most despised and detested enemies, John Abernathy McWhirtle and Timothy Mulrooney.' "

Jock pricked up his ears. "D'ye mind repeatin' that?"

"Shut up," said Tim. "Let him go on."

Mr. Ambulal continued: " 'This property is to be divided equally among them at the end of two months. In the event of the death of one, the entire estate will revert to the other. If, however, both beneficiaries should die during this period, I desire that my property be shared equally by the four Wambalu brothers, Samueli, Inoki, Joni, and Popi, who reside on the island of Kanga.' "

"Good old MacDougal!" Tim exulted. "We're rich!"

"How large is the auld ruffian's estate?" Jock asked Ambulal.

"It amounts to—roughly—five thousand pounds."

"That's twenty-five hundred quid apiece!" Tim beamed.

"If one o' us should die," mused Jock, "the other one wad ha'e a tidy sum."

"I have no intention of popping off," Tim assured him. "Can't you be contented with your twenty-five hundred?"

"D'ye think the Wambalu brothers will be contented?"

"Who in blazes are they?"

"Merely the most ruthless, horrid, bloodthirsty murderers in the South Pacific Ocean," Jock told him. "Wi' a guid missionary education, too." mused Jock gloomily. "'Tis unlikely we'll be alive two months from now."

"Mr. Ambulal," said Tim, "do the Wambalu brothers know about this will?"

"Yes. I sent my assistant to Kanga to notify them," declared Ambulal. "He left three weeks ago and has not yet returned. Fortunately he was insured."

"Why didn't ye tell us first?" asked Jock.

"Paragraph five states that the Wambalus should be notified first."

"Let's get oot o' here," said Jock. "That Hindu wi' his crafty eyes makes me all jibberty inside."

They went down to King's Wharf, where Tim's ship, the Princess Palua, was tied. She was a small rusty steam vessel with a crew of five bushy-haired natives.

"Mind if I come aboard wi' ye?" asked Jock. "The verra thocht o' them murderous aborigines worries me."

"Why worry?" shrugged Tim. "I'll see to it that you get a first-class funeral, Jocko—"

"*Ye'll* see to it? Man, ye're on the list too."

"But I won't be available for two months. As soon as I get my ship loaded, I'm putting to sea."

"Wad ye leave me here—to my doom?"

"That," said Tim, "is very probable." He sprawled on the bunk. I'll need every bit of that five thousand pounds. I shall purchase a secluded island, a distilling apparatus, and a large library of books—"

"Tim! Watch oot!"

Tim gave a leap. Something whizzed through the air—a very small object, like an insect. It stuck into the wooden bulkhead a few inches from Tim's ear.

Reaching under the mattress, Tim pulled out a big black automatic. But by the time he reached the deck, no one was to be seen.

"I saw him!" gulped Jock. "A big scroggy head wi' a purple band. He had a tube in his mouth, like a blowpipe!"

Tim went back and inspected the small dart which had lodged in the bulkhead. The tip was made of sharp bone and had a hollow point containing a few drops of liquid. "Looks like the Wambalus haven't lost any time," he remarked.

"Tim—ye'll na leave me here wi' them fiends? Take me wi' ye!"

"I suppose I'll have to—inasmuch as you just saved my life," Tim conceded grudgingly. "But I don't intend to leave until I get that cargo aboard. Pete has a hundred and twenty cases ready to ship."

"An' where is the cargo stored?"

"On Snake Island, the other side of the bay. We can load it aboard tonight and be out of Rukuruku Harbor by tomorrow morning. The Wambalus will have a merry time catching us."

NESTLED in a bight on the north side of Rukuruku Bay, Snake Island was separated from the mainland by a narrow channel. The fact that nobody ever went there made the place an ideal hiding place for Pete's products. This merchandise was stored in a corrugated-iron warehouse concealed by dense vegetation. Not far from the warehouse was a wharf.

Late that night the Princess Palua crept alongside the Snake Island wharf. As the crew made the vessel fast, Jock and Tim went ashore. Tim unlocked the warehouse door, roved his flashlight around the place, then lit a kerosene lantern.

Case upon case of musty-looking whisky filled one side of the room. "Ah," Jock said, "'twad be a guid idea to refresh oursel's wi' a few drops o' invigoratin' spirits. A wee drink will take the ocean chill from our innards." He picked up a bottle and pulled the cork with his teeth. Then he took a long drink, shuddered, and smiled.

Tim took the bottle away from him and tried it. "Uff," he said. "It has the taste of leaded petrol and the smell of a reptile's breath." He sampled it again, to be sure.

"I ha'e been thinking," said Jock, opening another bottle, "that MacDougal suspected we wad try to buy his distributorship from Pete."

"Of course," nodded Tim. "That's why he put the curse on us."

Jock shuddered. "An' to think I spent four shilling sixpence for a nosegay for auld MacDougal's bier!"

"We'll get the better of him, Jocko," said Tim. "We'll stay alive, and we'll take his money too."

Jock took a revolver from his pocket. "If one o' them fuzzy-headed Wambalus comes wi'in fifty yards, I'll gi'e him a dose o' lead where 'twill do the most harm." His finger tightened on the trigger, and the gun went off, quite by accident, drilling a round hole in the wall.

"Be careful with that blinking thing!" glared Tim.

Outside the warehouse, someone groaned loudly.

"Wow!" Jock seemed to be gulping air. "Did ye hear that?"

Tim started for the door, but his way was blocked by a huge chocolate-skinned man with frizzly hair. A purple ribbon encircled the man's head. He wore a red polka-dot skirt and a torn undershirt. Under one

"He's at an awkward age—too old to spank and too young to reason with."
LIBERTY

arm was a light submachine gun of a type common when Japs were roaming about the islands.

"Why," asked the man sadly, "did you shoot my brother Samueli?"

"'Twas entirely accidental—" Jock suddenly turned greenish around the chops. "Losh! The Wambalus!"

Two more natives appeared. Their paunches bulged over their red skirts.

"Inoki, take the guns," instructed the man with the headband. "Approach with care. The ferret-faced person is cunning and the big one is powerful."

"We waste time, Brother Popi," said Inoki. "It is easier to kill them first."

"Obey," scowled Popi. "Joni, watch by the door and shoot anyone who approaches. The crew of the ship may decide to come ashore."

THE groaning outside continued. "Poor Samueli." Popi watched with hard eyes as Inoki relieved Jock and Tim of their firearms. "He is certainly dying."

"Yes," Joni agreed, "he is dying, all right."

"Pairhaps a few drops o' fine auld whisky wad soothe his last moments," Jock suggested.

"Whisky?" Popi stared about the warehouse. "Is all this—whisky?"

"The verra best," nodded Jock.

Popi procured a bottle, broke the neck off, and guzzled until his eyes bulged. "Good," he grunted. "Vinaka!"

Joni and Inoki helped themselves eagerly.

"*Sa!* That MacDoogli was a fat pig—*a vuaka uro!*"

"A pig, ye say?" Jock said. "I thocht he was yer friend?"

"MacDoogli hated us," Popi replied. "He even accused us of cutting the throat of his first mate—but there was no proof."

"Aha," said Tim. "It appears that Mr. MacDougal intended to knock off six birds with one stone. He wanted the Wambalus to kill us, and he knew that, if they did, they would most certainly hang for it. Then he would be revenged all around."

"That evil-hearted MacDoogli," said Popi. "We will not fall into this trap!"

"I rather hoped you'd feel that way," said Tim. "You don't want to be hanged, and we don't choose to be murdered."

"Brothers—why did you not tell me there was whisky?" A fourth native limped into the warehouse, a bloodstained undershirt wrapped around his left thigh.

"*Sobo!*" exclaimed Popi. "It is brother Samueli!"

"And he is not even dead," added Inoki.

"*Bulabulava!*" Joni waved a pistol in one hand and a bottle in the other. "It is time for rejoicing!"

"Ye're absolutely right," said Jock. "Gi'e the laddie a drink."

Popi squinted at a big nickel-plated wrist watch. "The hour is

COBBS
COBBS
A Blended Whisky of superior quality
Blended and Bottled in Philadelphia, Pa. by
COBBS DISTILLING CORPORATION

COBBS

The Master Blend

All the skill and experience of The Master Blender are reflected in COBBS. Whisky blended to bring you appealing mildness; new levels of richness and flavor. You'll take added pleasure in the modest price.

COBBS DISTILLING CORPORATION, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

BLENDED WHISKY
86 PROOF • 72½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

late," he said, hiccuping. "I think we had better kill them now."

"Drink up," urged Jock. He turned his head slowly. "K-kill who?" he gulped. "I thocht we was friends?"

"Five thousand pounds will buy much whisky," said Popi grimly.

"But whisky won't do you any good if you can't drink the blasted stuff," argued Tim. "Mark what I say, they'll hang you."

"We have killed others," said Popi. "We shall sail back to Kanga in our canoe, and no one will know that we have been to Rukururuku."

Tim glanced toward the doorway. Popi's tommy gun was lying about ten feet away. Tim took a deep breath, tightened his legs like a sprinter, and made a lunge for it. As his fingers touched the butt of the gun, Popi, grabbed him by the shoulder, spinning him around.

"Ye blasted heathen—" Jock McWhirtle heaved his bottle straight for Popi's head.

There was nothing wrong with Jock's aim. Only fate can be blamed for the fact that Popi moved his head about six inches to the left at the moment the bottle left Jock's hand.

Trader Tim received the bottle squarely in the forehead. He sank to the floor, smiling oafishly.

WHEN Tim woke up, he saw Jock sitting on an empty case. The Wambalus were gone, and so were the one hundred and twenty cases of whisky.

"Ah," said Jock. "For a while I thocht ye were dead."

"Where'd they go?" Tim asked.

"Back to Kanga," said Jock.

Tim arose groggily. "And what became of the whisky?"

"They took it with 'em," said Jock. "I explained to the lads that they couldna murder us an' abscond wi' the whisky too. So they took the whisky."

"How could they possibly carry it?"

"A guid point," said Jock. "I suggested that they take the Princess Palua."

"My ship!" blurted Tim. "You mean those blackhearted beggars took my ship?"

"'Twas the only way," Jock insisted. "They couldn't carry it in a canoe."

"You bungling whistlehead! You gave 'em *my* ship and *my* whisky just to save your insignificant hide? I'd have cut the blighters down like cane stalks if you hadn't heaved that bottle," Tim asserted. "The gun was almost in my hand."

"At least ye're alive, an' ye'll inherit half o' MacDougal's money. Those Wambalus will be crassly intoxicated for at least six months. I wad suggest that we start back for Rukururuku."

"Do you know where their canoe is?"

"They sank it," said Jock. "But 'tis low tide. If we hurry, we can make the trip afoot—across the reef."

"I'll be glad when you and your wife make up!"

LIBERTY

Tim took the flashlight from his pocket and went outside. "For twenty years you have been an infernal jinx," he said.

"Ye ha'e na brocht me any luck yerself," Jock replied sharply. "From noo on, Trader Tim, ye may consider our association at an end."

They tramped silently toward the reef, then walked along it cautiously, crunching the wet coral underneath.

They had covered about half the length of the reef when Tim suddenly stumbled and fell to one side. "Jock!" he called. "Come here!"

Jock approached cautiously. "What ails ye?"

"My leg. Something's grabbed my leg. I can't get loose!"

"Ye ken what's happened?" said Jock, kneeling. "Ye've stepped smack into one o' them big, enormous clams. When ye stepped in it, it snapped shut like a watch cover. Wow—'tis a huge beastie!"

"Get me loose," said Tim. "It's got my leg like a vise."

"I didna think there was any left on the reef," mused Jocko. "The natives make a delectable soup out o' them."

"Jocko, old pal, there are times when one says things he doesn't mean—"

"These clams ha'e tremendous muscular power," explained Jock. "Once closed, they will na open till the next tide."

"But by then I'll be drowned," said Tim. "You know how high the tide comes over this reef."

"Aye," nodded Jock. "'Tis the moon causes it."

"Listen," pleaded Tim. "There's a tool chest inside the warehouse."

"Five thousand pounds is considerable money," said Jock. "Accordin' to the will, I receive the entire sum if anything unfortunate—such as steppin' into a vicious clam—should happen to ye."

"I am beginning to believe that MacDougal was right," said Tim gloomily. "Money is only a curse."

"In my lifetime," said Jock, "I ha'e been cursed by everything except money. Wi' five thousand pounds I might purchase a secluded island, a whisky-makin' apparatus—"

"Good-by, Jocko," said Tim with heroic resignation. "You are the one to be pitied. As the vast ocean surges over my head, I shall perish with a clean conscience!"

"I ha'e heard yer glib tongue too often to be much impressed," said Jock. "Ne'ertheless, I'll see if I can find somethin' wi' which to get ye loose. Wait here." He started back toward Snake Island.

Tim struggled for a while, without success. The ocean swirled around him, and every now and then an outsized wave smashed up higher on the reef, dousing him with spray. He was about to give up hope when he saw Jock trudging toward him.

"I found the hammer," Jock said, "but there was no crowbar—only a cold chisel."

"That ought to do it."

Jock placed the chisel on the upper shell and gave it a whack.

"Ow!" Tim sprang up as far as he could. "Hammer the other shell, blast you! I'd prefer to keep my leg."

"Aye." Jock placed the chisel on the lip of the lower shell and slammed at it furiously.

"I heard something splinter. Keep at it."

A portion of the shell split away.

"I'm free!" Crawling to his feet, Tim tried to support himself on his numb leg and fell flat on the reef. "Don't stand there leering at me, you snake-faced Scotchman! Give me a hand!"

"Aye," said Jock, helping him up. "'Tis a pleasure, my dear, devoted auld friend!"

"IT has turned out a little differently than was expected," M. K. Ambulal said. "My client would have been very surprised."

"He wad that," chuckled Jock.

"I imagine you're rather surprised to see us alive too," added Tim.

"Surprised but not displeased," smiled Ambulal. "I understand that the Wambalu brothers are now in jail."

Jock nodded. "For piracy, illegal possession o' liquor, an' a dozen or more other matters."

"They stole my ship and ran her aground on Hull Reef," said Tim. "They had somehow obtained a large quantity of whisky and became disgracefully drunk. Fortunately, my ship wasn't damaged. The whisky was dumped into the ocean by the navy men who towed the ship back."

"A deplorable waste of alcohol," said Ambulal understandingly. He opened his desk drawer and pulled out a faded photograph. "Do you gentlemen recognize this picture?"

Jock stared at it closely. "'Tis MacDougal," he said. "'Twas evidently taken some years ago."

"It is also someone else," said Ambulal. "The name on the back is 'Angus Jones.'"

"Jones, ye say?"

"I have discovered that Angus Jones and Andrew MacDougal were the same person."

"So what?" grunted Tim.

"Then, Elsie"— Jock swallowed hard—"the barmaid at Pete the Publican's must be his daughter!"

"MacDougal deserted his wife a few months before the child was born," said Ambulal. "This, of course, will nullify the will."

"Blast it!" thundered Tim. "How did you happen to find out about that girl?"

"Mr. McWhirtle advised her to consult with me."

Tim's rage was horrible to behold. Jock edged toward the door. "Keep yer temper, Tim, lad," he said nervously. "D'ye think I wad intentionally—purposely—wi' malice aforethocht—toss a fortune oot the window?"

Tim fingered the back of a chair, as if trying to decide whether to smash it over Jock's head. Then he grunted.

"Without knowing it, you've done me a good deed, Jocko," he said. "I have wandered too long and too far. It's time I settled down with some respectable girl who—"

"Who has five thousand pounds," said Jock.

"I have been attracted to little Elsie for some time."

"If she had but an inkling o' yer horrid past—"

"One word out of you and the Highland pipes will be skirling for a lost son," Tim warned him.

JOCK followed Tim to his ship; watched him climb into a pair of white linen shorts and put on a clean shirt with blue polka dots. After combing back his yellowish mane, Tim placed his cap at a jaunty angle. "She'll be dazzled by me, Jocko," he said. "I'll sweep her off her feet!"

"I dinna think I'll go wi' ye. The verra sight o' yer struttin' an' blowin' wad undoubtedly cause me to retch."

He accompanied Tim ashore neverless. The pub was almost deserted. Elsie looked up.

"I was hoping you'd come in!" she exclaimed. "Oh, you darling!"

She whirled from behind the bar and grasped Jock McWhirtle firmly about the neck. She kissed him until his eyebrows waggled furiously and his neck became deep purple.

"See here—" Trader Tim's face was stony.

"Whoof!" Jock clutched the bar.

"You dear darling," beamed Elsie. "I can never thank you enough for helping me to find my father. I'm sorry he died—but I had no idea he was so terribly rich. I've cabled Clarence about it already."

"And who is Clarence?" Tim inquired stiffly.

"My fiancé. He's a postman in Sydney, and he's always wanted an education so badly. Now we can get married and go to school."

Tim sat on a stool. "Jocko," he said, "how much money did you win from that Longani banana man?"

"Four hundred pounds—an' I intend to keep it."

"Four hundred pounds would just pay for the whisky the Wambalu brothers stole from us. Although I hold the distributorship for Pete the Publican's products, I would be willing to take in a partner."

"This is one time I will na permit mysel' to be influenced by yer glib gabbit," Jock declared positively.

"I would give this partner a full half interest. Look, Jocko, if MacDougal made a fortune in the business, we can do it too."

"A half interest, ye say?"

"Including a half interest in the Princess Palua. Now, where can you buy half of a stout, sturdy ship like mine for only four hundred pounds?"

"At most any nautical boneyard," said Jock. "Howe'er, if ye was to gi'e me that half interest on a document drawn up by Mr. Ambulal—"

"That I will," Tim agreed, "all fair, square, and legal. Elsie, pour Mr. McWhirtle the biggest glass of whisky this side of the equator!"

THE END

JIM HAD HIS WORRIES UNTIL . . .
WHY ALL THE GLOOM, JIM, WHEN THE GRANDEST GIRL ON THE BEACH IS JUST ACHING TO SET EYES ON YOU!
BILL, I'M DYING TO MAKE GOOD WITH CELINE··· AND I JUST CAN'T GET A DECENT SHAVE. WHAT'LL I DO?
For Quick, Refreshing, Spick-and-Span, Shaves Thin Gillette Blades
THAT'S EASY! TOSS AWAY YOUR PHONY BLADES AND USE THIN GILLETTES. YOU'LL GET GOOD-LOOKING SHAVES EVERYTIME!
I'VE HEARD ABOUT THEM, BUT I THOUGHT ALL BLADES WERE ABOUT THE SAME
WHAT! GENUINE GILLETTES ONLY TEN CENTS FOR FOUR?
THAT'S JUST PART OF IT. THEY MAKE YOUR FACE LOOK AND FEEL SWELL··· AND SAVE YOU MONEY BESIDES
GREAT! THIS IS A BLADE. SLICKEST SHAVE I EVER HAD
JIM, YOU LOOK MARVELOUS. WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING TO YOURSELF?
WELL, CELINE, I FINALLY LEARNED HOW TO GET A RESPECTABLE SHAVE··· IF THAT'S WHAT YOU MEAN
HI! HI! FOLKS. HOW'YA COMING JIM?
NOT BAD, BILL, THANKS TO YOUR TIP ABOUT THIN GILLETTES!
YOU ENJOY EASY, REFRESHING SHAVES THAT MAKE YOU LOOK YOUR BEST WITH THIN GILLETTES. NO OTHER BLADES IN THE LOW-PRICE FIELD ARE SO KEEN AND LONG LASTING. ALSO, THIN GILLETTES FIT YOUR GILLETTE RAZOR PERFECTLY··· GIVE YOU POSITIVE PROTECTION AGAINST THE IRRITATION OF MISFIT BLADES. ASK FOR THIN GILLETTES
THIN Gillette BLADES 4 for 10¢

MARSHALL CITIZEN SOLDIER

Continued from Page 46

with the Massachusetts National Guard. But he had a star in his pocket. It was to be nearly thirty years before he could take it out and put it on his shoulder as Brigadier General Marshall, but already his reputation was spreading through the Army.

An officer may not examine his personal file—the famous 201 file kept by the Adjutant General's Department—and may examine his efficiency file only in Washington, so it may have been years before Marshall saw what was written on his efficiency report from the Leavenworth staff college:

"Lt. Marshall has one of the best minds I know. He is mentally very mature for his years. Possesses tact and good judgment. A most promising officer."

LIEUTENANT MARSHALL made an attempt to avoid another Philippine service, because his wife was not well and neither of them could view with anything but distress and dismay the possibility of separation during a three-year foreign service tour. In the spring of 1913 he wrote to the Adjutant General, explained that his wife's health would not permit her to accompany him to the Philippines, and asked that he be ordered instead to any of the other foreign duty areas. The Adjutant General replied that because of regulations the Army could not consider foreign service on a volunteer basis except in the Philippines.

Unhappily, but promptly and without hesitation, Marshall telegraphed the Adjutant General requesting that he be ordered to the Philippines.

The climate, after all, proved bearable to Lily. There were delightful friends, and the pace was easy enough to allow considerable entertaining and being entertained, for all of Lieutenant Marshall's driving energy and the passion for knowledge that would not let him rest.

A few doors away from the Marshalls, Captain Laurence Halstead had his quarters. A few doors in the opposite direction were the quarters of Second Lieutenant Frederick Walker, who wanted to learn telegraphy. Captain Halstead, pleased by Walker's ambition, had agreed to practice with him. They installed a wire between their houses, and spent a portion of their leisure time tapping out messages to each other. During one of these practice sessions, both Halstead and Walker were startled when an unsuspected interloper broke in with a message of his own. They discovered that Lieutenant Marshall had heard about their arrangement, and being as eager as Walker to learn telegraphy, had simply tapped their line and installed a key in his own quarters.

Even in those days, the fear of a Japanese invasion was a very real one, and coupled with the fear of another insurrection. Soldiers of the Philippine Department slept with two hundred rounds of ammunition beside them. Defense against great force was considered impossible even then, but plans were drawn for delaying actions, and for defense against invading forces approximately equal in strength to the garrison on Luzon.

General Bell, commanding the Philippine Department, ordered maneuvers. The forces on Luzon were divided into two equal detachments. Detachment No. 1 was to stage an amphibious attack in Batangas, and march toward Manila. Detachment No. 2 was to defend the capital city.

Captain Jens Bugge was named Chief of Staff of Detachment No. 1, and First Lieutenant George C. Marshall, Adjutant. A day or two after the maneuvers started, Bugge went off to hospital with an attack of malaria and Marshall was named Acting Chief of Staff. Because of his youth and his junior rank, an outcry followed. One senior officer of the detachment was told finally that he would accept direction from Marshall, or go before a retiring board.

Coming up to headquarters during the campaign, Lieutenant H. H. (Hap) Arnold, one of the company commanders in Detachment No. 1, found the staff and unit commanders gathered around a figure sprawled on his back against a fence, staring intently at a map spread on a board and fastened to a tree at a peculiar angle above his eyes. While Arnold and the umpires and observers watched, and the active participants wrote in longhand, Marshall began dictating his field order.

It was long, and it was complicated; but without reference to any notes, looking only at his map, Marshall dictated for several minutes. When he stopped, the group around him was awed. He had dictated a complete and elaborate plan of attack. Every component of the maneuver detachment had its orders. Not one factor had been overlooked. Not one change was made—Marshall did not even read over the order. The result was the complete routing of the defending detachment and a march straight into Manila.

"You haven't noticed me a whole evening!!"

LIBERTY

Arnold, whose assignment in the same regiment was the beginning of a long and close friendship with Marshall that was to bear fruit in their teamwork during the war against the Axis, was astounded. When he returned home after the maneuvers, he described the incident to his wife, and added, "There's a man who's going to be Chief of Staff!"

Whatever his potential rank, Marshall remained a first lieutenant, and went back to Fort McKinley, in Manila, as adjutant of the post. Captain Sherrill, a friend of the Leavenworth days, was transferred to Manila in the summer of 1914. The last day of December, he and his wife were guests at Marshall's birthday dinner, expecting to see the New Year in with George and Lily.

Suddenly, just before midnight, the lights went out all over the post, and the four friends chatting gaily on the veranda of the Marshalls' quarters were shocked as the harsh tones of a bugle sounded the call to arms. In the starlight they could see the native employees swarming across the parade ground. Insurrection!

George was adjutant of the post, and the fastest he could get there would not be fast enough.

"Shaggy!" he shouted. "Take the women over to General Kernan's!"

Mrs. Sherrill called out, "I've got to go home!"

"You can't!"

"I've got to! The baby's with a native nurse in Manila!"

"Lily! Are you coming?"

"Well, George," the voice drawled out of the darkness, "I can't leave all my silver here!"

George exploded. "Well, if you want to stay and be murdered for an old silver spoon, then stay!"

But in a very few minutes they were on their way, and the Sherrills, in an agony of suspense, were driven back to town. Their small son had not even been awakened by the hubbub, and the insurrection proved to be no insurrection at all, but a kind of general strike by native workers.

IN his zeal to give civilians who were potential officers of a wartime Army the rudiments of military training, General Leonard Wood, as commanding general of the Eastern Department, opened at Plattsburg in 1915 a training camp at which civilians reported for a month's training on a volunteer basis. Its importance lay in the attraction of public attention to the problem of training reserves. The 1916 legislation took up the plan and provided for the organization of such citizen training camps throughout the country.

General Bell, adopting the plan enthusiastically, had such a camp in operation at Monterey, California, by early summer of 1916, and had authority to organize two others on the West Coast. Lieutenant Colonel Johnson Hagood received instructions from Bell to proceed to Monterey, stay at the camp for the remaining two weeks as an observer, and when the camp was over report in San Francisco.

"Don't tell me about that damned camp," was General Bell's greeting when Hagood walked in to report two weeks later. "I know it was rotten! I'm not going to have another one like that." The old man leaned back in his chair and grinned. "The next camp is going to be up at Salt Lake, up at Fort Douglas. I'm not going to send any general up there. I'm going to put you in command!"

Hagood said nothing, but he could not hide the gleam of satisfaction in his eyes.

"And I don't want you to be too much puffed up about that, either," the general added with a twinkle, "because I'm going to send George Marshall to be your adjutant. I picked you to be commanding officer because I knew you had sense enough to let Marshall run it!"

They looked at each other, and laughed. Each of them knew what the other thought about Marshall. The Army was the Army, and protocol was protocol, and a very junior captain commanding one of these camps was out of the question. But two very able senior officers could connive to make him commander in fact if not in name, and be delighted with each other in the conspiracy. It is the measure of Hagood that this story is known only because Hagood himself told it.

When the camp closed, Hagood as commanding officer was required to make an efficiency report on the officers under his command. The standard efficiency report contains this question, "Would you desire to have him under your immediate command in peace and in war?"

Colonel Hagood wrote in reply:

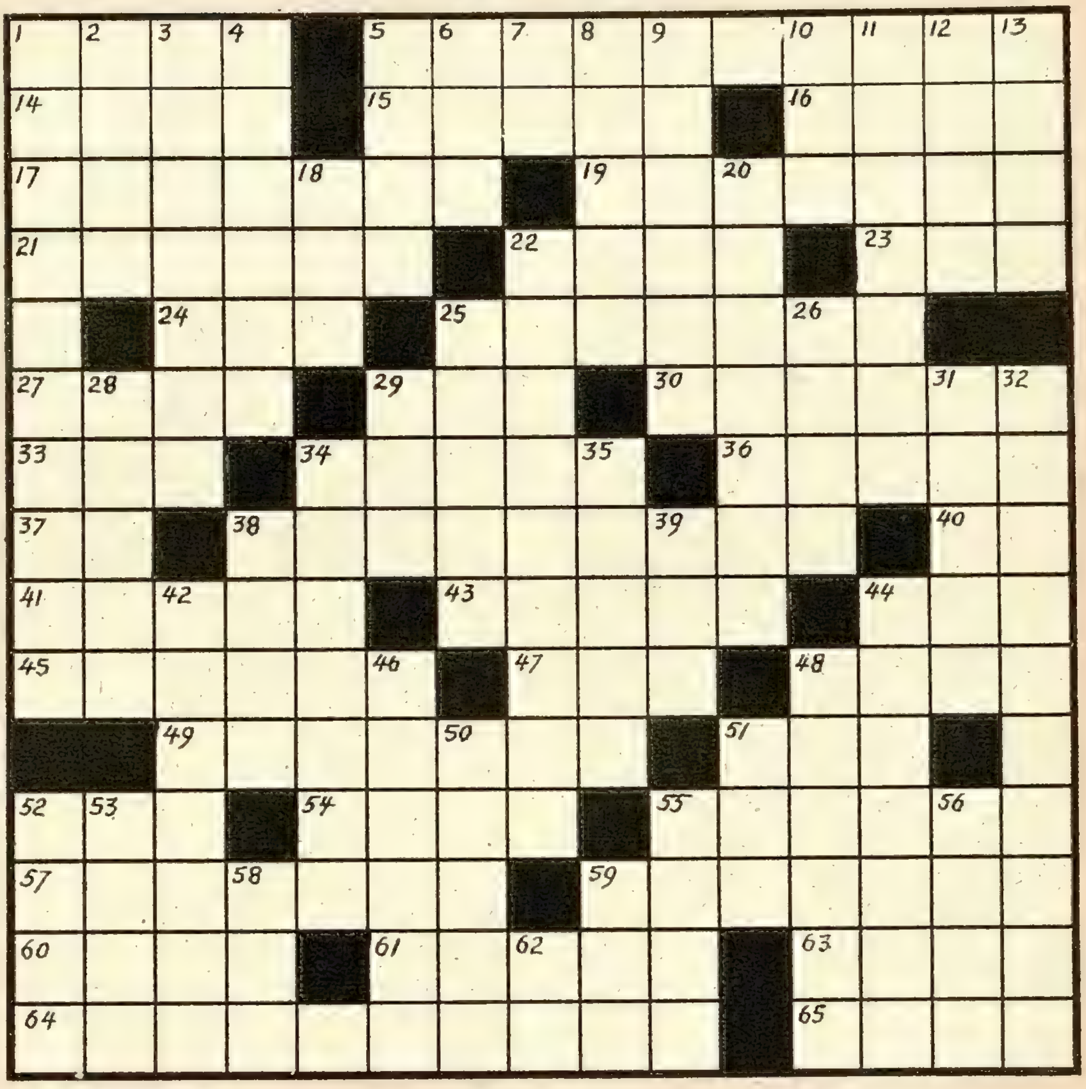
"Yes, but I would prefer to serve *under his command*. . . . In my judgment there are not five officers in the Army as well qualified as he to command a division in the field. . . ."

Then to underscore his statement, Hagood added "He is my junior by over eighteen hundred files."

WITH the fateful declaration of a state of war on April 6, 1917, Marshall's one obsession became assignment to France. Late in June, Captain Marshall received orders detaining him to the General Staff Corps, and he sailed aboard the first ship in the first convoy carrying American troops to World War I. It would be his plans that would send

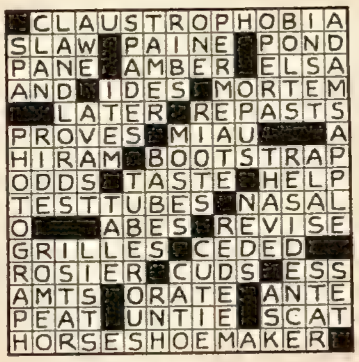
COCKEYED CROSSWORD

BY TED SHANE



HORIZONTAL

1 A darling sexpression
5 Prize beef of '47 raised by the American workingman (two words; pl.)
14 *Roan* in a river (anag.)
15 Flyer who holds the world's altitude record
16 They may have their falsies, but women find them uplifting
17 Lamebrains, fail to register in the upper story
19 Old croquet motto: "With —— toward none, and no rest for the wicket!"
21 Operate by removing, as the appendix of the encyclopedia
22 Just hang the blame for It All on this
23 Animal who places $2 bets on other animals
24 They fill in during lapses
25 States, to avoid libeling
27 Old man Porsena
29 More excitement
30 Soundest in the mens sano dep't
33 The outcome depends on these
34 He who does, knows vat's vat in the beer business
36 Puccini's pulchritudinous part for Pons
37 Overslung Tinpusses (abbr.)
38 Original clothes for Garden wear—they uncovered a multitude of skins in breezy weather (two words)
40 Equalizer
41 If it weren't for them, things probably wouldn't make scents
43 Young Manville with the Horn (Oh, Shaw, we used it before!)
44 Chest protector
45 Manufactures sheet music
47 Kind of gal who during the war was on the up and up
48 Taken in a poetic way—but *neat* (anag.)
49 Oil administered in extreme cases
51 Mermen shave with an electric one
52 Amount of ice cream Johnny would like
54 The House of Dry Goods
55 What Mama figured to be before she got streamlined
57 What she does when the light goes out for the second time
59 Kind of people who should come to the aid of the party
60 ssedog nooM
61 Red column found in this country—nobody knows the exact figures in it
63 Nobles oblige this fellow
64 Science of the bores—no matter how muzzled, they still will give you a bang
65 lrig drawkcaB



```
■CLAUSTROPHOBIA
SLAW■PAINE■POND
PANE■AMBER■ELSA
AND■IDES■MORTEM
■■LATER■REPASTS
PROVES■MIAU■■■A
HIRAM■BOOTSTRAP
ODDS■TASTE■HELP
TESTTUBES■NASAL
O■■■ABES■REVISE
GRILLES■CEDED■■
ROSIER■CUDS■ESS
AMTS■ORATE■ANTE
PEAT■UNTIE■SCAT
HORSESHOEMAKER■
```

July 5 Answer

VERTICAL

1 Excellent large cats with flowery tendencies
2 There's a small state in the middle of this lake
3 Hatracks of the hart
4 Men who sit backward and use a lot of pull to get on with a lot of jerks
5 World problem in disharmament for the U.N. to solve
6 Repubs
7 Phalanx or Faultless (abbr.)
8 Of the nature of blood (you can't take this in a light vein)
9 They never survived the crash of '29
10 Independent Bubblegum Levitators (abbr.)
11 Temporary things tailors put into pants for 35 cents
12 Pushes the pasties into the puss
13 Word from a rattlesnake
18 Wot cockney hactresses like to mike
20 Where there's a will, there's a this
22 It fell off the windowsill and crowned her, and she got a new hat
25 *Deal* a gal in (anag.)
26 You'll find a man in this *nose* (anag.)
28 River of song urged to flow gently
29 Start of an argument
31 XX
32 Neapolitan jitterbugs do it in 6/8 time
34 Makes two lines out of one; or the ambisextrous
35 Millionaire muslin
38 It got potted in the '90s and lay around drawing rooms
39 French grape juice
42 Kind of person who is full of good spirits
44 He sits around and cheers strikes and the Reds (two words)
46 Medieval tanks
48 Place where an Indian keeps his wigwam
50 *Tines* move inwardly (anag.)
51 Blind evil
52 Ku Klux Klansman of Judaism
53 What the Thin Man's wife keeps getting
55 What chessmen come in
56 This can give you the *runt*around (anag.)
58 Hex-Secret'ry of Stite
59 Stein song
62 Two-way kind of sects

The answer to this puzzle will appear in the next issue.

them into battle. He would follow them along the muddy roads and into the trenches of the front line to be sure the thing was going according to plan, eating his heart out in a staff job because he was too good to be spared from the staff and given a command. Marshall found cold comfort in being told he was the most brilliant staff officer of the war, when all he wanted was to lead men in battle.

And when the Leviathan arrived in New York on September 8, 1919, bringing General John J. Pershing home to a triumphant reception by the public and a final contest with Major General Peyton C. March, the Chief of Staff, it brought, also, Colonel George C. Marshall, Jr., aide-de-camp to the A. E. F. commander.

Marshall's disappointment over the failure to win a field command was softened somewhat by the award of the Distinguished Service Medal, highest decoration for noncombat service, in recognition of his outstanding performance and services on the Operations staff.

Marshall had been one of General Pershing's aides; a "working aide," not a social secretary. Some time after he left Pershing's office, he found himself one day with another officer and a handsome but frivolous woman who had been a coquettish fixture in the Washington social scene while Marshall was there. It developed, in the conversation, that she had once asked Marshall to have tea alone with her.

"And you didn't come!" she reproached him archly. "And you an aide!"

"Maybe," retorted Marshall, with a meaningful look in his blue eyes, "I wasn't that kind of an aide!"

ON April 28, 1924, War Department Special Orders No. 100 carried this announcement:

"1. Lieutenant Colonel George C. Marshall, Jr. Infantry, aide-de-camp, is relieved from his present assignment and duties, Washington, D. C. and is assigned to the 15th Infantry, effective July 1, 1924."

The 15th Infantry was at Tientsin, China. Pershing gave a farewell luncheon for the Marshalls, and they sailed in July to begin the most interesting and most delightful three years of their life together.

Marshall became Executive Officer, 15th Infantry, and temporarily acting commanding officer. A brother officer at Tientsin was Major Joseph L. Stilwell.

By the end of January, Marshall was writing Pershing that he was enthusiastic about his assignment. But he was critical of elaborate paper work and unrealistic inspection policies in the Army:

"With only five months of experience to judge from, I am more and more firmly of the opinion I held in the War Department, that our equipment, administrative procedure and training requirements are all too complicated for anything but a purely professional army.

"I told you to be careful!"
LIBERTY

"I find the officers are highly developed in the technical handling or functioning of weapons, in target practice, in bayonet combat, and in the special and intricate details of paper work or administration generally, *but* that when it comes to the actual details of troop leading, they all fall far below the standards they set in other matters. . . ."

He made his active interest in the enlisted men of this regiment felt from the moment of his arrival. By winter in Tientsin, he had seen to the construction of a covered ice-skating rink.

He had plunged into the study of Chinese as soon as he arrived in September, and six months later, presiding at a summary court martial, he took the testimony of a native witness without an interpreter.

The Chinese who met him responded to this man's interest, sincerity, and courtesy, and no foreigner in Tientsin was better liked. The men of his command, officers as well as enlisted men, both liked Marshall and stood in awe of him. His abrupt manner was never accompanied by discourtesy, even when it was accompanied by wrath; yet even those who became his close friends in Tientsin, who rode with him, played golf and tennis with him, swapped jokes, and were his companions in amateur theatricals, never quite broke through the restraint that was between them.

An officer who served closely with Marshall throughout the war against the Axis powers years later said that, not only had he never heard Marshall tell a dirty story, but the most frigid social atmosphere it had ever been his unhappy lot to experience was that which descended suddenly upon a room in which a less than sensitive officer ventured to tell one to Marshall.

The officers and their wives found the simple informality of the Marshall home and the warm welcome they received were attracting them there more and more frequently.

"You always knew exactly what Mrs. Marshall thought about you, because she told you frankly," said one of the junior officers. "She was not one of those Army wives who carry tales to the commanding officer."

Two years later Marshall wrote Pershing that he had accepted a cabled request from General Ely to take detail as an instructor at the War College when he returned from China. Refusal might have been considered offensive—it was the sixth time since 1919 that the War College had asked for him. Marshall added that his wife "is radiant over the idea of a beautiful house at Washington Barracks."

The children of the little Army colony isolated in China had adored Marshall, and he returned to them a warm and simple affection. It was a tragedy to the Marshalls that they had no children of their own. At the railway station when he left there was a group of officers' children, gathered to say good-by. Each small girl had to kiss the Colonel good-by, and then he gravely shook hands with each small boy until he came to the last and the smallest, a five-year-old. The youngster shook hands, but that was not enough. He wanted a kiss, too; and he got it.

NOT long after they reached Washington, the heart trouble which George and Lily had managed to ignore most of the time for twenty-five years became suddenly and alarmingly worse, and Mrs. Marshall went to Walter Reed Hospital for treatment. For days on end Marshall endured an agony of fear. Then, slowly, her condition began to improve, and toward the end of the second week in August she was released from the hospital temporarily. In September she returned to it, and her health continued to improve. One morning she was well enough to be up, and well enough to do a little writing. The doctors had told her, in fact, that she could go home the next day. She began a letter to her mother. A little later, a nurse entered the room and found her lying dead over the unfinished note.

Her death was a shattering blow to her husband. It seemed that it was his own life and all its meaning that was buried in Arlington a few days and an eternity later.

IN a thicket above a ravine in a remote section of the reservation at Fort Benning, Georgia, First Lieutenant Charles T. Lanham was furiously at work. He was a student in the Company Officers Course at the Infantry School, and at this particular moment in 1931 the Command Post Exercise on which he was engaged had become a foul trap, keeping him from his pleasures.

The command posts were set up along a theoretical line of battle, and staffed with the proper number of officers. They were given certain tactical problems, a complete communications system, and theoretical troops to carry out their orders.

Lanham, designated S-1, or adjutant, at one of the command posts, agreed with his colleagues that "nobody looks at these papers anyhow," and promised to join a blackjack game in the woods. But then the S-2, or intelligence officer, became ill and could not participate in the exercise, so his job was given to Lanham as additional duty. At the command post after the exercise had begun, the S-3 (operations officer), scrambling down the bank of a ravine, fell and sprained his ankle. So Lanham found himself S-1, S-2, *and* S-3.

IT takes a certain amount of time even to brush off all three of those jobs, and Lanham was in an explosive temper. He was scribbling furiously away when a quiet voice spoke behind his left shoulder.

"Lanham," said the voice, "I'm very happy to see you working with your customary enthusiasm. I've been very disappointed at what I've seen around these other posts, with the officers gambling instead of pursuing their military duties."

Lieutenant Lanham, frozen frigid by the first words, had managed to get to his feet and face the visitor by the time the latter stopped speaking. He saw Lieutenant Colonel Marshall, Assistant Commandant of the Infantry School, who—as usual—was not waiting for student papers and official reports to tell him what went on, but was finding out for himself.

In the field exercises and in the classroom, Marshall was apt to slip unheralded into group of students to observe the work. Lanham was involved in one of these, too. The students had been at work on a platoon problem, the instructor had outlined the approved solution. Lanham took issue with it, on the grounds that troops would not, in fact, behave as the solution assumed they would. An argument developed, and Lanham stated his points in rather heated terms. The instructor brushed them aside airily. And then the unexpected voice came from the edge of the group—"I would like to comment on Lieutenant Lanham's ideas, because I agree with them." It was Marshall.

"That's the kind of thing," said Lanham later, "to crank up devotion in a first lieutenant."

Marshall declined the request of Secretary Davis that he accept appointment as Chief of the Philippine Constabulary — Mr. Stimson, then Governor General of the Islands, had suggested Marshall to Davis—and he also declined the post of Superin-

KEEP UP WITH HOLLYWOOD

Dozens of COLOR PHOTOS of your favorite stars

Gossip and candid shots of parties and people

Advance reviews of the best movies

Exciting glamour news from Hollywood

• Here's a special introductory offer for you . . .

Screenland $1
8 issues for 1

to help you discover the exciting reading in Screenland's behind-the-scenes stories of people and pictures.

• You'll enjoy the personal, intimate reporting, the brilliant photography, by Screenland's on-the-spot staff . . . the newsy reviews and interviews.

• As a movie-goer, keep touch with Hollywood . . . regularly. Start with 8 issues of Screenland—for the next 8 months—for only a dollar.

SCREENLAND

MAIL THIS TODAY • MAIL THIS TODAY • MAIL THIS TODAY • MAIL THIS TODAY

SCREENLAND—37 West 57th St.—New York 19
Please send me 8 issues of Screenland for $1.00. I enclose
☐ cash, ☐ money order, ☐ check.

NAME..

ADDRESS..

CITY..........................*ZONE*......*STATE*...............

These prices in effect only in the United States

MAIL

• MAIL THIS TODAY • MAIL THIS TODAY • MAIL THIS TODAY • MAIL THIS TODAY •

tendent of the Virginia Military Institute. His old friend Pershing approved his refusal of both jobs.

"Your future interest lies in your continued splendid service with the Army," the general wrote. "I hope things may come out for you much better in the near future than you now hope."

Meanwhile, a new hope of personal happiness had been awakened in Marshall. He had met Mrs. Katherine Tupper Brown, the widow of Clifton S. Brown, a Baltimore lawyer. A handsome and gracious woman, she was a graduate of Hollins College, and once had been a Shakespearean actress. These two mature and intelligent people liked each other at first meeting, and their mutual interest and sympathy grew into a deep affection. Pershing was his former aide's best man when they were married on October 16, 1930, in the chapel of Emmanuel Episcopal Church in Baltimore.

The Marshalls returned immediately to Fort Benning, and the night of their arrival the commandant honored the bride by presenting the military society of the post to her at an elaborate open-air reception and dance. Standing beside her at the reception, Marshall used a prompting system he had employed as aide to Pershing, muttering a prearranged cue word as each guest approached, enabling Mrs. Marshall to greet each of them with some personal remark—thanks for a gift, mention of some long-ago association with the Colonel, a reference to an honor or a promotion received recently. As a woman recently and proudly the mother of triplets stepped up to shake hands with Mrs. Marshall, the Colonel murmured, "Triplets!" The bride, with her most gracious smile, held out her hand and said, "Thank you so much for your lovely triplets!"

Mrs. Marshall settled quickly into the life of the post. For his part, Marshall accustomed himself with obvious relish and pleasure to the presence of a family; for with his bride came her three children, a daughter and two sons. By Christmas, Marshall was writing happily to Pershing that he had taken the younger of the two boys on an eighteen-mile wildcat hunt at 5:30 in the morning.

The next year, Marshall's preference for command assignments was satisfied, and he left Fort Benning for Fort Screven, near Savannah, Georgia, to take command of a detachment of the 8th Infantry there. Command of a post and its troops was all he had ever really wanted in the Army, and at last it had been given to him.

ONE morning in the late spring of 1932, Master Sergeant J. R. Dick walked toward headquarters at Fort Screven in a most apprehensive frame of mind. He had been summoned by the new commanding officer, Lieutenant Colonel Marshall, who had arrived two days earlier. Concealing his nervousness behind that utter lack of expression that only Army sergeants can achieve, Dick entered the Colonel's office.

"Good morning, Sergeant." The Colonel's voice was pleasant but crisp. "I understand you're in charge of the post baseball team. Why haven't we been winning ball games?"

Sergeant Dick's vast relief was almost audible.

"Sir, I can't get the men out for practice," he explained. "I'm just a master sergeant, and they don't pay too much attention to me. It would be different if there were an officer in charge."

Did the sergeant have a suggestion about which officer? He did—Lieutenant Childs.

"And why do you suggest Lieutenant Childs?"

"Sir, he has just reported here for duty from the University of Georgia. He coached the ball team at Georgia."

"That will be done right away. Present my compliments to Mr. Childs and ask him to report to me, Sergeant."

The lieutenant took over the Fort Screven ball team, and the team began to win games.

The year 1933 brought a fifteen-percent pay cut in the Army, and officers were forced to take extended leave without pay. The overload of work which fell to Marshall as a result—for weeks at a time he was not only commanding officer but post adjutant, recruiting officer, etc.—bothered him very little, but the plight of the enlisted men, particularly those with families, distressed him.

He ordered the company mess halls opened to the enlisted men's families for the noon meal. Because he knew the families would prefer to eat their meals in their own quarters, a bucket container was devised to hold a complete lunch. One serving of each item on the menu went into that container for each member of the family and the cost was fifteen cents, whether two or six were fed. It became known on the post that if anyone were ill in the quarters occupied by the enlisted men, the Colonel's wife would be there.

EARLY in 1933 Marshall was given command of the entire 8th Infantry regiment, and began dividing his time between Screven and Fort Moultrie, South Carolina, the regimental headquarters. Soon he and Mrs. Marshall moved to Moultrie. She had just hung the last yard of curtain on the forty-two French doors in the house when her husband received a letter from the Adjutant General of the Army, notifying him that General MacArthur, the Chief of Staff, had assigned him to the job of senior instructor with the Illinois National Guard.

It was a savage blow to Marshall. He wrote directly to MacArthur, and he wrote also to the Adjutant General, informing him he had taken the liberty of a direct appeal to the Chief of Staff because he was reluctant to accept another staff detail when he had been expecting a command capacity.

MacArthur replied to Marshall. What he said has not been disclosed, but Marshall replied that "under the circumstances" he would be glad to undertake the assignment. So, in the late fall of 1933, Marshall reported in Chicago. The only really bright spot was that, at long last, he had got his "step" to full colonel.

His arrival was awaited with keen

"Now, US!"

LIBERTY

anticipation in the office of Major General Roy D. Keehn, commanding the 33d Division, Illinois National Guard. Keehn liked him the moment they met. After Marshall had been in Chicago a few months, Keehn made a trip to Washington. There he called on MacArthur, to tell the Chief of Staff that he should pull Marshall out of the National Guard instructor's task, promote him to brigadier general. As soon as he got back to Chicago, he burst into Marshall's office.

"Do you know what MacArthur said to me?"

"No." Marshall looked up.

"He said, 'Don't you worry about Marshall. We've got one of the best jobs in the Army picked out for him. He's never going to be a brigadier. He's going to be the next Chief of Infantry.' "

The hint of a small, ironic smile appeared on Marshall's face.

"Did he tell you when there would be a vacancy there?"

Keehn admitted the question had not occurred to him—when would there be a vacancy?

"Three years," said Marshall, and returned to his work.

THE office staff in Chicago learned as the months passed that the Colonel had a list of people whom they came to call the "pensioners"—some of them old soldiers and noncommissioned officers who had served with him, some of them civilians.

He also had, of course, more distinguished visitors, and among them came the General of the Armies Pershing. Knowing how the general disliked being stared at and creating flurries of excitement, Marshall arranged for him to be ushered in through a back door. However, while the general was in his office, Marshall found an excuse to send in turn for every member of his office staff—stenographers, typists, receptionist, even the office boy—to do some errand, and while they were in the office he introduced them to the A. E. F. commander.

Out on the West Coast Major General Malin Craig, commanding the 9th Corps Area at San Francisco, would denounce the Army's promotion system occasionally, and cite Marshall as the example of its worst failure. Pershing was reported to have told President Roosevelt that if he did not promote Marshall soon, he would never be able to make him Chief of Staff in time to do the job that would have to be done.

However, important shifts were coming in the Army high command. MacArthur, who had held the post of Chief of Staff longer than any other officer, had been tendered, and had accepted with the approval of President Roosevelt, appointment as military adviser to the Philippine Commonwealth government, with the task of organizing the forces of the island commonwealth in preparation for the approaching independence of the Philippine Republic.

On October 1, 1935, President Roosevelt was on the West Coast. Between his hotel at Coronado, California, and the Navy cruiser toward which he was being driven, he signed the nomination of Major General Malin Craig to be Chief of Staff. So unexpected was the appointment that the new Secretary of War, Harry Woodring, received his first intimation of it when an officer came to him in Washington with a report of the news stories coming in from California.

Just one year later Colonel Marshall was promoted to brigadier general and assigned to command the 5th Infantry Brigade at Vancouver Barracks, Washington. After almost thirty years, the star had come out of his pocket to rest on his shoulder.

MARSHALL began with a very thorough inspection of the entire post, going into places no one had thought for years that a general officer would bother with. He made the expected public appearances—such as occupying the reviewing stand with the mayor of Vancouver for the Armistice Day parade. He dropped in at the noncommissioned officers' quarters, and asked their wives how matters stood, and how the buildings might be improved with such means as he had at his disposal. The old gymnasium was remodeled and redecorated to become a club for noncommissioned officers.

When Mrs. Marshall's daughter Molly came to live on the post, the General's quarters became a center for the younger officers and their wives. And Lieutenant Hunter got a full demonstration of Marshall's "sternness" at one of the dances at the Officers' Club. During an intermission, some of the officers took over the instruments and started playing. Hunter was having a wonderful time with the drums when Marshall came up to him, said, "Move over, son!" and took control of the percussion array.

In the autumn Marshall went quietly down to Letterman General Hospital in San Francisco for a long-deferred thyroid operation. Few of the officers at Vancouver realized that his absence from the post was not just another inspection tour. Afterward, however, his friends noticed that his general health appeared to be greatly improved, and that the old nervous intensity had been replaced by calmness.

Then, in the summer of 1938, he was ordered to Washington to head the War Plans Division of the General Staff. He came at a moment when the uneasy thought that war was a possibility had begun to creep beneath the curtain which the vast majority of Americans had hung between themselves and the rest of the world.

Shortly after Marshall arrived in Washington, General Pershing went to see President Roosevelt, who had a profound respect for the general's opinions despite the fact that he had

How easy...to have Odorless Freshness

Sani-Flush takes care of one chore faster, surer, easier. You just sprinkle it. And real, odorless freshness is achieved because Sani-Flush cleans and disinfects the toilet bowl thoroughly. It works chemically. Germ-laden stains and film are removed. There's no work . . . no messy scrubbing.

Won't harm septic tank action. Good in hard or soft water. Sold everywhere. Two handy sizes. The Hygienic Products Company, Canton 2, Ohio.

Sani-Flush

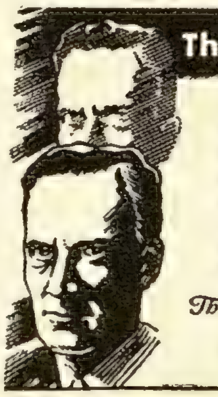
USE IT
REGULARLY

Sani-Flush
For Cleaning Toilet Bowls
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

SUBSCRIBERS

A change of address should be sent not less than 60 days prior to the date change becomes effective. Send the address at which copies are now being received and the new address at which you wish to receive copies.

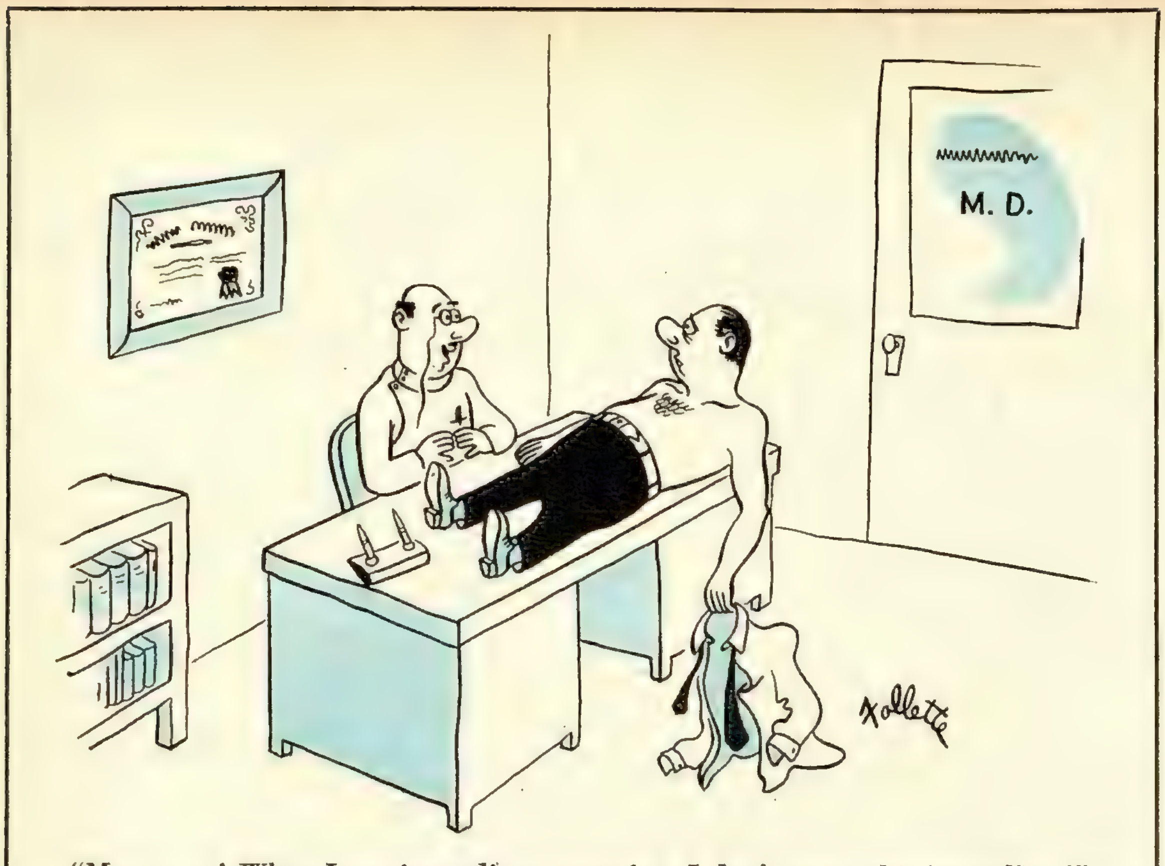
LIBERTY MAGAZINE
37 WEST 57 ST.—NEW YORK 19, N. Y.



The MYSTERY of SELF

Unlock the secrets of *self!* Explore your mental world. Receive the *keys* to the *hidden* laws of life. Become the master of your affairs...the creator of your own happiness. FREE book explains. Write: Scribe X. F. F.

The ROSICRUCIANS
(AMORC)
San Jose · California



"Mercy, no! When I say immediate operation, I don't mean *this* immediate!"
LIBERTY

MARSHALL CITIZEN SOLDIER

failed to follow the old warrior's advice when Pershing recommended Major General Hugh A. Drum for Chief of Staff, and instead had named Major General Malin Craig. Now, in 1938, Craig had served three years of his four-year term, and the question of a successor was getting to be a matter of intense campaigning on the part of officers who knew themselves to be decidedly eligible.

Pershing came straight to the point of his visit. "Mr. President," he said, "you have a man over there in the War Plans Division who has just come here—Marshall. He's Chief of Staff material. Why don't you send for him and look him over?"

The Assistant Secretary of War, Louis M. Johnson, had met Marshall several months earlier during a trip through the Northwest. For all of Marshall's reputation in the Army, Johnson had never before heard of him, but he was deeply impressed as he talked with him at Vancouver. After studying Marshall's record, he was even more impressed, and a few nights later he suggested that Roosevelt put Marshall into the War Plans assignment.

The disagreements of Assistant Secretary Johnson and Secretary Woodring in the War Department had by that time become more rather than less public, and Roosevelt probably derived a huge if secret amusement from finding that Johnson had discovered Marshall, and now was repeating an earlier recommendation by Woodring.

In September Secretary Woodring was away from Washington, and Johnson as Acting Secretary had called a meeting of the War Council in his office and virtually forced Craig into naming Marshall for Deputy Chief of Staff, though Craig was not unwilling.

That September of 1938 was the month of the Munich conference, and Roosevelt was one of those Americans who knew better than to place any reliance on Hitler's assurance that with the acquisition of the Sudetan German regions, he now had no further territorial ambitions. Accordingly, Roosevelt announced a few weeks after Munich that the United States would build ten thousand military airplanes.

Unhappily but characteristically, he made the announcement through the press, and without consulting the Secretary of War or the Chief of Staff. Then he summoned Craig to the White House to discuss how the goal would be reached. Craig took Marshall with him, and they tried to convince the President that the figure was fantastically out of line with Army programs or capabilities. Marshall's old friend Hap Arnold was now a major general and Chief of the Air Corps, and his protest was added to the others—the Air Corps could not possibly handle that many planes. The President retorted that if the Air Corps could not, the Royal Air Force could. He also suggested to the Air Corps chief that there were places like Guam for people like Hap Arnold. The hint was not lost on the officer who had been exiled to the provinces along with Brigadier General William Lendrum (Billy) Mitchell, but it did not change his insistence that planes without operating bases, pilots, and crews did not make an air force.

After the meeting, Craig telephoned a member of Congress, an influential specialist in military affairs. He was afraid Marshall's bluntness had jeopardized Marshall's chance to succeed him.

"I was called to the White House," Craig explained, "and I took General Marshall with me. We argued the matter with the President, and tried to persuade him to change his views, but we didn't get very far. Then we went a second time. The conversation became quite emphatic, and came very near to table-pounding. General Marshall was backing me up, and he finally said to the President. 'Very well, sir. You are the Commander in Chief, and we will obey your orders. We find it difficult to do in this instance, because they are contrary to the considered judgment of the General Staff, but we will obey them. You will, of course, never question the integrity of the General Staff in this matter.' "

With that challenge, the two generals had left the President's office. Not long afterward, the Marshalls attended one of the formal winter receptions at the White House. As they approached the President, Marshall said to his wife, "Now we'll see whether I broke my plate!" The impression he got was that the chief executive was "frigid." He worried for several days about whether he should broach the subject again with the President, and finally decided to say to him that he hoped he had not offended him with his bluntness.

"Hell, no!" Roosevelt replied. "I'm pleased to have someone who will speak an honest opinion!"

Apparently Roosevelt meant it, for on April 27, 1939, jumping him over thirty-four senior officers, he nominated Marshall to be Chief of Staff, succeeding Craig when the latter retired on August 31.

THE arrival of Marshall at the exalted dignity of Chief of Staff imposed on him a duty and a triumph, the last purely personal triumph the busy years of emergency and war would allow him. The home-town boy had made good, and Uniontown, Pennsylvania, wanted to celebrate the fact with the General and his wife.

So, a few days after he took the oath of office on September 1, Marshall went back to Uniontown. A band, a parade, tea, banquet, and reception—and some of the old friends to talk to, and share the reminiscing. There was Alex Mead, who had stood with George when he and Lily were married. Alex, now superintendent of the county farm, greeted his former playmate with "Well, George, here you are Chief of Staff, and I'm in the poorhouse!" And Jap Shepler, once a partner in a fightin' chickens enterprise, wormed his way through the crowd, clutching a small paper bag.

"I've got a little package here for you, George," he said.

Marshall looked at the bag, and a delighted grin spread over his face. "It's licorice!" he shouted.

The General Staff which Marshall took over in 1939 was a smoothly operating and very effective organization. Its conservatism could be altered to a wide degree by changes in personnel, and Marshall moved promptly to make those changes. But he was dissatisfied with the Army organization. There were too many officers, representing too many and varied activities, reporting to the Chief of Staff.

Little methods and idiosyncrasies began to impress themselves on the officers around him this autumn and winter of 1939. They learned that the Chief preferred to have problems reduced to their barest essentials and presented to him orally. He would consider the problem a moment in silence, then give an oral decision. The officer receiving the decision would retire with dignity, then throw the office staff into a frenzy as he dictated precisely what the Chief had said before he could forget a single word, and see to it that sufficient copies were typed immediately to get one to every individual who might conceivably ever be involved in the matter; for the General had a comprehensive and finite memory, and the unlucky officer who presented to him as a problem any question on which he had once given a decision was in for something akin to a verbal flaying.

The sheer rapidity of Marshall's thinking gave many people the initial impression that he was "playing things off the cuff," but the actual instances in which he did so were extremely rare.

BY February, 1940, Marshall was explaining to Congress that while the War Department's current objective was confined to completing the equipment for the Regular Army and the National Guard, it was urgently necessary to think immediately of providing critical equipment—ammunition, rifles, tanks, and artillery particularly—for the Protective Mobilization Plan Force of 750,000 men. Furthermore, he said, the procurement of this matériel "should take precedence over desired increases in personnel."

If Marshall did not get all he asked for from Congress that winter and spring, he got a very important and critical portion. More important, his incredible command of all the facts involved in the War Department planning and operations, his simple and unassuming manner, his patience under questioning, built the esteem and trust which all factions in Congress gave to him. He never demanded, never threatened, never posed. He explained lucidly the problems confronting him and asked for what he considered necessary to enable him to carry out his mission, explaining in detail the reasons for his requests. The result was a universal confidence in him.

The blaze in Europe which he had expected flared in April, 1940, and the next crisis Marshall would have to face would not be concerned with getting an Army, but with holding it together.

The jolt of the collapse of France shook even the military leaders in America. An urgent appeal came from the British Prime Minister to the President for any arms that could be supplied for the defense of England and—since the appeal came after Dunkerque and before the French armistice—for the defense of what was left of France.

Action was prompt. To Marshall, and to Admiral Harold R. Stark, the Chief of Naval Operations, the one immediate imperative was to prevent the fall of Britain. That bastion was essential to the defense of the United States.

Marshall ordered an examination of the entire list of reserve ordnance and munitions stocks. The result was the sale of 500,000 Enfield rifles, 900 75-millimeter field guns, 80,000 machine guns, 130,000,000 rounds of ammunition for the rifles, 1,000,000 rounds for the 75s, some bombs, and small quantities of TNT and smokeless powder to the United States Steel Export Corporation, which in turn sold them to the British government.

The strict legality of the transaction was a matter of considerable doubt. Woodring would not assume the responsibility, and resigned as Secretary of War. Assistant Secretary Lewis Johnson, as Acting Secretary, approved the necessary orders, and averred later that the only authority he had was a "chit" from the President promising a pardon if he should go to jail for the action. But the material was on its way within a week.

A few days later, Colonel Myron C. Cramer, who in another eighteen months would become the Judge Advocate General of the Army, came to Johnson and suggested that the equivocal legal position could be cleared by the process of declaring the transferred material to be surplus. This suggestion was passed along to the President, and the matter was argued at a conference in the White House. Would it not be better, suggested Johnson, just to defend the action on the basis that it had saved Britain?

"Oh, go ahead and declare it surplus," the President replied. "That's easier to defend."

Johnson expected to become Secretary after Woodring's departure; but the President, with a shrewd eye on the political value of a coalition cabinet for the emergency—particularly in a presidential campaign year, and also with a profound insight into the character of the men needed in the position, asked Henry L. Stimson to take Woodring's place. So, in July 1940, a man who was Marshall's equal in character and in devotion to the public interest became Secretary of War.

IN the same month the General Headquarters of the Army were established at the War College in Washington, and charged with planning and directing the training of the expanding Army, under the direction of Major General Lesley J. McNair.

You Can Get Quick Relief From Tired Eyes
MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY

EYES TIRED? You can soothe and refresh them in seconds with two drops of safe, gentle Murine in each eye. You get—

QUICK RELIEF. Instantly your eyes feel refreshed. Murine's scientific blend of seven ingredients cleanses and soothes eyes tired from overwork or exposure to sun, wind and dust.

MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES

Coming next issue...
HOW NOT TO FIGHT COMMUNISM
by Eugene Lyons

Free for Asthma During Summer

If you suffer with attacks of Asthma and choke and gasp for breath, if restful sleep is difficult because of the struggle to breathe, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Company for a FREE trial of the FRONTIER ASTHMA MEDICINE, a preparation for temporary symptomatic relief of paroxysms of Bronchial Asthma. No matter where you live or whether you have faith in any medicine under the sun, send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Caution! Use only as directed. Address

Frontier Asthma Co.
462 Niagara St.
18-A Frontier Bldg.
Buffalo 1, N. Y.

REPAIR SPLIT SALAD BOWLS
with Plastic Wood

EASY! No skill required. Handles like putty . . . and hardens into wood.

DOZENS OF OTHER USES
PLASTIC WOOD
Trade-Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
A CELLULOSE FIBRE FILLER

This appointment was a notable example of Marshall's capacity to use to the fullest the abilities of men who disagreed completely with his military philosophy. McNair was known not only as perhaps the most brilliant intellectually of all regular officers, but as a complete advocate of the professional military force, with a cold contempt for those citizen forces of which Marshall was the advocate and champion. He was to write, later, a scathing condemnation of National Guard officers in a report to the Chief of Staff. Marshall suppressed the communication, but kept McNair in the training assignment which he filled superbly.

SIGNIFICANTLY, no commanding general was named for General Headquarters. Major General McNair became its Chief of Staff—the clear implication was that Marshall would be Commanding General when GHQ advanced from its training responsibilities to its theater of war operations. But Marshall never got the title of Commanding General, largely because Stimson, onetime law partner of Elihu Root and thoroughly imbued with Root's concept of a Chief of Staff who was an adviser with none of the attributes of the traditional General in Chief of the Army, blocked the double title for Marshall. He felt strongly on the subject, and never suspected that Marshall felt equally strongly that the title, as well as the fact of command direction, should be given him—particularly in view of the later development in which Admiral Ernest J. King held the titles of Chief of Naval Operations and Commander in Chief of the Fleet.

By the following June Marshall was deep in planning for an expeditionary force to Europe—in 1943.

In mid-June of 1941, the question of aid to China was taking immediate precedence. Then, on June 22, the whole aspect of the war changed. Hitler attacked the Soviet Union. At an off-the-record press conference, the colonel in charge of the Intelligence Branch—that is, foreign intelligence—of G-2, explaining glibly that while the Russian was an excellent fighting man there was no indication his leadership "is any less moronic than it has been for many generations past," predicted flatly that "barring an act of God, of course Germany is going to win." That particular officer disappeared from the Washington scene with truly astonishing rapidity.

On a Sunday morning in July, Marshall was called to the White House for a meeting with nine Congressional leaders. The General asked if he could be completely frank, and the President assured him anything less would be unsatisfactory. For an hour Marshall dissected the problems he was facing. He pointed out the absurdity of some of the senatorial suggestions that volunteer recruiting be substituted for selective service.

"You must decide one or the other of two things: One, we are not in a serious situation, and then go ahead with the usual political maneuvering; or, two, we are in a very critical situation, and we have no choice but to go ahead frankly and deal with this thing in a straightforward manner."

The growing menace in the Pacific now led Marshall to ask the President to approve the establishment of a theater of operations in the Far East, and to recall MacArthur, who had applied for voluntary retirement, to active duty to command it. The President approved the order giving the former Chief of Staff the grade of lieutenant general. The requests and demands which started flowing in from Manila sometimes exasperated Marshall, indicating as they did a lack of understanding of—or rather, lack of sympathy for—the critical difficulties the Army still was encountering in the creation of a fighting team and in the procurement of equipment and supplies. Marshall was as worried as MacArthur about reinforcements for the Philippines.

Shanks
UNITED NATIONS

"Will the delegate from Armenia attend to the business at hand."

LIBERTY

TWELVE days after Saburo Kurusu arrived in Washington on his dramatic "peace" mission, Marshall sent the following telegram to Major General Walter C. Short, commanding in Hawaii—the only message to Short signed personally by Marshall during the weeks preceding the attack on Pearl Harbor:

"Negotiations with Japan appear to be terminated to all practical purposes with only the barest possibilities that the Japanese government might come back and offer to continue. Japanese future action unpredictable but hostile action possible at any moment. If hostilities cannot, repeat cannot, be avoided the United States desires that Japan commit the first overt act. This policy should not, repeat not, be construed as restricting you to a course of action that might jeopardize your defense. Prior to hostile Japanese action you are directed to undertake such reconnaissance and other measures as you deem necessary but these measures should be carried out so as not, repeat not, to alarm civil population or disclose intent. Report measures taken. Should hostilities occur you will carry out the tasks assigned in Rainbow Five so far as they pertain to Japan. Limit dissemination of this highly secret information to minimum essential officers."

Gerow, chief of War Plans, later assumed complete responsibility for failure to examine the unlikely possibility that Short's response announcing an alert against sabotage meant he had taken no other measures—an unlikely possibility that proved to be tragically true. Short also reported that he was in liaison with the Navy in Hawaii, and the War Department knew that Admiral Kimmel had received repeated warnings that war was probable. Unfortunately, the claim of liaison was overstated. But Short had been warned, the responsibility and the authority were his, he had been directed to undertake reconnaissance and any other action necessary to prevent surprise, and it was not the responsibility of the Chief of Staff to behave, under such circumstances, like a multiple company commander issuing the detailed orders for all the platoons in Hawaii.

The blow fell on December 7, and the only good thing that came from it was the shock that ended all quibbling about unity of command in theaters of operations. In a broad sense, Pearl Harbor was a failure of intelligence. If all the information available in Hawaii and in Washington—available to the State Department, the Army, and the Navy—had been brought together in one spot, studied, analyzed, and assessed, the attack could not have been successful.

THE question now became how and where to apply the Allied strength, and Marshall supplied the primary answers to both questions: as to how, under unified command; and as to where, in France and Germany.

He was shifting from the task of organizing and training a minimum force for the protection of a nation which still hoped to stay out of the war, to the task of directing the Allied forces to victory over their enemies.

He emerged steadily as the dominant figure in the Anglo-American councils. He had created an Army, got it trained, seen it equipped; from this point forward, his concern was operations.

Unity of command—that was his first, and probably his greatest, contribution to the Anglo-American effort. When Prime Minister Churchill came to Washington after Pearl Harbor and brought his military advisers along, the Combined Chiefs of Staff were organized. Churchill's agreement to single command over all forces, land, sea, and air, in theaters of operations was harder to get, but the American Chief of Staff finally wrung from the Prime Minister the concession that even His Majesty's Navy—the senior service in Britain and extremely conscious of the fact—might be prevailed upon to accept the principle of unified command. Marshall's valuable ally in this struggle to prevent a repetition of the Allied command failures of 1914-1918 was Field Marshal Dill.

The insistence of Marshall upon unity of command fell upon more willing American ears after Pearl Harbor, and the Army and Navy had promptly placed the Pacific and Hawaii under naval command. The first theater of Allied operations to receive attention was ABDA—American, British, Dutch, Australian. Before the Japanese onslaught overran Malaya and the Netherlands Indies, while there still was hope that this barrier could be held, it was decided to place it under the command of a single officer.

"My choice is General Wavell," Marshall said. The Japanese offensive split Wavell's theater before he could even get it organized, but the British would not soon forget that gesture of Marshall's.

If the main task was Germany, the first task was still in the Pacific. With the Philippines doomed, and Wavell's ABDA theater already split beyond the possibility of single-command control by Japanese conquest of Malaya and the Netherlands Indies, the President ordered MacArthur to leave the Philippines and report in Australia. The British, in effect, left the entire Pacific to the United States. The Joint Chiefs of Staff divided it into several theaters of operations, all of them under naval command except the Southwest Pacific, which was given to MacArthur.

MacArthur's arrival in Australia started immediate speculation on the possibility that the Allies soon would undertake the offensive from that subcontinent. Such speculation was harmless enough until it began to appear that MacArthur shared the idea.

Marshall was astonished to find that MacArthur, leaving the Philippines, had taken his entire staff with him, leaving none of the senior staff officers with Major General Jonathan M. Wainwright. Incredulity and something akin to anger accompanied his next discovery. MacArthur had left Wainwright in command only in the Bataan Peninsula. Each of the other forces in the archipelago was to be a separate force, and each—including Wainwright's—directly under the command of MacArthur, two thousand miles away. Wainwright was promoted to lieutenant general and MacArthur was directed to relinquish the command of the forces in the Philippines to him.

MEANTIME, the Australian Minister in Washington had called on Marshall. He wanted the United States to halt all shipments to Russia, Libya, etc., diverting everything to Australia.

It was precisely the kind of disheartened and desperate plea for help that the Chief of Staff had to resist from all sides—including those American cities demanding antiaircraft protection as far inland as Keokuk, Iowa—lest the whole plan of the war dissolve in a frantic, wasteful, and meaningless plugging of holes. The only reason troops were sent to Australia at all was the political, not military, decision that a courageous and generous ally could not be left ruthlessly to the fate that was obviously in store for it otherwise. A cold and hard military decision would have allowed Australia to fall to the Japanese. MacArthur's one responsibility was to use such forces as could be assigned to him to prevent the enemy from reaching the Australian east coast. The main attack against Japan must go west from Hawaii, and a major offensive northward from Australia was no part of Allied calculations when MacArthur went there.

Only, MacArthur would not have it so. The newspapers began to carry strange stories about the absence of meaningful orders from Washington for the Southwest Pacific commander, about the neglected and equivocal position of the hero of the Philippines, stories hinting intrigue and semiconspiracy preventing the proper development of the theater and an offensive against the Japa-

RHEUMATISM YIELDS TO DRUGLESS METHOD OF TREATMENT

Excelsior Springs, Mo., July 18—So successful has a comparatively new, drugless method proven for treating rheumatism and arthritis that an amazing new book will be sent free to any reader of this magazine who will write for it.

This book entitled, "Rheumatism," fully explains why drugs and medicines give only temporary relief and fail to remove the causes of the trouble.

The Ball Clinic, Excelsior Springs, Mo., has perfected a system of drugless treatment for rheumatism and arthritis combined with the world famous mineral waters and baths. This new method of treatment is fully described in the book and tells how it may be possible for you to find freedom from rheumatism.

You incur no obligation in sending for this instructive book. It may be the means of saving you years of untold misery. For writing promptly, the company will also include a free copy of the book entitled, "Good Health, Life's Greatest Blessing." Address your letter to The Ball Clinic, Dept. 25, Excelsior Springs, Mo., but be sure to write today.

Coming next issue . . .

NEW CURE for MENTAL ILLNESS

A fascinating report on psychiatry's newest hope . . . the *milieu* treatment that is bringing sick minds back to health.

In August 2nd Liberty . . . out July 18th

BUNIONS

Enlarged or Tender Joints, Get Doctor's Quick Relief

Stop suffering! Protect your painful or tender joints with soothing, cushioning *Super-Soft* Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. You'll marvel how instantly they lift pressure on the sensitive spot. Get a box today and enjoy real relief. Cost but a trifle.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

nese. The misleading phrase "island-hopping" then gained currency, the implication being that the Navy proposed this mysteriously shortsighted kind of campaign in the Central Pacific, while in the Southwest MacArthur was being kept from bold strokes involving no such island-hopping nonsense.

OF graver nature was the continual leakage of military information to the jeopardy of security, and Marshall sent a message to MacArthur urging closer control. MacArthur replied with a long discourse about the constitutional rights of Australia. If co-operation was not to be had, then flat orders would have to be issued; the next message was prepared for signature, not by Marshall, but by the President. While this was going on, the March of Death had occurred on Bataan, and Corregidor had surrendered.

In April, Marshall and Harry Hopkins had gone to London to sell the cross-Channel invasion to a reluctant Prime Minister and a less than enthusiastic group of British officers. Against the British preoccupation with the Mediterranean, they posed the inescapable fact that Germany could be defeated only when Allied armies stood on German soil. If Hopkins possessed no military competence, he was a complete master of all the other aspects of the war, and he thought just as fast and just as far as the Chief of Staff. Moreover, he had the same complete and passionate devotion to a cause beyond self which characterized Marshall. Marshall leaned heavily on Hopkins throughout the war, and one official cited as a principal reason for this the fact that Hopkins "doesn't give a damn for the Most Noble Order of the Bath!"

Marshall remained dignified, aloof, and uncharmed in his relations with his Commander in Chief. Nettled, Roosevelt complained to Hopkins, and asked him to try to get the Chief of Staff to drop in casually and informally, as did Admiral Stark and others from the Navy to talk over problems. The word was passed along by Hopkins through Colonel Walter Bedell Smith, a liaison officer between the War Department and the White House. Marshall told Smith the thing was impossible "because I would be stepping completely out of character." Marshall noticed that the President's affectionate raillery was frequently a medium for denying the Navy the things it needed and asked for—that it was, for instance, not "Betty" Stark but General Marshall who convinced the President that the sea train for fleet supply was a vital necessity and not a military pleasantry conceived in Navy playfulness. The course of the war proved the wisdom of Marshall's attitude, and no other officer received such absolute confidence from Roosevelt.

"Start practicing!"

LIBERTY

The Battle of Midway was a crushing defeat for the Japanese, but the elation in the War and Navy Departments was changed to consternation when the Chicago *Tribune* and other Patterson-McCormick papers published a story which not only reported the engagement, but a virtually complete order of battle of the Japanese fleet. There was, of course, only one way the Navy could have come into that information, and that was through possession of the Japanese code. This news story was the most flagrant violation of security of the entire war, and action against the *Tribune* was begun at once. Then, as suddenly as it had been begun, the case was dropped without explanation. What had ended the incipient prosecution was the discovery that no Japanese agent had seen the story and that the code was still being used by the enemy.

BEFORE the end of the second week in July, Roosevelt received a message from Churchill, making it obvious that the whole plan for invasion of France—agreed upon only two weeks before in Washington—was threatened.

Roosevelt rushed Marshall and an imposing array of brains and brass—Admiral King, Harry Hopkins, and others—to London.

Eisenhower's staff had worked overtime preparing plans and studies for Marshall's use. Marshall and King met the British Chiefs of Staff, and Marshall turned on the heat for an invasion of Normandy in September. For three days the arguments continued before Marshall was forced against his will to cable Roosevelt that, even if the British should be pressed finally into agreement, they would undertake the expedition with such reluctance as to make its success more doubtful than ever. Accordingly, he asked permission to proceed with an alternative plan—the invasion of French northwest Africa, given the code name "Torch."

"Torch" called for three task forces, two to sail from Britain, the third to sail from the United States. Marshall selected the impetuous Major General George Smith Patton, Jr., whom he regarded as one of the smartest tacticians in the entire Army, as one of his key men.

When Patton, then commanding the Desert Training Center at Indio, California, balked at the number of troops and ships allotted to him, Marshall simply ordered him back to the desert.

FORTY-EIGHT hours later, Patton decided that he could, after all, accomplish the task with the forces assigned.

"And that," said Marshall, telling the story later, "is the way to handle Patton!"

Figuring out a method of making the flamboyant cavalryman obey instructions was not the gravest problem confronting Marshall that summer of 1942. A brother officer has said that Marshall's two greatest services to the nation were his early and wholehearted support of the Air Corps doctrine of strategic air power, and the fact that by his ability, tact, patience, and strength of character, "he made the Joint Chiefs of Staffs a working organization."

The gravest defect of the Joint Chiefs of Staff was that it was unable to reach a decision except by unanimous consent. That weakness, Marshall felt, could be counteracted by the appointment of a Chief of Staff to the President, to preside at the meetings.

Roosevelt's first reaction was "Nonsense, George, *you're* my Chief of Staff." Marshall pointed out that as Chief of Staff of the War Department, it was inevitable that he become on occasion a special pleader for the forces directly under his authority; that what the JCS needed was someone at a higher level, to bring into their councils the views of the Commander in Chief. Roosevelt resisted because he relished the duties of Commander in Chief and disliked the prospect of anyone interposed between him and the direct control of the various armed forces. Nevertheless, he finally accepted Marshall's recommendation and then named Admiral William D. Leahy, retired former Chief of Naval Operations, Chief of Staff to the President.

The North African invasion failed of its immediate tactical aim—seizure of Tunisia within a matter of weeks to cut Rommel's supply lines. Instead, as Marshall and the American planners had feared, it settled into a dragging campaign. The real triumph of the North African campaign was Eisenhower's justification of the trust placed in him.

After North Africa and Sicily, the Italian campaign brought personal tragedy to the Marshalls. On the morning of May 29, Mrs. Marshall was startled to see the General return home hardly an hour after he had left for his office in the Pentagon. He had come back to tell his wife that her son, Second Lieutenant Allen Tupper Brown of the Armored Force, had been killed that morning on the Anzio beachhead.

The Italian campaign also saw one of the Army's worst scandals—the incident in which General Patton slapped an enlisted man hospitalized in Sicily. Eisenhower proposed to relieve Patton of command, and probably would have done so if Marshall had failed to intervene, not with orders, but with a strong reminder of Patton's unmatched usefulness as a combat leader and tactician.

"Georgie's in trouble again," Marshall remarked to some officers at the War Department. "He's always in trouble. But I'm not getting rid of Patton. He was solely responsible for Sicily."

When the Quadrant Conference was held in Quebec in August, 1943, by Roosevelt and Churchill, Marshall was designated to command Overlord, the European invasion. To make certain that this appointment went to Marshall, whom he regarded as the ablest officer the Allies had and whose passionate desire for command he knew, had been the principal reason for Stimson's trip to London that summer of 1943. But Churchill was reluctant to shift Marshall because he thought that Eisenhower's command organization was working smoothly, and that Marshall was more valuable in the supreme staff assignment. Nevertheless, he yielded to Stimson's insistence.

After the decision had been made, Admiral Leahy, General Arnold, and Admiral King went to Roosevelt, each privately and on his own initiative, to insist that because Marshall was so important a member of the Joint and Combined Chiefs the President should not consent to his removal.

Marshall kept silent through all this. He never indicated to anyone, unless it was to his wife, what his own desires were; and he never knew any of the intrigue initiated by others.

THE hubbub was at its height when Marshall left at the end of November for the Cairo conference of the Anglo-American leaders with Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and their Teheran meeting with Stalin and the Russian military leaders. The vigorous and convincing, but considerate and diplomatic, part which Marshall played in these meetings apparently brought to a head the misgivings of the President about losing Marshall from the strategic-diplomatic councils of the Allies, for he sent for Marshall and asked him whether he thought he would be of greater value as Chief of Staff or in command of Overlord. Marshall declined to evaluate his own services. He told Roosevelt, however, that he thought the war made personal preferences of no account, and he wanted the President to know that, whatever his decision, it would be "all right" with Marshall. Thus it was that at Teheran the President informed his Allies that it would be Eisenhower, not Marshall, who would command Overlord the next spring.

Then Marshall, without informing the President lest he protest the dangerous trip, returned to the United States by air through India, Australia, and the Pacific Ocean areas. At this time the Solomons campaign was far advanced, and operations were going forward on Bougainville at the northern end of the archipelago under Halsey's command. But all was not well in the Pacific, and Marshall returned to Washington perturbed by what he had seen. An intense dislike of MacArthur pervaded the Navy. The vast majority of those Navy men who shared it had never seen MacArthur, had never been near his theater of operations. The attitude appears to have had its beginning in the Philippines in the summer of 1941 in a quarrel between MacArthur and Admiral Thomas C. Hart, commanding the Asiatic Fleet, whose headquarters were at Cavite on Manila Bay. It was fed by resentment of MacArthur's failure even to mention the sailors and Marines on Bataan in a communiqué.

ANOTHER personality involved was Lieutenant General Holland M. Smith of the Marines. He came to be disliked by Army men almost as intensely as MacArthur was by Navy personnel.

"Howling Mad" Smith, who viewed the inexpertly planned and tragically costly battle for Tarawa as new glory for the Marines, had been caustic about the combat team of the Army's 27th Division on Makin and Saipan, and provoked a savage inter-service tension when, during the Saipan battle, he removed Major General Ralph B. Smith, U.S.A., from the command of the 27th.

While Marshall may have thought that the action was unjust to General Ralph Smith, he never questioned the right of the corps commander to remove him. What disturbed Marshall was that the information reaching the public—and so getting back to the soldiers—from General Holland Smith's headquarters was obviously destroying in the Pacific the unity of purpose which he had struggled so hard to create. Furthermore, he did not respect General Holland Smith's abilities as a commander. And so it happened that he lost his temper—one of the very rare occasions of the entire war. At a meeting of the Joint Chiefs, Admiral King made a slighting reference to Army commanders. He probably had MacArthur in mind, but the Saipan

IS SKIN BETWEEN TOES—CRACKED ITCHY, PEELING?

Watch out for Athlete's Foot!

Don't delay—apply Zemo—a Doctor's fast acting agent—so wonderfully soothing yet so *powerfully effective* that first applications promptly relieve itching soreness and aid healing. Zemo actually kills on contact germs that commonly cause and spread Athlete's Foot. It helps guard against re-infection. That's why Zemo has such an amazing record of *continuous* success! The first trial of clean stainless Zemo convinces. All drugstores. → ZEMO

LAW STUDY AT HOME for PERSONAL SUCCESS and LARGER EARNINGS. 38 years—over 108,000 students enrolled. LL.B. Degree. All texts furnished. Easy payments. Send for FREE BOOK.

AMERICAN EXTENSION SCHOOL OF LAW
Dept. 79-L, 646 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.

Ask for this
PORTER
Streamliner
Carpet Sweeper
for modern sweeping Ease
PORTER STEEL SPECIALTIES, Inc., Shelbyville, Ind.

Now She Shops "Cash and Carry"

Without Painful Backache

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 50 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

Buy U.S. Savings Bonds
REGULARLY
Ask where you WORK
Ask where you BANK

incident was fresh, and Marshall turned to the Admiral and told him harshly that, if he had his way, no Army troops would ever again serve under General Holland Smith.

The version of that incident which "leaked" into the gossip of Washington had Marshall saying Army troops would never again serve under Marine or Navy command. This was not so — Marshall said Holland Smith, and meant that officer alone.

WHEN Marshall returned on Christmas Eve from the Cairo-Teheran conferences and his Pacific trip, he found that the Army had taken over the railroads, and a steel strike was threatened. On his birthday, December 31, 1943, he held one of his off-the-record conferences with a picked group of reporters, who saw, not the suave and reticent Marshall they had known, but a new Marshall shaking with fury. They did not know, and he could not tell them, all that was at stake; but they heard a scathing denunciation of the conditions which fed Axis propaganda, and a warning of the fatal effect that additional strikes would have on the war.

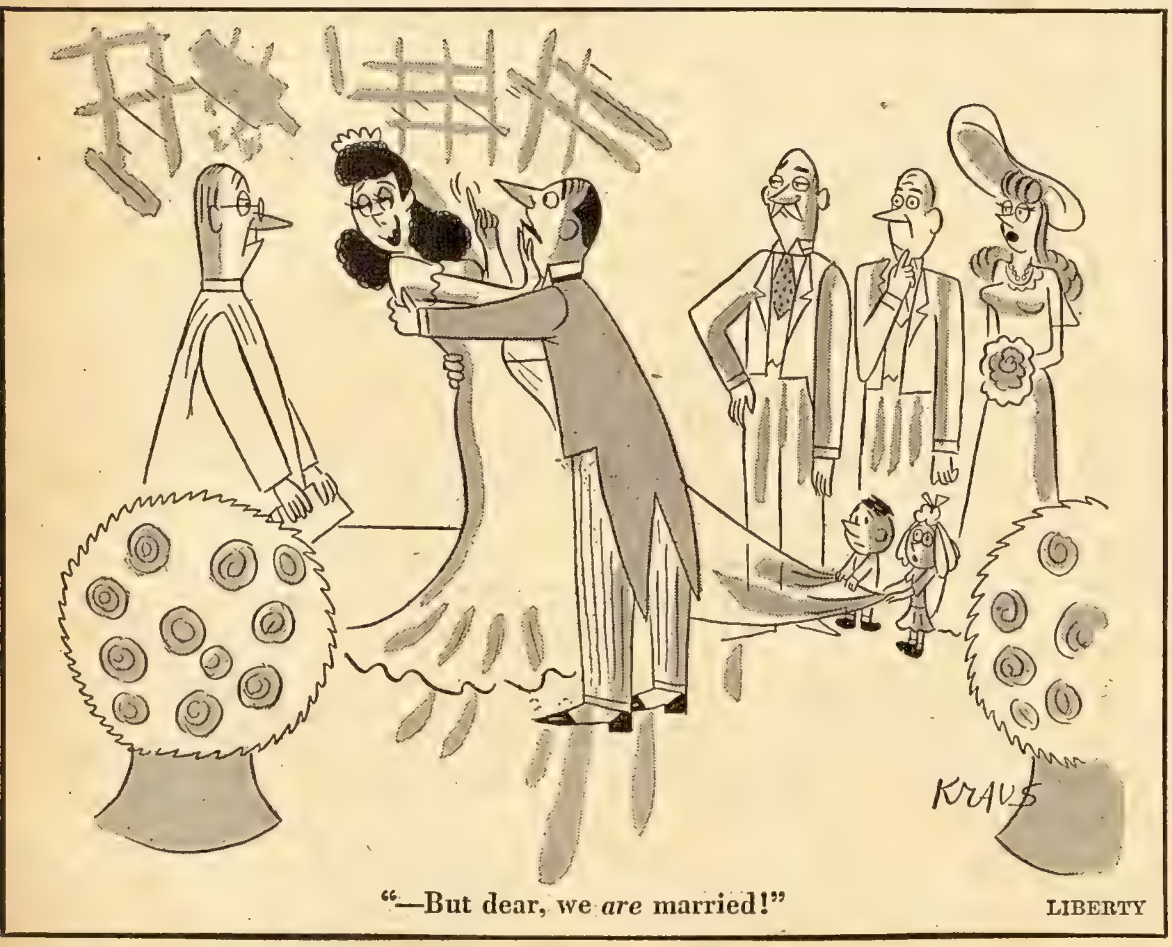
The campaign for France and for Germany was Eisenhower's campaign, yet Marshall had a part in it. There was an incessant interchange of messages between these two great officers, and Marshall exercised a more direct influence on Eisenhower's theater than he did on others. Partly this was the result of the mutual trust between them, partly it was a kind of natural development of a counter-weight against Churchill's enthusiastic overseeing of the campaigns closest to him.

THE Pacific campaigns moved to a climax long before the Joint Chiefs of Staff or the commanders had thought possible. At the Octagon Conference in Quebec in September 1944, decisions had been reached on the basis of communications from Halsey, Nimitz, and MacArthur which moved the invasion of the Philippines up by three months and shortened the war with Japan.

But before they went to this conference, Marshall and Arnold disappeared for a week. Equipped with sleeping bags, fishing rods, and food, and accompanied by some forest rangers with a radio set, they went into the High Sierras for a camping and fishing trip. A special plane flew over their general vicinity each day, to drop the daily operations reports and other summaries which they needed for problems they had to decide. When necessary, they could communicate with headquarters by means of the forest service radio.

There was one frantic morning when a new pilot on the mystery run overshot the drop zone and flipped the precious bag a mile or more away, beyond a wide ravine and a high ridge. There was a rapid if rough triangulation by Marshall and one of the rangers, and then the whole party scrambled off in search of the day's top secrets, lodged somewhere on a mountainside in the Sierras. The bag was found, but it gave two high-ranking generals a bad hour.

On the morning of September 12, Admiral Halsey hit the central Philippines. The next day the Joint Chiefs, in conference at Quebec, received a copy of a message from Halsey to Nimitz, announcing his belief that the enemy air strength in the Philippines was a myth, and suggesting that instead of carrying out projected intermediate operations, joint forces attack Leyte in the Philippines immediately. Nimitz offered to place an Army corps then loading in Hawaii for the attack on Yap at MacArthur's disposal. MacArthur replied that he was already prepared to shift his plans so as to attack Leyte on October 20 instead of three months later. Marshall, King, Arnold, and Leahy held a hurried conference, and less than an hour and a half after MacArthur's message was received in Quebec, Nimitz and MacArthur had been instructed to land in Leyte on October 20, abandoning the intermediate operations.



"—But dear, we *are* married!"

LIBERTY

Of the few great strategic decisions left to be made, one, whether to invade the Japanese home islands with an amphibious assault force or accomplish the Pacific victory by blockade and air bombardment, was made in the spring of 1945 after the unconditional surrender of Germany. President Roosevelt had died, and President Truman asked his military advisers if the casualties of an amphibious invasion could be avoided. They were unanimous in their advice that blockade and air bombardment could not be relied upon to produce certain victory. It was agreed to mount an invasion of Kyushu Island before November 1, but the decision on a second amphibious assault—tentatively planned to take the Tokyo plain in the spring of 1946—was postponed.

ANOTHER decision was to use the atomic bomb against Japan. That was made during the Potsdam conference, upon the advice of Marshall and the other members of the Joint Chiefs to shorten the war. It was only after long and searching discussions that they reached the fateful decision. They even gave careful consideration to the question of announcing the atom bomb to the enemy, giving Japan an opportunity to surrender before this frightful device was turned against a Japanese city.

The question of a supreme commander in the Western Pacific for the invasion of Japan was never settled. The resentments and the petty rivalries had produced an impasse. MacArthur was given command of all Army forces in the Pacific in April, 1945, but despite the fact that the invasion of Japan would involve primarily great land armies and require the closest co-ordination of all forces, no over-all commander was selected. King came to feel that Marshall believed MacArthur was always right, but the truth was not that simple. With MacArthur, as with many others, the question to Marshall's mind was never "like" or "dislike." Flamboyance was alien to Marshall's nature, arrogance offensive to him; but Marshall could free himself of irrational and extraneous factors to a degree unmatched by any of his contemporaries, and with MacArthur he merely accepted the incontrovertible evidence that here was one of the great captains of history.

AFTER the surrender of Japan, Marshall wanted to retire immediately. He felt strongly that, while the planning must go on, he should not remain in office, determining by his decisions the course that his successor must follow. Eisenhower was slated to succeed him, and Marshall was careful to get Eisenhower's approval for each new appointment or promotion that he made. But the President wanted him to stay, for two reasons which made no appeal to Marshall. One was a bill pending in Congress to strike a special medal in his honor. The other was legislation to exempt him from retirement law, keeping him on the active list in his new rank—that five-star rank of General of the Army which he resented as an absurdity.

THE demand for that rank had come from the Navy. Suggestions that it should be conferred on the nation's topmost Army and Navy officers, to make them "equal" in rank to Britain's highest officers, had cropped up frequently during the war. Representative Wadsworth of New York, who was not a member of the Military Committee, brought the subject up at the end of a conference with Marshall.

"How do you feel about this?" the congressman asked.

"I'm against the whole thing," Marshall replied. "The important thing at a military conference is not your relative rank. The important thing is to know your story. If I know my position, and have the power to back it up, I can sit at the foot of the table as a brigadier and have as much influence as anybody there."

Nevertheless, the rank was conferred on him, and he remained Chief of Staff until it had been confirmed as a permanent active rank. In September, Stimson resigned, and there were tears in Marshall's eyes—and in Stimson's, too—when these firm friends and great colleagues said good-by. And in November Marshall at last was allowed to retire, after an Oak Leaf Cluster to his Distinguished Service Medal had been presented by Truman in a public ceremony at the Pentagon.

The little private ceremony marking the departure of a ranking officer from the Pentagon is informal, but it has its established pattern. The officer's superior cites his services in a short speech, the officer himself makes a brief farewell address, and then his associates and assistants file past and shake his hand. The line starts with the highest ranking officer present, and continues in order of precedence until the most junior has gripped the hand of the departing boss, and said, "Good-by and good luck, sir!"

The voice of Judge Patterson, who had moved up from Under Secretary to take Stimson's place, was none too steady as he talked simply of the climax and end of a devoted career. When he had finished, it was Marshall's turn, and it took the General nearly two minutes—minutes that seemed like hours to this wet-eyed collection of "tough" brass hats—to get a firm enough grip on his emotions to make his throat stop working up and down, and let him speak. The words were few, and they were simple, also—his affection for the old friends there, his pride in the work they had done together, his gratitude for the help they had given him. Then he turned and walked to the door. Nobody else moved. They stood reluctant and awkward—Somervell, Handy, all the "G's" of the General Staff, down to Buck Lanham, now a brigadier and the most junior officer present, and as such, nearest the door waiting for the rank to start moving from the other end of the room. Suddenly Marshall grinned, his eyes twinkled a little, and his voice was firm again. He held out his hand.

"Come on, Lanham!" And the scene ended.

In 1940, he and his wife had bought Dodona Manor, a handsome Georgian brick house at Leesburg, Virginia. During the war, on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons Marshall, in tweed jacket, would get into his own Plymouth, and drive to Leesburg.

On the December day in 1945 when Marshall and his wife rolled up to Dodona in the Plymouth, intending to settle down for the quiet private life so long denied them, Mrs. Marshall started upstairs for a rest, and the General began unpacking the things brought along in the trunk of the car. Halfway up the stairs, Mrs. Marshall heard the telephone ring, heard him answer it.

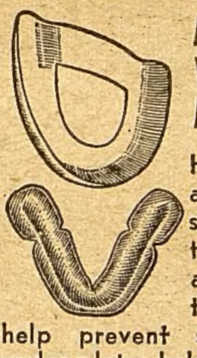
AN hour later, she came back down, and entered the living room as a news broadcast came from the radio. It announced that Patrick Hurley had resigned, and that President Truman had appointed General Marshall a special ambassador to China. He would leave, said the broadcast, immediately. Mrs. Marshall stood motionless and silent. The General came over to her.

"That phone call as we came in was from the President," he said quietly. "I could not bear to tell you until you had had your rest."

Unhappy but unhesitating, Marshall went to China, just as, little more than a year later, he dramatically assumed the post of Secretary of State.

It has become the fashion to present America's military leaders as triumphs of the average, the common men whom the accidents of time and circumstance have brought out of the mob. The log cabin and callused-palm label cannot be tied to Marshall. His heritage was aristocratic, his schooling disciplined, his intellect far above average, his deliberate choice of career the Army. Yet few Americans have believed so passionately in democracy, or served it so well. This was a citizen soldier, and a most uncommon man.

THE END



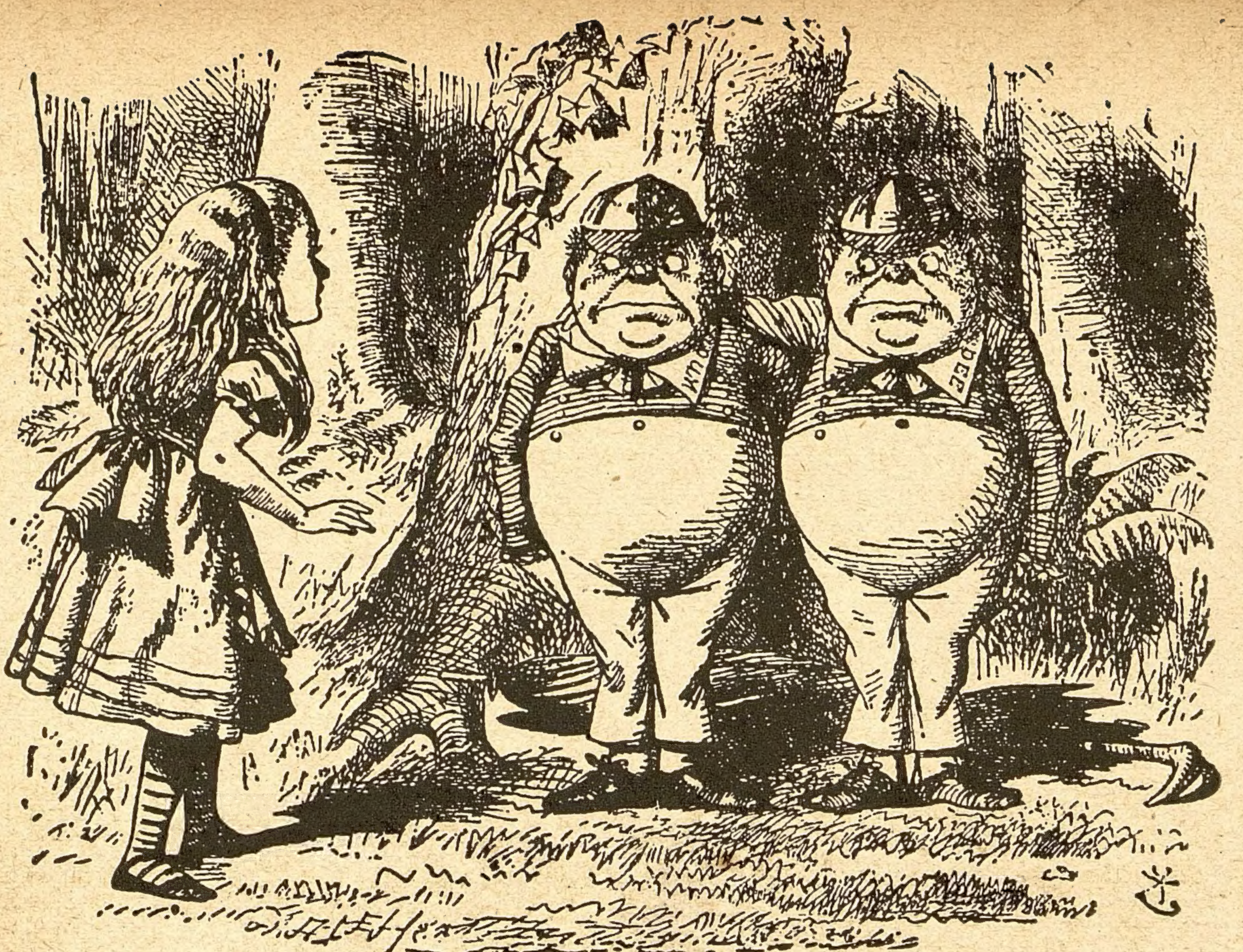
ILL-FITTING
FALSE TEETH
Fit Better With Komfo Dental Pads
Here is a comforting aid for dental plate sufferers. Komfo Dental Pads relieve sore and tender gums due to ill-fitting dentures; help prevent seeds from lodging under plate; help make plate fit snugger; help you wear and become accustomed to new plates; enable you to eat meat, tomatoes, pears, celery. Not a powder, not a paste, will not stick to plate. Send 50c for 10 lowers; send 50c for 8 uppers. (No stamps please.) Minimum order of either kind—50c.
KOMFO DENTAL PAD CO., BOX NO. 631
DEPT. B22, PHILA. 39, PA.

BUILD UP RED BLOOD
TO GET MORE
STRENGT
If your blood LACKS IRON!
You girls and women who suffer from simple anemia that you're pa weak, "dragged out"—this may due to lack of blood-iron. So Lydia E. Pinkham's TABLETS— of the best home ways to build red blood—in such cases. Pinkha Tablets are one of the greatest blood iron tonics you can buy! Buy the at any drugstore. Worth trying!
Lydia E. Pinkham's TABLETS

RUPTURED
Get Relief This Proven Way
Why try to worry along with trusses t gouge your flesh—press heavily on hips a spine—enlarge opening—fail to hold ruptu You need the Cluthe. No leg-straps or c ting belts. Automatic adjustable pad ho real opening—follows every body move with instant increased support in case of st Cannot slip whether at work or play. Li Waterproof. Can be worn in bath. Send amazing FREE book, "Advice To Rupture and details of liberal truthful 60-day trial off Also endorsements from grateful users in you neighborhood. Write:
Cluthe Sons, Dept. 41, Bloomfield, New Jerse

PULVEX
"DDT"
FLEA POWDER
REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN
Kills the fleas Quickly! Keeps others off for Days.
Either Kind 25¢ & 50¢
Pulvex also comes with ROTENONE, the original formula. BEST FOR CATS.

CORNS
also Calluses. Quick, easy, and economical. Just rub on. Jars, 30¢, 50¢. At your druggist. Money refunded if not satisfied. Moss Co., Rochester, N. Y.
removed by MOSCO



"Contrariwise," continued Tweedledee, "if it was so, it might be; and if it were so, it would be; but as it isn't, it ain't. That's logic."

Liberty

The preservation of freedom
is this magazine's purpose

PAUL HUNTER, *Publisher*
DAVID BROWN, *Editor*

JULY 19, 1947

Get rid of the experts

ONE suggestion which might simplify our quest for world peace, prosperity, and sanity is this: Why not fire the experts?

For years we have let them run our government, our business, and even our private lives on the theory that the world was too big for us.

They proved wrong again and again and again.

Experts blamed the depression on overproduction, and later prattled about one third of the nation being ill fed and ill clothed.

Experts reassured us Germany was in no shape to start a war in 1939. Experts told us Russia couldn't hold out more than six weeks. Not to mention all the phony expert predictions on when the war would end.

And where, by the way, are those scholarly chaps who foresaw record unemployment come V-J Day?

Reliance on experts is defended on the grounds that this is an age of specialization and no one mind can encompass all things. That is true, but it is especially true of experts!

The world is not yet so big or so complex that anyone with a grain of horse sense cannot figure what is going on as well as an "expert."

Experts, of course, continue to be needed in engineering, the medical sciences, nuclear fission, and animal husbandry. Nobody questions their eminence in purely technical fields.

In the conduct of human affairs, however, larger minds are required, minds not too lazy to dig out facts and make independent decisions. We want Presidents and statesmen to act on their own judgment and not as mouthpieces for some nonelected underling.

An expert, as Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler once pointed out, is "one who knows more and more about less and less."

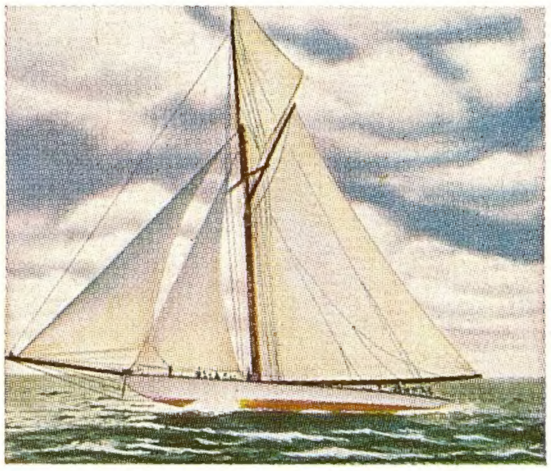
It is well to remember this while perusing the new crop of expert predictions of a recession, another war, etc., etc.

Don't you believe it! The fact that the experts believe it is the best evidence against it ever happening!

—PAUL HUNTER.

Who will try to "lift the mug"?

1851 **America's Cup,** "the old mug," has had millions spent in its defense and challenge, though it's worth under $100. Won by the schooner *America*, racing against the cream of English yachts, it came to the U.S. seven years before the name Corby's came to Canada.



1899 **A great name** in yachting and a great challenger, *Shamrock I* was soundly trounced by *Columbia*, the U.S. defender. As the name Corby's went into its 41st year in Canada, international sailing supremacy was firmly established here. But there were more thrills ahead.

1937 **Most recent** bid was made by the English yacht *Endeavour* off Providence, R. I., but it fared no better than its predecessors. The cup stayed in the U. S.—*Ranger* won four straight match races the year the name Corby's reached its 79th anniversary in Canada.

SAY CORBY'S
CORBY'S
Reserve
BLENDED WHISKEY
JAS. BARCLAY & CO. LIMITED
PEORIA ILLINOIS

1947 **You,** like many others, may hope for a Cup challenger soon. Who'll build a costly racer is the question, but someone will succumb to the greatest sail racing challenge in the world. So raise a toast to *America*—the grand ship that first won "the mug" and *make it a toast with Corby's*. This sociable whiskey with a grand old Canadian name has a special knack in favorites from the bar.

SCALE MODEL OF THE AMERICA FROM THE COLLECTION OF COMMODORE JACK J. WARSAW

CORBY'S . . . A GRAND OLD CANADIAN NAME

PRODUCED IN U. S. A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender*

86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Ill.

Chesterfield
CIGARETTES

Dorothy Lamour is
"My Favorite Brunette"...
CHESTERFIELD *my favorite cigarette*
Bob Hope

see Bob Hope's
new picture
"MY FAVORITE BRUNETTE"
co-starring
DOROTHY LAMOUR

A B C
Always Buy CHESTERFIELD

A ALWAYS MILDER
B BETTER TASTING
C COOLER SMOKING

The sum-total of smoking pleasure

Copyright 1947, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.